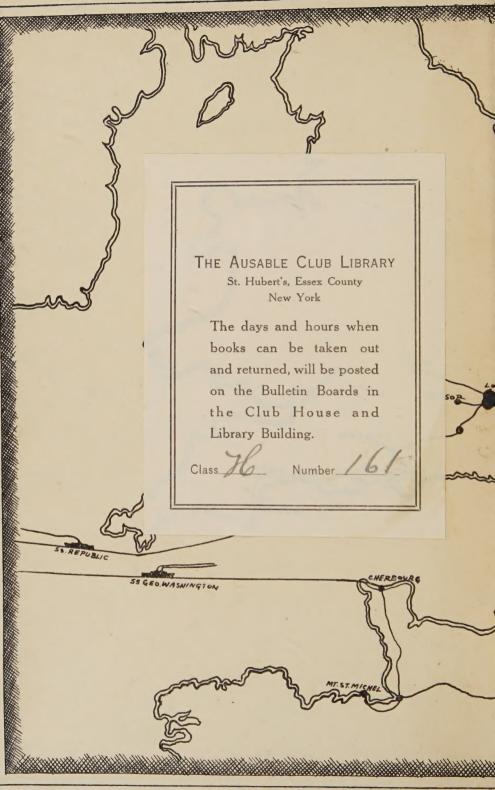
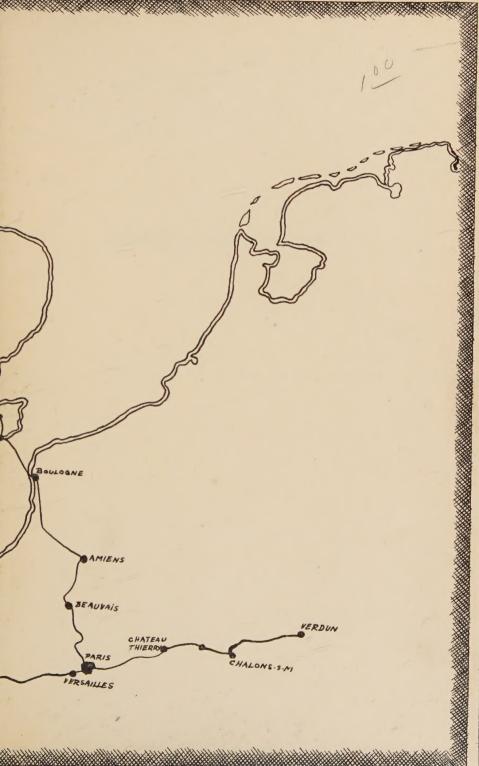
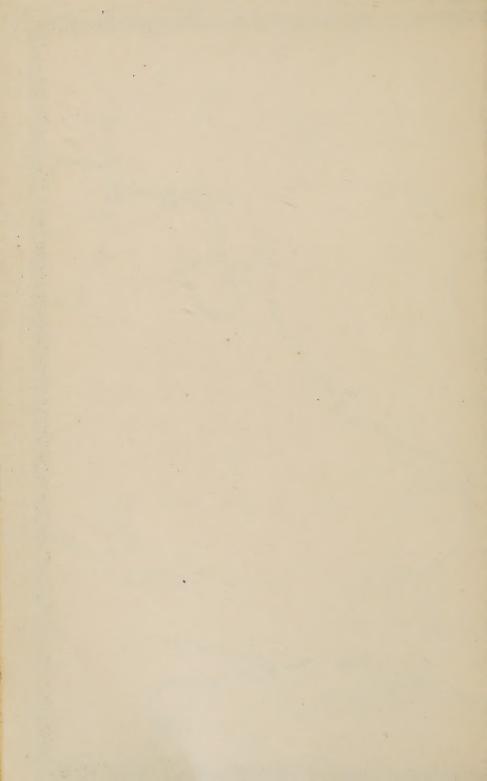
HOBNAILS AND HEATHER



CLIFTON LISLE



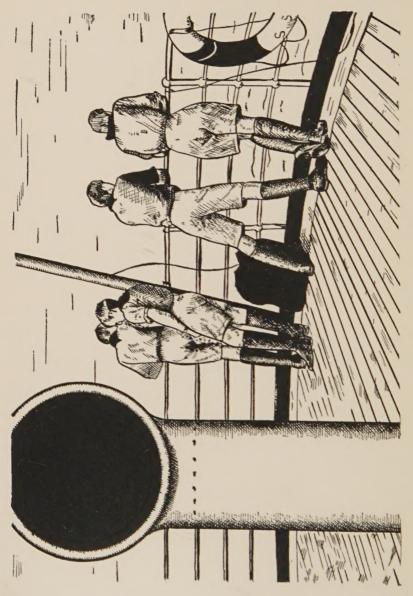




HOBNAILS AND HEATHER

By the Same Author

DIAMOND ROCK SANDY FLASH SADDLE BAGS LENAPÉ TRAILS Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2022 with funding from Kahle/Austin Foundation



HOBNAILS AND HEATHER

BY CLIFTON LISLE

illustrated by ERNEST NEWMAN



HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
NEW YORK

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY QUINN & BODEN COMPANY, INC., RAHWAY, N. J.

IN

MEMORY OF

BRAVE DAYS IN WIND AND WEATHER

1927

I DEDICATE THIS STORY OF OUR TREK

TO

THE FIFTEEN EAGLE SCOUTS
OF TROOP 1, PAOLI



You may go where laurel crowns are won,
but—will you e'er forget
The scent of hawthorn in the sun, or
bracken in the wet?
—Kipling, Roman Centurion's Song.



INTRODUCTION

THE world is growing smaller day by day—through motors and wireless.

Correspondingly men are growing bigger day by day not in stature but in mind and vision.

Their patriotism is growing greater day by day—rising above even that of flag and country to embrace the wider appreciation of their brother men though these be of other race and faith. "We be sons of the one Fatherlet us then be friends."

The brotherhood of the Boy Scouts has now spread into 42 different countries.

Its members, inspired with this ideal, seek to know each other more closely through mutual interchange of visits.

Though "herring ponds" divide us the Boy Scouts of America have not hesitated at various times to visit their Brother Scouts in Europe, and always with the happiest results to both. Mutual acquaintance has developed mutual respect and friendship.

No group of Scouts that has visited England has left behind it a warmer trail of goodwill than has the Paoli

Troop of the Boy Scouts of America.

May their experiences as set down in this book of what they did and saw and thought of Britain and her boys be not only an interesting tale, but an incentive to other Troops to follow on the trail that they have laid.

It is through such interchange of pilgrimages that an essential spirit of mutual goodwill can be established among the future men of our respective countries, the spirit without which Leagues of Nations, treaties, conventions, all are built on sand.

Whereas if we can only achieve a whole-hearted link of brotherhood we shall be making a valid contribution towards God's Kingdom upon earth—the reign of peace and goodwill among men.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

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HOBNAILS AND HEATHER



Chapter I

HOBOKEN TO THE HOE

In the Spring of 1926—strange how everything begins in the flow of the year—a group of Scouts from Troop I, Paoli, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, went to a show and saw a scene in Trafalgar Square, London. What the movie was I do not know, but one of them asked me why we couldn't go there ourselves. And from that chance remark, spoken in fun, came a summer's trek overseas.

Seventy-one brave days of adventure and thrill! Incredible days of wood and moor and upland heather when all the world seemed tuned to magic. Young days full of friendship no time can dim! Yet the movie began it, leading up step by step till we found ourselves crossing England on foot and exploring the sands of Mont St. Michel and climbing the ruins of Montfaucon, in far-off Bar Lorraine.

It was the first time that a group of boys have attempted such a thing, and more grew from it than we dreamed of. A feeling of understanding with other countries replaced more than one preconceived notion to the contrary before the seven hundred miles in England and France were over. And everywhere, from Plymouth Hoe to the pines of Tor Royal, low by the sea in Dorset and high through Hampshire lanes and the chalk downs of Surrey, in Kent and Bucks and Berks and Essex, in Artois and Picardy, Ile de France, Pas de Calais, Normandie, grim-walled gray Verdun, the same spirit of good will gave the venture a fillip.

By September, our older boys had taken to the thing

with such a vengeance that their enthusiasm carried the Troop Committee to approval. Arguments were simple. Why not trek abroad as well as at home? If the thing could be financed, the rest would be easy. At least, have some one find out.

Accordingly, we wrote to Sir Robert Baden-Powell about this time for suggestions, asking him, as Chief Scout of the World, whether he felt the thing was feasible, and requesting certain data on food cost in England, camp sites and so on. His reply reached us early in October and proved more encouraging than we had hoped. Not only was he in favor of it, but he offered us every assistance in the power of the British Scouts Association and their Imperial Headquarters.

The cost of trekking seemed to be about the same as with us—that is, four shillings or one dollar a boy a day, plus the necessary charge of transport overseas. As a matter of fact, results proved we could live like kings on

a good deal less, but that came later.

As soon as Sir Robert's reply arrived, the Troop Committee got together and we formulated qualifications for the trip which were announced to the patrols. The trek was assured.

By mid-October, requirements had been posted and explained. One patrol of eight boys would go, selection to be made on a basis of age, rank, and record. The age limit would be fifteen years or over; the rank, that of Eagle. Records would include troop work during the next nine months, neatness of uniform, attendance, patrol activity, and a reasonable standard of scholarship and conduct at school.

Almost immediately the list of Eagles grew as the necessary twenty-one Merit Badges were passed. The troop as a whole began to take on new life. To insure thoroughness, a rigid system of review was instituted,

each boy standing a quiz on all tests from Tenderfoot to

Eagle as he advanced.

By February, nine had qualified and the number to go was raised to sixteen, including the Scout Master. This made two patrols instead of one. Little by little, other Eagles won the coveted badge—the highest award in American Scouting-until by spring fifteen had made good. I already held that rank. The others were Harry Rolin, Elliott Compton, John Greiner, Horace Rigg, Jr., Stewart Lacock, Richard Krick, Robert Morris, Thomas Patterson, Jr., Francis Smaltz, Harrison Rigg, Hal Bemis, James Howson, George Howson, Edmund Curtis,

Jr., and Roger Hollingsworth.

It is interesting to note what sort of boys these were the first group from America to undertake such a venture. The average age was sixteen plus. All lived in or near the town of Wayne, where most of them had been born. Rolin and Compton were Veteran Scouts, having served five years in active troop work, advancing to Eagle rank with a rating of Assistant Scout Masters. Both were students at the University of Pennsylvania, and both had retained an active interest in their troop since admission. Greiner, Horace Rigg and Lacock were also Veterans, with five years' service and the rank of Assistant Scout Masters. They were students in the Radnor High School at Wayne. Krick, Morris, Patterson, Smaltz, James and George Howson, Harrison Rigg, and Hollingsworth were Eagles with three or more years to their credit. They were in High School.

Bemis and Curtis went to private schools—Haverford and the Episcopal Academy. Nine of the boys were Episcopalians, three Presbyterians, two Roman Catholics

and one a Methodist.

The group, in short, was a cross-section of American boyhood, trained to equality and teamwork by the precepts of Scouting as practiced in a country troop. In no sense were they hand-picked except from their own

group.

Scout training went on actively during the winter and spring of 1927. Everything that had a bearing on camperaft was tried, the whole troop pitching in to help the lucky fifteen. Mess gears of various sorts, tents, ponchos, all kind of tack, were inspected. On overnight hikes, various ways of folding the blankets had a show-out. Cook pits were tested and methods of cooking. Enthusiasm ran high.

And all the while the Troop Committee were plugging away at the financial end, a tough job to tackle, but the international aspect appealed. Before the end of June they had raised what seemed to us the staggering sum of \$350 a boy. People contributed in sums that varied from \$2 all the way up. Strangers, unasked, hearing of the thing, sent in contributions to help. No public appeal was made or permitted. The boys themselves paid nothing except for their uniforms and personal equipment. All were financed on an exact equality. Every one seemed

Money for a complete cook-kit of aluminum was donated by an officer in my regiment, the 316th Infantry. It included everything we needed for field work and no extras, weighed next to nothing and nested in a compact wicker hamper. Abroad, this kit seemed to meet with the greatest approval. The design of the kit and its packing in the hamper were worked out by Elliott Compton, our

chief cook.

eager to help.

Sixteen ponchos and sixteen duffle bags were presented by one of our Troop Committee. Eight brand-new puptents came from the local post of the American Legion. So it went. Everybody helped a little, and all put together, it came to a lot. June was a busy month. With school still going on, final preparations had to be squeezed in somehow. First of all, we had a medical examination. Every one was tested for heart, lungs, and general condition, vaccinated against smallpox, and shot a typhoid and paratyphoid inoculation. Certificates from the family physician to this effect were required.

Passports with the necessary pictures were obtained, visaed for England and France. Tourist passage was booked on the S. S. Republic, sailing from Hoboken for Plymouth on July 2. The round trip totaled \$2,856, leaving approximately \$3,000 in a letter of credit for land expenses, though \$1,000 of that had been lent as an emergency fund, and was not to be touched except in necessity.

In the mess hamper went the cooking gear, bow-drill for fire by friction, flint and steel, bugles, intrenching tools, troop flags for presentation overseas, and all the oddments needed on a three-month march so far from our base.

Individual equipment went in the duffle-bags. Each boy had three new uniforms, a mackinaw, a poncho, two blankets, three changes of underclothes, bathing suit, flashlight, toilet kit, mess kit and canteen, and a shelter-half. An exact list was given them beforehand and nothing more or less than that permitted. The bags were inspected and repacked in the presence of the Senior Patrol Leader immediately before entraining for New York. A pocket Testament and a camera were optional. Shorts were worn by all of us throughout the trip, and our shirts were of wool.

It may be well to review here the order of march as planned in advance. Three methods were considered: First, to draw a trek-cart by hand; second, to give up tenting altogether and travel in light packs from point

to point, sleeping indoors; third, to hire or buy a secondhand van and use it to carry our gear while we covered

the ground on foot.

A trek-cart was made during May and duly tried on our hills, but the weight of it proved too great for prolonged hiking. So much for plan number one. Nobody wanted to live like a tourist and be bound down to a beaten track; so the second plan was abandoned. Accordingly, through a process of elimination, the third plan was adopted and a Ford van hired in advance. The cost of this was \$100, but solving the transport problem, it seemed worth while. Arrangements for it were made through the Plymouth Scout Commissioner—Captain V. R. Winnicott, our friend from the start.

Friday afternoon, July 1, the great day came and we left Wayne on the 3:57 for New York. No one really believed the incredible, the wholly incredible, had happened, that our trek had really started. For over a year we had been marking time. At Easter, one boy knew the days, hours, even the minutes to the start. And now that last moment had come. Who could believe it?

Parents, friends, best girls, were on the platform to see us go. One excited lady kissed the Scout Master by mistake. Jim, the faithful, and Dick, the heartless, said good-by to their respective sweethearts, one as if he cared and one as if he didn't. Younger brothers scampered about, pulling at duffle-bags, eager to help. Some of the parents showed signs of becoming sentimental. A sudden quieting of talk, and the train was moving.

England seemed a long way off just then, the ocean pretty wide. France and the battlefields and all that lay ahead swept over us with sudden realization. Nobody said much as more friends waved from St. David's. The next time we saw that name it was on a station platform

near Exeter in England.

Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, drove forebodings from our minds, for a new treat was in store for us there. A private car had been set aside to take us to New York. We climbed aboard, staggering under the weight of our duffle-bags, and a few moments later were under way again. Supper was served en route and spirits rose skyhigh.

As the train stopped at Newark, the Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America came aboard to wish us luck and bon voyage. He stayed to supper and spoke briefly of our duty overseas—the seriousness of what we had undertaken. Before he left, he also delivered an official message for Sir Robert Baden-Powell and

other authorities in England and France.

Getting our baggage from the Pennsylvania Station to Pier 4, Hoboken, proved easier than we had anticipated, for the duffle-bags were dumped on a truck and taken there. Railway officials seemed eager to help us in every way. At eight o'clock, we were on board the *Republic*, hunting high and low for Cabins 1412, 1414, 1316, and 1317.

At 1:12 A.M., the after deck quivered a bit as our whistle answered the tugs. The Scouts were grouped at the rail, but no one knew for a moment we had started. Then the long pier seemed to sway a little while our good

ship held her place.

Harrison Rigg, our youngest Eagle, was the first to catch the glint of water between us and the wharf.

"We're moving! Look!"

Bob Morris, standing beside him in the darkness, saw

the oily glitter as he spoke.

No words can describe the thrill of that moment. Till then, anything might have happened. One could have fallen ill, the trek been called off. Parents might have interfered or numbers been reduced. Anything! But now it had come. The unbelievable, hoped-for moment was here, and only the pilot boat could stop us! Europe, unknown, lay ahead, the zest of it gripping. What else mattered?

Till half-past three we watched the lights of Manhattan slip by in our wake. First the city itself, a fairyland of amber-pointed towers close at hand. Then the Battery and the Goddess, bright against the pall of night. And later the low-flung star points of Long Island as we passed the Narrows and felt the first faint stirrings of the sea.

Not one of the boys had been on a liner before. The throb of the screws, the strange sights and sounds of the ship, caught their imaginations. Before turning in, they knew more of it than I did and could travel the mazes fore and aft as though they had lived there. Jim and John, however, had no time for such jollities, each filling quires of paper with fond *billets doux* as our first night wore on. John, says rumor, wrote the longest letter ever sent through the post.

Saturday morning dawned gray, and a choppy sea was pounding our starboard beam maliciously. I knew the worst before daring to stir, having been there before. Those joining me in bunk-ridden misery were Horace, Harrison, Ned, Jim, George, Roger, John, and Bob. Fair to middling, not much to boast of, but able to reach

topside and air, were Dick and Hal.

Well, disgustingly so, and foraging for breakfast before most of us could speak, were Francis, Elliott, Tom, Stewart, and Harry. These five forthwith took unto themselves the loathsome title of iron-bellies—and boasted of it. Nothing seemed able to disturb them, but pride rides to its fall as the sands run on. Devonshire cream accounted for two where Old Ocean had failed. A slice of horse meat, masquerading as beef, brought Harry

from glory in Verdun. Elliott swallowed too much water in a Surrey pool. Sic transit gloria mundi! One sur-

vived—the hardy Lacock, iron to the end.

Sunday morning, we lay off Boston Harbor from 3 A.M. until 8, when we docked, and the effect of that docking was magical. Sixteen uniforms appeared at breakfast, and enough was devoured in the next few minutes to make up for past lapses. We even held a council of war and checked over some things we wanted to mend.

A mackinaw had been left in the dancing salon the night before. A cabin had talked too late—and too boisterously—not realizing the open transom disturbed their neighbors. One Scout seemed too fond of sugar; six

lumps at a time were banned.

Watching the receding land with glittering eye, we mustered a full roll at dinner, though the further we drew from port, the more desperate was our haste to have done. Neck and neck, we raced the long Atlantic roll—and the roll won. By mid-afternoon all except the ironbellies were below, writing diaries, so they said.

Reports reached us by supper that Elliott had made prodigious strides with the ladies. Tom and Stewart, daring the fearful sights of Cabin 1412, tried to lure its inmates upward with tales of our Lothario's conquests,

but in vain. Low moans were all they could raise.

Monday, things began to mend. It was the Fourth of July and only five were still sick. Deck games in the afternoon and dancing in the evening cheered every one up. Francis, our champion trencherman, got second in the pie-eating contest, losing, it was said, by a raisin! Paper caps, pull-crackers, and a turkey dinner added to the gaiety of the day.

Wednesday, every one had acquired sea-legs. A chess set miraculously appeared, smuggled, no doubt, in somebody's duffle-bag. Games were soon going hard. Checkers, too, put in their appearance. Jim, our love-lorn Eagle, proved champion at chess, with Harrison as runner-up. Dick Krick went to the top with ease in checkers. Hal and Stewart were invincible at bridge. Some of the others, more athletically inclined, tried their hands at deck games, a favorite being hand ball. One morning a regular meet was held and all sorts of contests engaged in.

Elliott's exploits with the fair sex soon made him the best-known man on board, while Stewart, sly soul, found himself pursued by a charmer known as Peggy. Rumor has it she tried to steal his mackinaw for a keepsake! He

saved that, but lost a shoulder knot.

Organization plans went on each day, of course. Horace was put in charge of the group as a whole. John received the assignment covering camp sites, tent-pitching, police of grounds, lay-out of bivouac, and so on. Harry took first aid, his job including a personal inspection every day and the sick report. All sanitary matters went to him. Each Scout was required to stand his check daily. Teeth had to be cleaned, hands and finger-nails must pass muster.

Elliott had transport and commissary. The care of the van would be his and also the purchase of rations and supplies. All money would go through his hands and a record be kept. On shipboard he had already begun to familiarize himself with British money, and the change

to it seemed easy.

Bob was the minute keeper and official photographer. Stewart had the task of sending home a regular series of postcards and letters to our benefactors who had helped make the trip possible. The plan was to tell them of the trek from point to point and show that we really did appreciate all they had done.

In the matter of the van, an arrangement was made

whereby Harry, Elliott, and John, all over eighteen, would get driver's licenses at Plymouth, then take turns at the wheel, trekking two days and one on the van, turn and turn about. Three boys would be assigned to the van each day as a detail to handle tents, pitch and break camp, prepare food, and so on, with the driver in charge.

As the voyage went on, more and more interest was taken in the approach to land. At the cry of a ship on the skyline, every one would drop what he was doing and rush to that side to see. Usually, it turned out a tanker, though once or twice a graceful liner passed, her funnels sloping rakishly and their color telling to what line she belonged.

Finer weather no one could wish. In a few days every one seemed to know us. The captain signed our diaries and showed us the working of his bridge. The chief engineer took us to the engine room and explained the huge oil-burners there till even Elliott's mechanical tastes were satisfied. We saw the kitchens and storerooms and refrigerator racks where whole beeves hung in rows, and sheep and hogs enough to ration a town.

A masked hop on the ninth gave us a chance with the girls, and Harrison Rigg came off best. To see him step up to the prettiest girl in the party and tie a balloon to her ankle proved the adage about faint hearts. Roger and Ned, very smart in their new mackinaws, were not far behind. One never can tell with the quiet kind. But the palm of the evening went to Hal Bemis and his shoes. It is claimed that Bezie can Charleston in them and reverse twice before the soles leave ground. Bob argues that he walks five paces to the front before the shoes begin to move at all. But this has been disputed by Hock Patterson as an exaggeration. Three paces are the exact distance, says truthful Tom. During the dance a diversion was caused by some one's stepping an Irish jig.

Under cover of it, Francis raided the larder. He had

learned the way there early.

As land drew near, final plans were made for debarkation and Horace passed the word for the uniform of the day. We reached the coast of Ireland, Kerry, so they said, before dawn on July 11. Every one was up and dressed by five o'clock. The thrill of "Land ho" is almost as great as that of leaving port, perhaps more lasting, when it comes to one for the first time.

The lovely green of the coast line, backed by shadowy mountains, friendly, deep blue, seemed made for a tramp. The sight of it drew every one to the port side amidships, where a group of Irish were singing. It was a plaintive air, a wild, strange sort of thing, one man carrying the melody, the rest joining in on the chorus. Hearing it in the dawn light, as the great ship moved eastward past Castlehaven and Clonalcilty, past Courtmacksherry and Old Kinsale, the impression was vivid and new to us. At Queenstown—called Cobh in these Free State days a man with a cornet came out on the tender, playing "Come Back to Erin." He was greeted with a shower of

Stewart had his farewells to make with Peggy. Ned and Francis, too, had this sort of thing to see to. Elliott and John must find out how they could get a motor car from hold to tender, while Jim, ever constant, wandered about trying to learn if the Queenstown mail reached Chester County before one from Plymouth. The rest of us watched our fellow passengers disembark. The scene

on the tender was spirited, to put it mildly.

silver. The next hour was lively.

Next morning, July 12, we got up at four o'clock, put on our best tack and had breakfast, a snack of it, at least, before going ashore. Duffle-bags were locked and carried on deck, passports and landing cards made ready. Every one wore the regulation uniform of khaki shorts, woolen

shirts, Scout hat, and mackinaw. The dawn breeze was mighty keen off Plymouth and the fog was thick as pea soup, hiding even the giant *Mauretania* at anchor near by. Filled canteens were carried, and the ponchos, folded

small, hung from our belts at the back.

Shortly after five o'clock came our first great surprise. The night before in a leaders' meeting we had decided to wait on the dock until about ten, then hunt up the Commissioner and see where we were to go for the van. This allowed us plenty of time to pass through the Customs. Fancy our amazement when a boatload of Scouters in uniform suddenly hove in sight through the fog, and not only the Commissioner, Captain Winnicott, but a score of others came aboard—sea Scouts, land Scouts, young Scouts, old Scouts, officials of every sort, climbing up to welcome us. It was a welcome we shall never forget, a welcome to England and Plymouth and the glorious hills of Devon.

As we swung down the gangplank a little later to reach the tender, the passengers on our liner gave a cheer and Captain Winnicott received us on British ground.

A Union Jack, beautifully mounted, was then presented for camp use. The staff had been made on purpose for us by a Plymouth Scout. It stood eighteen feet in height and, unjointed, could be carried in six-foot lengths. A toggle, or wooden peg, was fastened to the top of the bunting in order that we might know which was the right side up. Before we had been long in Britain, the number of flags wrong side up surprised us. It is hard at times even for an Englishman to tell which is which. The toggle saved us a lot of embarrassment. Without it, we would have been flying distress signals half the time.

More surprises were in store on the dock. The moment we landed, Winnicott passed the cheery word that Customs inspection had been waived, unless we happened to have tobacco with us, which must be declared. As none of our group smoked, this was taken as a joke until we learned that a good many of the English Scouts do, though the practice is not encouraged by the leaders. Our van was already on the wharf, and better even than that —a second breakfast was waiting for us at Kitley, six miles to the east, where we were to camp. It seemed impossible. But every one was in a daze by now, so what did it matter? Piling our luggage in the van and jamming in as many Scouts on top as would fit, Elliott took the front seat to see what left-hand driving was like. A Plymouth Rover held the wheel and off they went. The rest of us were distributed in other cars and followed.

That first half hour provided more thrills than years at home. George, the horseman of our party, could not take his eyes from the cabs and vans and horse-drawn carts that filled the winding streets. Elliott nearly fell out of the motor as huge char-à-bancs and lorries charged

down upon him from the left.

Horace tried his best—and failed—to make out which were policemen and which lettermen. Poor Jim looked for the post office, a sheaf of letters clutched in his fist. Whatever happened, he must get them mailed, and see if there were letters from home. Dicky's job was to handle outgoing mail and get that coming in, but the hard-smitten chaps, like Jim, never trusted their missives to him.

Harry, with an eye to the country like the good foxhunter he was, had already pronounced it a match for our vale of Tredyffrin—almost a match, he added, in loyalty to the homeland.

I drove to Kitley with the Captain. Before we had gone two miles, he threw aside the cloak of official welcome, saying he knew we didn't want it now that the ice was broken. Chuckling to himself, he added that our

group had—well, rather surprised him. When I asked why, he said because our boys seemed so confoundedly polite and friendly, didn't talk through their noses as good Yankees do—on the English stage. And strangest of all, they hadn't told any one the buildings at home were higher or the trees taller or the grass greener. Apparently Plymouth suffers a good deal from this sort of

thing when the tourist tide is in.

Winnicott went on to say they had prepared a program he hoped would suit us. If not, we could scrap it. I saw the twinkle in his eye as he spoke. It was now eight o'clock. I thought of our bags unopened and blankets unaired; of camp to pitch, wood to cut; of rations, pounds, shillings, and pence, drivers' licenses—everything. I thought of good manners, too, and all they had done for us. But the jovial captain smiled as he cut the Gordian knot with a request that we leave it to him. Wires hummed while excuses were made. As a matter of fact, camp was essential. A day without showers so near the sea was more than we could look for.

Our first meal in England stands high. Breakfast was waiting for us at Kitley, Colonel Bastard's place, when we got there, and what a breakfast it was! Bacon and eggs and piping hot toast from the sideboards. Bread, butter, and jam at every plate. Fresh honey galore! And tea without end. In the dining-room at Kitley we got down to brass tacks with a vengeance when Bezie sliced his finger cutting the bread. After that, everybody felt more at home. Things began to circulate round the board and conversation picked up enormously.

The dining-room was as lovely as the rest of the house and gave us our first idea of an English country home. Great paintings by Reynolds hung on the walls. Carved crests adorned the mantel in the hall. Just outside the long windows were tennis courts too smooth and green for belief, and on beyond, a roll of close-clipped lawn that swept downward to the gardens and the lake and the little river Yealm.

After the meal, we went out of doors. A few weeks before, our host had given a fête or party in his grounds to raise funds for a men's club near by. A slide and cable cars were still up, so every one had a go at them. The slide, especially, was a marvelous contrivance. One sat on a doormat and pushed off from the coping of the terrace, then shot down a narrow runway of wood a mile a minute to the mattress pile below. Led by Colonel Bastard, our enthusiastic host, who went down head first, we soon were shouting at each other like boys out of school. Camp and the pitching of tents came later, but for over two hours we enjoyed a regular circus holiday.

The cable contrivance was a lot of fun, too. They had rigged a stout steel wire from a platform in a tree near the house all the way across a ravine to the hillside opposite. A seat had been slung from a small trolley. One climbed up to the platform, straddled the seat, and pushed off. The descent on that swaying wire was rapid, to put it mildly. On the other side, two fellows were stationed to act as brakes. They did this by the simple expedient of snatching at one's legs as the end drew near. Usually, all three came down together, but that was part of the fun. To return, one repeated the performance on a second cable slung the other way. It was glorious.

By noon, however, we were back at work. Everything had been seen to. Blankets were airing, shelters up, flagstaff trimly in place out in front, the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes floating from the same halward. That afternoon, some of us drove the van to Plymouth for licenses, while others were shown the pheasant

coverts of Kitley by the Colonel. There were over 3,000 birds in his park, 5,000 acres composing the estate, part of it woodland, part arable. Among other treasures in the house, he showed them the original copy of Old Mother Hubbard—written at Kitley and still proudly kept there. They even saw the cupboard where she went for the bone!

In town, rations were bought and dollars exchanged for English money. When we got back, the Colonel had his motor launch ready at the headwaters of the Yealm for a trip down river. We needed no urging. Elliott was away at the time, buying supper; so he missed the fun, but after his success on shipboard with the ladies, we

felt it only fair he should miss something.

The sail was a revelation, so lovely were the vistas of hill and water that opened on every side. Swans and cygnets were swimming near the banks, while gulls and sea birds floated overhead. At the Mews' Stone, the river widened to the sea and we turned back. No one will forget the color of that lovely river with the forests rising sheer on either side, nor will they forget the walk home afterward in the deepest of Devonshire lanes with a thatched cot and a stile at the end, where wagtails fluttered in the bushes and red Devon cattle lowed from the field.

At sunset, we stood retreat with a group of Plymouth Rovers while the British Jack and the American Stars came down together and bugles sounded Colors. That

night till after midnight, visitors stayed with us.

As we sat round the fire, somebody started to sing. The Devon Scouts knew our songs and we knew most of theirs—in fact, they were the same. "Clementine," "London's Burning," "Old Black Joe," one after another we raised them together. It seemed as natural as the camp-fire ring on Laurel Lake at home. A new chorus

we learned, however, from the Rovers and sang it clear to the Kentish sea. We are singing it yet in America.

Your friend is my friend, And my friend is your friend! The more we are together, Together, together, The more we are together, The happier we shall be!

A Rover, by the by, is an older Scout, boys from eighteen up comprising the grade. They have their own Dens, camp and hike a lot over week-ends, and practice their motto of "Service" wherever they go. Nothing in America quite corresponds to this.



Early next morning, we left Kitley for a visit to H. M. S. *Marlborough*, then lying at anchor off Plymouth. Every one wore his best bib and tucker, for the invitation had come from the Commander of the Fleet. Maroon neckerchiefs and white lanyards added color.

Our welcome on the ship was as surprising as the rest. Guards presented arms as we came over the side. and the officer of the deck led us aft to the captain. Each Scout saluted as he gave his name, and the captain shook hands with each in turn. Another officer was ready to show us around. They even had steam up in the turrets that the great guns might be worked for us. From torpedo room to control tower far above the deck, we went over the ship. Here and there scars from the battle of Jutland could be seen. The inspection ended with a delightful lunch in the ward room as guests of the officers. They showed us there Lord Nelson's plate. The kindness of everybody and the amazing hospitality that went with it soon convinced us that Anglo-American friendship went deeper than words. The same blood, the same breed, were here, and that counted.

Coming ashore, we watched hundreds of young English lads taking the test of swimming in their clothes. They were in naval training for the summer and as-

signed to H. M. S. Marlborough.

In Plymouth that afternoon we took in the more usual sights, visiting the Hoe where Drake had finished his game of bowls. We saw, too, the war memorials, the Barbican, the Mayflower Tablet, and St. Andrew's Church. We met the Mayor and his lady in their parlor and apologized to them for not being able to pay our respects the day before as Captain Winnicott had originally planned we should do. The Mayor was arrayed in a silver chain of office that has been worn by every mayor of Plymouth since Sir Francis Drake. He addressed us officially and bade us welcome to the town.

We tested our first English ice cream a little later, and truth to say—found it wanting. We even climbed the Guild Hall tower and caught a glimpse of tomorrow's goal—the hills and tors of Dartmoor on the sky-

line. Best of all, we saw what is claimed to be the only frock coat and top hat in the world set in glass. Stained glass! The Guild Hall has it—a picture of King Edward, then Prince of Wales. Standing high in a window amid the Elizabethan ruffs of Raleighs and Drakes, the effect of Victorian haberdashery is worth going to see.



Again that night we had a camp-fire at Kitley, and Scouts from distant troops watched how we used our cook-kit and tack. Horace Rigg made a hit with his bow-drill, getting fire in a very few seconds. The trick seemed new to our friends overseas, or they were polite enough to pretend it.

Plans were completed for a prompt start next day, and tattoo came early, for all needed rest. Dartmoor lay to the north like a challenge, its rocky tors and purple heather rising 2,000 feet from the sea. They would take some doing. Tor is West Country English for hill, and usually a tor is steep and rugged to a degree.

Arms linked, we joined in "Auld Lang Syne," while call to quarters sounded from the camp. Our fire had crumbled to ashes and the cool twilight faded into dusk. Lights darkened as our visitors left. Hike routine had begun.

Chapter II

TOR ROYAL

Our first day of trekking dawned clear and cool. As soon as breakfast was over, every one gave a cheer for the Colonel and Mrs. Bastard, who had tramped through the park in high rubber boots to see us off. Three boys under Harry were to stay behind to break camp. The rest of us planned to hike to Cornwood Village, six miles away, where the Scout Master was waiting to guide us over the moor. Colonel Bastard, however, prevailed on us to go there in his motor and start our real climb as fresh as possible. Colonel Hawker had urged the same thing the night before; a few real tors and twenty odd miles of heather, he said, would prove all we wanted after tan days at see. He was right

after ten days at sea. He was right.

While we bundled into the Kitley motor four deep on a seat, the detail were already striking camp. Our eight shelters had been pitched by means of three Scout staves, two as uprights, one as a ridge-pole, firmly clove-hitched. This made things a lot more comfortable and solid than if we had used the customary jointed uprights and no ridge. Tents were marked from 1 to 8 and always pitched in that order. Duffle-bags were also numbered in this way, two No. 1's belonging to Tent 1, two No. 2's to Tent 2, and so on. In order to tell them apart, one bag in each pair had been painted with a black band above the numeral, the other with a red. In loading, the pairs were kept together as far as possible; then, going into camp at night, it was a simple matter to distribute them in the right order. A little forethought saved hours

of work and endless confusion. The plan was devised by Horace Rigg before we started. The marching group left these bags each morning packed and ready in front of their tents. It was the detail's job to load them in the van, strike camp, fill in the fire pit and latrine, replace sod, police the site, and go over it with a rake if need be. No effort was spared to leave a favorable impression in this way, for we realized how much we owed all our hosts for letting us use their land. Conditions are very different in the thickly settled countries of Europe from what they are at home. Firewood, especially, presents a problem.

The drive to Cornwood was lovely, giving us our first hint of Devon, a green fairyland of lanes, deep-winding, laced with flowers. Everywhere were masses of them growing wild on the bank, their freshness and color amaz-

ing.

Cornwood was a delight—like the setting in a play as we gathered at the village cross to adjust belts and fill canteens for the march. I do not know how old the inn may be there, or the park gates beside it, or the ancient row of cob cots deep with thatch across the way, but before me lies a hand-drawn map of Devon in the year 1610, and on it, big as life, is Cornwood.

Mr. George Green, the Scout Master, came rushing up the street to greet us the moment we arrived. He was a schoolmaster and turned shop over to the older boys while he led us to his garden for breakfast. In five minutes Mr. Green was calling our boys by name, and all of us were going it like Trojans in his summerhouse—tea, great jugs of milk, currant cakes, sherbet, fresh fruit, goodness knows what, disappearing as if we hadn't eaten for a month. Introduced to his mother, a lady of ninety, we were won on the spot by her declaring an intention to visit America when she was older, but not till 'planes could take her, for ships were too slow. All the while,

our dominie bustled about with more pots of tea and fresh jugs of milk and brimming pitchers of lemonade, till it looked as if we shouldn't be able to walk to the moors at all, let alone cross them.

About nine, however, we started. Mr. Green led off, his mother waving farewell from her roses and warning us to watch the sky for her when we got home. The Cornwood school rushed out with a hip-hip-hip as we passed; we gave them an American yell in return. That brought a fine old gaffer hobbling to his door. He said he'd never spoken to a live American before. Leaving him bent on his stick in the middle of the lane watching us, we turned toward the moors, pausing long enough to sign our names in the log-book of the Cornwood Troop as we passed their headquarters. It was a small cabin so like our own that it might have housed a village troop at home. We learned a lesson there that stood us in good stead, coming as it did at the very start of the hike. On the wall were the usual photographs of Scouts and patrols. One after another, Mr. Green named them for us. They were not boys to him, but soldiers and sailors and men of the air force—his whole troop, as it was in 1914, serving the King. Until then the fearful losses of the war had not come home to some of us. Those pictures shocked us to realization. And from that moment on, no member of our party passed a memorial in England without saluting, whether a tiny village cross or the great Cenotaph in Whitehall

Leading on, Mr. Green explained just why it is that Dartmoor is officially called a forest, though it has no trees, never did have any, and probably never will. A forest, it seems, has little to do with trees in the West Country. Forest means waste place or chase. Trees grow in woodland and copse. Dartmoor Forest is far from a waste, of course. Back in 1300 and something—1337, I

think he said—it came to the Black Prince as a chase in which to hunt his red deer. Far earlier, the moor was a royal forest under the Saxons, but from the days of the Black Prince until now, it has belonged to his successors, the Princes of Wales, forming part of that strange Duchy of Cornwall which isn't a duchy at all, but property scattered all over the realm, its revenues supporting the heir to the throne. Saved from encroachment, too rugged for cultivation, its wind-swept tors flinging up from the sea, the moor lies in the heart of Devon like a picture of the past. Twenty miles long, the greater part of it a rolling surge of heather, no portion of England can match it for wildness. Little has changed since the Druids left. No wonder we faced the climb with a thrill, its very mystery a challenge.

A man can mount the highest peak in sight and find no sign of living habitation. Yet at his feet lie hut circles built before the Romans came, not only circles, but the very benches of granite the Neolithic men and women put there to sit on in the Stone Age, the fire-pits and roasting holes they used to cook their elk meat in. These were the Little Men, the dark-haired prehistoric chaps who had no bronze nor any metal; yet they left their mark on the moors to this day. If you doubt it, dig a bit in one of their huts and see. Look at the flint chips there, the arrowheads and scrapers, the shards of pottery where roasters lie on the hearthstones and the bed-plates are

Mr. Green had known the moors from childhood. His father was schoolmaster at Cornwood before him. Steeped in the traditions of it, trained as an archeologist, he made those marvelous hills of ling and heather live for us as they must have been in the dawn-light. Ling, by the way, is a little shrub or plant that covers these hills like a carpet. Imagination gripped one as his picture grew.

Read your fairy tales again and see how often the Hill Men, the folk of rock and tor and mire, are drawn for us as crafty fellows, even endowed with magic power. Such tales are true. They were crafty, those moorsmen, cleverer than the story-tellers who came after them. For these same people are authentic. They are the quickthinking Stone Age folk. Old Men o' the Hills, Pixies, Robin Goodfellows, call them what you will today, driven by numbers into the wild when our own Celts came to Britain. It was not until 1500 B.C., even later, that this same Celtic invasion touched Devon with its bronze and tin and new-found ways of living. Fairhaired, slow-thinking, they were, these Celtic giants, mingling with the older Ivernian folk of the moors, ofttimes outwitted by them, handing down to us a picture of it all in the bugaboo tales they scared their children with at twilight.

Leaving Mr. Green's cabin, we soon reached a lane that swung upward, a lovely lane, deep-sunken, sweet with foxglove. Witch-beam grew from the top of it and speedwell clung there, while crimson saxifrage shared foothold with the stonecrop, a minted loveliness among the mosses and the bind-weed. For sheer color, find me a moor way in Devon. No garden can touch it. Dick Krick soon knew many of the flowers by name, saving speci-

mens in his note-book.

Near Rook Tor, forty couple of hounds, great lovely beauties from the Dartmoor, swept round us. A level lot, black, white, and tans. Neat-footed, too, and strong of loin, as they must be for such hills, a trace of the Welsh blood showing in the coat. The M.F.H., a retired naval officer, had been asked by Colonel Hawker, himself a fox-hunter of note, to bring the pack across the moor so we might see it. Those hounds at exercise on the close-clipt upland grass fitted into the picture as much as the

rock-strewn tors above us or the mellowed thatch of Cornwood far below. The Master and his whipper-in were the last human beings we saw in a dozen miles. While they obligingly galloped the pack about, Roger

and Bob got in some snap-shots.

Once under way, we passed Pen Beacon and reached Shell Top, 1,600 feet above Plymouth. Mr. Green told us this was the Pen Shiel of the ancients. Hut circles lay all about—the first we had seen. While somebody hunted a lost hat, we had a chance to look at them, resting. Down again to Hen Tor, past the cairns of long-forgotten chiefs, our friendly guide led the way by Shavecombe Head to the kistvaens of the Plym. Ditsworthy Warren, he called the place, explaining that a kistvaen is a stone tomb. Close by was the Giant's Basin, a likely place to rest. For nearly an hour we lay there in the sun-warmed. scented heather and heard undreamed-of things—till the char-à-bancs of Plymouth and trippers from New York seemed a thousand miles away. They might have been for all they mattered. Dartmoor cromlechs are not wooed yet by motor bus. One must walk, and walk far, to see them at their best, and hobnails come in handy. A bowshot below us, the little river Plym was singing on its rocks, black from the peat of Langcombe Head and the bogs of Calveslake Tor. Six black-faced sheep, deepwooled and shy, watched from a patch of gorse, while overhead a peewit complained at the breaking of his solitude.

The hillside we had crossed was palpably scarred, though screened by furze bushes. Those scars so deep in the green, said our host, had been made by the sailors of Hiram, King of Tyre, when they streamed here for tin. The product of their labor had been carried down the little river to its mouth, put on galleys there, and taken to Jerusalem for Solomon's Temple, then being built.

It seemed incredible. When Roger heard it, he jumped up from his seat to explore the stream. Stones with black streaks in it were lying about, and some he carried off as souvenirs; but whether they were tin I do not know. The rest of us listened as Mr. Green went on. The pictures he made for us were vivid, for all about were the things he spoke of—menhirs and circles and long rows of stone, rising from the heather as they did 2,000 years ago. Nothing else was in sight—a primeval world of wind and sky, that made one think. A menhir is what they call an upright pillar of stone marking an ancient

grave.

Solomon's Temple has fallen, but peat-water still flowed to the sea and plovers cried in the rushes as they must have done when the tin-men were here. These same rushes have a history, too, as our good friend pointed out, for once they thatched the huts where we were sitting. It wasn't hard to reconstruct one mentally. All about were the circles themselves, lacking but a round or so of stone and the roof to be complete. These ancient houses are older probably than Stonehenge; yet their conical roof of thatch is still reproduced on modern shed and barn. A few days later, we held a patrol leaders' meeting under one in Dorset. It might have been lifted bodily from a Dartmoor circle, so like it was in size and shape to the stone foundations of the huts there. These stones rise about four feet from the moor. Their diameter varies from three to ten vards inside, and some of them are banked with turf to keep the chill Atlantic wind from nipping through. The doorway, evidently very low, as in all primitive huts, faces the sun, just as in an Indian teepee at home. The north side is raised in a kind of bench or dais. Bedded with ling and heather, one can sleep there snugly. The lads of Cornwood know this. Two of them were tramping the moor with us and said so.

Before we left the Giant's Basin, Mr. Green explained another point that interested us. Villagers living on the edge of the moor still hold the venville rights they have had since the Conquest; that is, they may graze sheep and horses and horned cattle over it and cut turf for fuel and stone for building under the restrictions of the Duchy. But the ancient right of vert they do not have. Vert means forest and timber rights, with the privilege of hunting certain game. No man may cut a green oakwhere would he find one?—or kill the King's deer, if he does not enjoy this right. It is no hardship, for the deer have long since vanished to Exmoor in the north, and nothing is said about foxes. Kings, apparently, had no time for such mice when stags roamed on the Dart and the poachers of Tavistock knew how to stalk them. Foxes are different. The pack we had seen looked as if it could account for a few.

Leaving Giant's Basin, we soon shook stiffness from our legs, reset belts, and climbed a stiffish slope to the Abbot's Way. All about us the moors rolled upward, green and gold and gray-touched purple, lost in the haze of the skyline, limitless, breath-taking, unvexed by fence or furrow, incredible in settled England, the beauty of it gaining as the tors rose higher and streams ran swifter from the bogs. There were no new-takes here to break that miracle of space. A new-take or an in-take, by the way, is a part of the moor enclosed by a wall. Here and there only, parish rights permit this. Where we had climbed, the way was free as the purple heath just coming into bloom. Heather, too, had blossomed, the rarer white flowers bringing luck if worn for one's lady. But mind you, a Scot will say it's not heather at all—just ling. We learned that later.

Jim and John soon had their pockets full—to send to their sweethearts. Ned and Francis, eager for a letter

from their friend on shipboard, tried to find all they could, while Horace, gruff as a bear, snorted at such child's play. Some said he wasn't in love; others hinted a blistered heel. And still we climbed skyward. The few creatures we saw belonged to the moor as much as the flowers: a group of Dartmoor muttons on a tor, three shaggy ponies wild as deer, and over the waters of a leat blue kingfishers questing. A leat is a stream on the moor. We crossed many of them. The color of these tors is softened by a haze that even on a clear day reminds one the Atlantic is near and we are above it—cloudward. Yet the very softness adds a charm that is found nowhere else, magnifying one mile to five. Rowan-berries in the hollows-the mountain ash-wild guelder rose and sloe bush, golden gorse and lichen, white, yellow, and black, blend like a fairyland where rugged slopes give shelter and vellow-hammers flit through the hazels. In the valleys, narrow cleaves cut deep by streams, we saw a few trees—oak and ash and fir and beech—but on the moor itself not a bush. Winter winds are too sharp for that.

Hour after hour, we pressed through the heather, pausing on the tors now and then for a view, but always moving northward. Trippers miss this as they rush from Plymouth to London. They miss the scent of the whortleberry bush when noon warms it and sheep seek hollows in a bank. They miss the eery calling of the rooks where quaking bogs are green with rushes, and moor trout, black-scaled and sly, lurk in the pools of the Plym or the Swincombe. Nor do they see the moorstone cots by the leats, tiny things, built without line, each with a garden of gillyflower about it and thatch a foot deep at the eaves. Few tourists learn how the pillars and menhirs, long granite rows of them glimpsed on the skyline, are held in place with trigger stones an engineer cannot better today.

The moor can always surprise you. Close by the circular pounds, enclosures reared by moor folk before history began, are other walls that seem as old, but are not, for they were put here when Napoleon looked from Boulogne scarcely a century ago. Mr. Green smiled at our mistaking them for Celt work. It seems the plan of



defense in the West was to drive all living things to the tors and leave not a horse or sheep or cow on the coast for the French to forage if invasion came. When the heath is swaled, as they call burning it off, the newer folds are readily seen.

Reaching the Abbot's Way, we turned into it, right-handed, and swung past Nun's Cross. Fox Tor Mire lay below us. A line of these crosses, some of them Celtic,

once marked the way to Buckfast Abbey. A few still stand as lonely as the pagan cromlechs—stone altars—that flank them. Childe's Tomb is on the edge of the Mire near the little river Strane. We heard its story as we hurried on, for clouds were piling up in the west. Childe is famous on Dartmoor. It seems he went hunting one day from Plymstock, where he lived, and lost his way in the Fox Tor bog. Night coming on, he piously made his will, killed his nag, and crept inside it to keep warm. But in vain. He died, poor soul, of the moorland cold. The will, as quoted for us, was a model of brevity:

Ye fyrst that fyndes and brynges me to my grave, My landes of Plymstocke ye shall have.

According to our informant, the monks of Tavistock found the body and laid it by their Abbey wall, thus

gaining Plymstock for themselves.

Close to Nun's Cross, we hailed Colonel Hawker. Our friend had motored out the Abbot's Way as far as a car could go, his pockets crammed with cider bottles and buns! How they do think of such things in Devon! Fatigue was forgotten and we gave him a cheer. But that was not all; he had arranged for us to shelter at Tor Royal stables and see the Prince of Wales' horses there, for H.R.H.'s estate was not far ahead. Bundling Elliott into his car to help get more lunch, the Colonel drove off, warning us to follow as fast as we could to avoid the rain.

At South Hessary Tor, as we hurried past, we learned how tradition clings to these amazing hills. Hessary Tor means hill of Hesus, the war god, just as Belivor is Belus, the sun god, and Mis Tor is Misor, the moon god. Empires have fallen, whole races vanished, but these bare rocks still hold their ancient names. And not names only, for country folk talk even now of breathless doings when

fog lies deep on the hilltops and the Dart calls for its dole. Pixies dancing and strange sounds in the cairns! Within the last generation a moorsman actually sacrificed a sheep to keep the fairies from killing his flock. And no more of them died. They tell you so to this day.

From Nun's Cross, we raced the storm past Hessary through dripping evergreens to Tor Royal. A moment's shelter in a stall there, another dash to the wagon shed, and we were shaking the rain from our hats as somebody kindled a fire and Elliott laid out the lunch. That peat had a haunting tang, memory stirring, old as the cairns and the cromlechs above. It seemed to belong to them like the trout in the leats and the heather on the hills. The scent of it, indescribable, carried us back to what we had seen. It was Dartmoor the changeless we were tasting. Dartmoor, old as the huts of Ditsworthy Warren, new as the bracken that grows in the cleaves. But man must eat! A jolly jollification we made of it there in the wagon shed, Colonel Hawker, Mr. Green, the two lads from Cornwood and ourselves, all chatting away, while the peat lumps blazed on the hearth and we shared our common loaf. Fresh-baked bread, great slabs of cheese, cold ham, and a dash of cider-my, how it hit the spot! Overhead rain drummed on the tiles and we began to see why they tell you, west of Exeter, that Devonians grow web-feet.

We soon realized that we had no ordinary shelter. Hidden in the wilds of the moor, flanked on one side by the bogs of the Fox Tor and on the other by Devonport Leat, it really was the Prince of Wales' own house of Tor Royal we had run to for shelter. Victory, his charger from New Zealand, was here, ridden at the Trooping of the Colors not three weeks before. So was his stallion from India, the gift of a rajah. And a pinto from the States, ewe-necked and ugly, though worth his salt in

stay and power. Those wiry, whalebone quarters had a look about them that carried one from Dartmoor to Denver in the twinkling of an eye. Jim solemnly touched each horse in turn—to tell his lady when he wrote. Stewart, a gallant soul, though never a horseman, tried the same trick. But beginning wrong end first, he nearly got kicked for his pains. The stable man nodded at the carts as he showed us about. All were marked with the princely crest—the three feathers of Wales. Later, the Prince's own chauffeur met John Greiner in Princetown with me and offered to take us over the house itself. He said he would show us Puffing Billie, if we liked. The offer was too tempting to resist. Who Billie might be or why puffing, neither of us knew; but eager to learn, we climbed in the royal car and returned. The rest of the group were hunting for Harry and the van at the time and, needless to say, did not miss us. Puffing Billie at Tor Royal turned out to be a well-carved frieze, representing one of the earliest steam engines in England! Better still. Billie was optimistically drawing a train-load of wheat from the wilds of Dartmoor to London. Honest Billie, four of him, one to each wall of the Prince's parlor, still bears a record of the miracle hoped for in steam. The decoration is about a century old. A hundred years ago, the moor was to be plowed from mete to mete—an impossible thing. Bogs were to be drained, great farms laid out, and everywhere new-takes widened, till Dartmoor should blossom like Isaiah's rose. Everything was promised in the name of steam. Rail lines should cover the moor to carry produce to the realm. Giant cairns that top each hill, menhirs and monoliths and the kistvaens of the kings, all would be crushed for rail-bed ballast. Some of them actually were knocked over. You can see them lying where they fell. But that was a hundred years ago. Today we had walked from Cornwood and passed one house—the Nun's Cross Farm where Colonel Hawker brought us his buns. The only road we had seen was the Abbot's Way, an unpaved track from the Meavy eastward. Pack-trains used it in the Middle Ages. Moorland sheep and Dartmoor ponies use it now, wild as the red deer that have gone. Nature herself took a hand in thwarting the development of Dartmoor as a real-estate venture.

Leaving Billie puffing in his frieze, grain cars and all. John accepted—and I declined—a kindly offer to try on Wales' hat. A comfortable-looking hat it was, workaday, well knocked by moorland weather. Then we hurried to Princetown to rejoin the others. Harry and the van had been met by the rest and had gone over the hill ahead of them to Two Bridges, where we were booked for the night. Princetown is one of the very few villages on the moor itself. Built originally to house the prisoners of Napoleon's wars, the grim pile now constitutes England's foremost penitentiary. Harrison Rigg, Ned, and Roger were shown over the chapel and saw the graves of American sailors captured in 1812, but this was when they came back in the evening as guests of the prison doctor. In the afternoon, we did not stop, but marched through the village and followed the van to Two Bridges, eager for shelter. Supper was cooking in a wagon shed when we got there, and Harry, our standby, was hard at work with his detail. Two Bridges is not two at all, but one, though it has two spans across the river Dart. The hamlet consists of Mr. Powell's inn, his sheds and byres and a cot or two. A byre is stable for cows. It was in a shed that we ate Harry's fine supper that evening. I can taste the stew yet, piping hot and plenty of it. We arranged to spend the night in the summerhouse of the inn, for the rain had turned to a downpour and tents were not pitched.

Just at sunset, clouds broke for a moment and we held retreat in the garden. Scout officials, several of them, had come from Heaven knows where and watched with interest as our flag and the Union Jack were given a staff salute and bugles played "To the Colors." All evening, friendly folk kept dropping in, heedless of the storm. They could cross the moor by motor and cycle to greet us, since Two Bridges and Princetown lie on the paved road that bisects Dartmoor from Tavistock to Moreton. Access is easy along it, though nowhere else. The doctor from Princetown, Scout Masters from miles around, uniformed Club Masters, some of them ladies, one after another they drove up and mingled with our boys, while good Colonel Hawker won every one's heart with his tales of hunting on the moors. He also told us what we had guessed before—that Captain Winnicott was one of the finest and bravest officers in his regiment during the war. He said he had been wounded severely five times. He added that the Plymouth Scouts were lucky to have such a man as Commissioner. We agreed.

After dark, our host asked us into his parlor for the evening. It was a fascinating place, the walls covered with trophies of the chase. Great trout from the leats, mounted otter, all kinds of game birds, were there, while a huge map, yellow with age, showed us the way we had come that day. Captain and Mrs. Winnicott arrived, much to our surprise, as we were going in. And two boys, Scouts, I think, from Princetown, sang us "Uncle Tom Cobleigh." It was the first time we had heard the ballad and it is a dandy. Everywhere in Devon they sing it. We heard it in Moretonhampstead and on the slope of an Exeter hillside at twilight. We heard it at Uplyme and all over Dorset. The speaker in the tale borrows Tom Pearce's old mare to go to the fair at Widecombe. Starting home, he gives a lift to seven of his friends and the

old mare dies. Judging from the hills she had to face, who can blame her? But the ballad itself is priceless and will bear repeating as we heard it that night in the Two Bridges Inn.

"Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your gray mare,
All along, down along, out along, lee!
For I want for to go to Widecombe Fair,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Ian Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davey, Dan'l Whiddon, 'Arry 'Awk, Old Uncle Tom
Cobleigh and all!
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all!"

To hear a Devonshire chorus ring out on those names is a treat, for they are Devon through and through. Mr. Pearce is dubious at first:

"And when will I see my old mare again,
All along, down along, out along, lee?"
"By Friday soon or Saturday noon,
Wi' Bill Brewer, etc., Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all!"

Then Friday came and Saturday noon, All along, down along, out along, lee! But Tom Pearce's gray mare have not trotted home, Wi' Bill Brewer, etc., Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all!

So Tom Pearce he got up to the top of the hill, All along, down along, out along, lee! And he seed his old mare down a-makin' her will, Wi' Bill Brewer, etc., Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all!

For Tom Pearce's old mare had took sick and died, All along, down along, out along, lee! And Tom he sat down on a stone and he cried, Wi' Bill Brewer, etc., Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all!

But this isn't the end of that shockin' affair, All along, down along, out along, lee! Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career, Of Bill Brewer, etc., Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all! When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night, All along, down along, out along, lee! Then Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear gashly white, Wi' Bill Brewer, etc., Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all!

And all the night long be heard skirlin' and groans,
All along, down along, out along, lee!
From Tom Pearce's old mare and her rattlin' bones,
And from Bill Brewer, Ian Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davey, Dan'l Whiddon, 'Arry 'Awk, Old Uncle Tom
Cobleigh and all!

After the singing, Mr. Powell brought in a huge fruit-cake and some cider as his gift to the troop. How we did dig! Maybe it was the air or the heather or just good Devon cheer, but never in our lives did we enjoy such feasting as they gave us in the West. Breakfast at Kitley, second breakfast at Cornwood, first lunch at Nun's Cross, second at Tor Royal, supper at Two Bridges, all we could eat of it, and now another at the inn. Our twenty-mile trek was forgotten. No wonder they sing of glorious Devon. Tom had been doubtful a bit at the start—a little uncertain of the British lion. Devon took him to her heart.

Captain Winnicott did a kindly thing for us all that night. In the nicest possible way, leading up to it with a story or two, he reminded us that the hospitality we had received and the welcomes were not over by a long shot. They would go on wherever we went in England. After a while, they might seem a bit boresome, old stories to us, though new to others. We must guard against that and respond as we had at the start. We must not spoil a fine thing by getting swelled heads over it later. Winnicott didn't put it quite that way, but we understood. In five minutes he had done much to assure the success of the trek. His point was well taken, for without that friendly

hint the tests we met later might have found us wanting, even though unconscious of it.

About ten, Jim, our teetotaler, upset the fire screen with a prodigious crash as he went for some cake. And Bezie announced the cider had taken enamel from his teeth. It seemed time for bed. Saying good night to the Winnicotts and Mr. Powell, we made our way to the darkened summerhouse in the yard. Sleeping sixteen strong there was a poser at first, for the place was only big enough for us to wedge in sideways. But every one shook down somehow, and instructions were given for tomorrow's hike. About halfway through, Francis snored like a ripped sheet, and I began to call the roll. George, too, had left us. Harrison and Stewart were slipping fast. A minute later all were gone. The tors we had climbed were taking toll.

Chapter III

EXETER

A CLEAR SKY brought early breakfast. Every one helped scrub the summerhouse floor where hobnails had tracked it. By seven, we were under way, a Mr. Burbery of Broadhempston having come in his car to guide us. Like the master of Cornwood, he was a Scouter, and keen. Giving as our first halt the village of Postbridge, he motored ahead to wait for us there. The way was easy, and cheered by the sun, we swung off, leaving the detail at Two Bridges to follow.

Rain had filled the streams and the Dart was in merry spate where the smaller Cowsic flowed from Devil's Tor to join it. Farther up river, past Crockern Tor and Beardown Hill, lies the Wistman's Wood—the wood of the wise men. Tradition says it was planted by Druids when woad was in fashion. What a morning it was! Blue sky above, blue flowers below, and everywhere heather with moor streams rushing through it toward the sea. Francis called it his State of Maine day as he caught the sparkle on bush and brier, the fresh clean scent of sunshine after rain.

Northeasterly, our road climbed past Cherrybrook farm and the Cherrybrook, past Bellever on our right—the war-god hill—then down again to Postbridge, where our guide, in jersey and shorts, was whistling merrily for his dog as he walked back to meet us. The East Dart is crossed here by what they call a capper—a great three-spanned thing of stone, the footway granite slabs resting on piers. I think this bridge, older than record, brought

home to us as nothing else had done the age of England, the vast perspective of her past, written into the lines and contours of the country about us. Nobody knows who built this bridge or when. The ancient Lych Way started here in the Middle Ages, but the capper, they say, is older. Up to the thirteenth century, all who died on the moor and wanted Christian burial had to be carried along it to Lydford in the West. Later, those living—dying, rather—on the east slopes were buried at Widecombe, since renowned for Uncle Tom Cobleigh and Pearce's gray mare. At Widecombe-in-the-Moor, friends obligingly carried your coffin three times round the churchyard cross before putting it under the sod, this to keep your ghost from trying to find its way home again.

The capper bridge over the Dart was probably built by Celts and kept in use when the pack-trains crossed from Tavistock or Tavy. Actually, the Phoenicians used some of these trails when they peddled their wares through the bog-lands of Britain, groups of them going about with donkeys much as do gypsies today. The interest of our trek was enhanced tremendously by stories like these. We even bought us a history to read in spare time. Somebody has it now, I'll wager, good as new, and leaves

uncut!

The rest at Postbridge was nearly over. Bezie's bugle warned of two minutes more. Belts were rebuckled. Horace pulled on a shoe. Another blast, and our hobnails were at it.

Beyond Mirripit Hill, the road sloped upward to the Warren, 1,426 feet from the sea. This is claimed to be the highest public house licensed in England. Surely it is the loneliest. Whether or not trippers from the States ever reach its bleak hill to eat vegetable marrow and gooseberry tart, I don't know, but if they do, they'll hear

of strange doings. A traveler, benighted, once spent the night there and chanced to look in a box that stood in his room. It contained the body of a dead man! Terrified, he rushed to the tap-room, where the landlord told him not to take on so: "It's only ole feyther. Us 'as salted 'um down till frost cracks an' spadin' 'ull dig." They tell that story with a gusto from Cornwood to the Bovey; so there

may be something in it.

East of the inn, beyond Challacombe Common, we pushed right-handed from the road, through bracken and ling to Hamel Down, a mile or two away. It's a real climb, though worth it, this ridge that flings itself 1,700 feet toward the sky, between Widecombe and Moor Gate. George was puffing like a grampus when he reached the top. Even Tom had stopped walking on his toes for a while and didn't look quite so spick as at the start. King Tor and the King's Barrow rise at one end, Hamel Down Beacon at the other. It was here, said Mr. Burbery, that a huge pile of faggots was kept, to warn the West Country if Napoleon landed in 1805. In readiness for flame by night or smoke by day, these beacons ringed the highlands of Devon for years. This is the charm of a shank's-mare trek; one gets the local touches.

Grimspound, the finest thing on the moor, lay above us as we bent to the final ascent. Part way up were the Vitifer tin mines, now abandoned. Near by, foundations of Elizabethan blowing-houses showed where the metal had been worked in Raleigh's day. Compton was in his element as we explored these ruins, for if any boy on earth loved to creep into breathless, beastly holes and crannies or bury himself in unspeakable pits, he was the one. Had we allowed it, he would have lowered himself with delight down a broken shaft though dropped stones proved its depth to be ghastly and flooded with water as

well.

A monstrous wheel, high as a house, stood in one of the sheds. That was irresistible, of course, and Elliott was treading it like a squirrel in a cage before we could stop him. No one can guess how long that wheel has been here. Rising out of the ruins, it looks like the gear of a Cyclops. Grimspound itself is solitary, an amazing place, desolate and abandoned in a rolling pitch of heather. But that is as it should be. Once the home of moor folk, it carries you back to them and the lives they must have led here, as Stonehenge, far more famous, never does. As we climbed Hamel Down and saw that lonely wall above, we knew we were in for a treat—a treat few tourists see. For Grimspound is almost complete today, a pre-Roman village lost in the wild. Twenty-four hut circles lie within its double wall. The entrance is unbroken still, a paved and sturdy way going down to the pound. The village could be rush-thatched in a week and good as new. I do not know who was the most surprised, for none had expected a thing like this. George, like the man and the camel, refused to believe it. Eagerly we crowded the gateway steps, Harry jotting dates in his note-book, somebody seeking the spring, Dick, unperturbed as a turtle, finding a place to sit on and rest. A wise hiker is Dicky.

What sights these prehistoric hearths must have seen! Some claim they were here before the Celts came, and that seems likely. One thing is sure, proved for us as we sat there. Whoever sited Grimspound did so with an eye to sweeping winds and wintry weather, for the walls snuggle into a fold of the moor as though it had been made for them. A blow on Dartmoor is never a joke. Windbreaks are vital. The Grimspounders must have learned this before building their town. Evidently they went in a bit for the amenities of the Bronze Age, for a knife of that metal has been found near the pound, its handle of amber. Our guide knew Dartmoor from tor

top to cleave, as they call their narrow valleys. Indeed, the farther we went through England, the more we were struck by the way people knew their own neighborhood. A hundred years, five hundred, for that matter, meant nothing at all. Something of interest had happened here—perhaps before the First Crusade or before the Romans came. What did it matter? It had been near their home and that was enough. They knew the story and could tell it, too. We learned an amazing lot in this way as we wandered about, local tales never found in the books. Resting at Grimspound, Roger and Bob took pictures,

while others heard of the country about us.

Widecombe-in-the-Moor lay over the hill to the south, and we hummed a line from Uncle Tom's ballad as we saw where he had taken the mare. Northward by east is Manaton, a place we never reached. But the stories we heard made it seem very near—the Wisht Hounds, for one. Close to the wood where the BeckaBrook joins the Bovey, Hound Tor juts its rocks from the heather. These are the Wisht Hounds, famous for ages. On stormy nights they chivvy their prey from Hamel Down to Taw Head. Their huntsman is black and so are they. A tale to make your flesh creep! On Christmas Eve, especially, the huntsman blows his horn and calls up the hounds. As he passes the Standing Stones of a Druid circle—just across from where we were sitting—the rocks that form it begin to move. A Widecombe man saw them at it one night, dancing like witches, as he came from the inn.

East of Grimspound is Bowerman's Nose—another strange sight of the moor, a record and warning in one. The Nose is a huge rock standing on Hayne Down, but once it was lively enough, so they say, being none other than Bowerman himself. Bowerman was a good chap, from all reports. He lived on a farm and helped build Manaton Church. Everybody liked him, even the parson,

as he went about his lawful occasions. But human as the rest, he had his failing, and it scotched him in the end. When hounds called he had to go. There was no resisting that appeal, and he knew it. One Sunday, in spite of church and St. Winifrid, the call came and off he went, hounds, horses, and all. Poor soul! Who can blame him with a dreamland of grass on the hillside above and his pack at their fox in a covert? But he paid for his fun. That very day he was changed to stone. You can see him



yet within sound of his church bells. Dartmoor is full of such awful examples. The Standing Stones on Hamel Down, those that dance on Christmas Eve, are said to be

maidens who jigged on a Sunday.

Leaving Hookney Tor by Grimspound, we followed a path to the north while Burbery jogged back for his car at the Warren. Our way led through heath and furze to the commons of Shapley. Behind us rolled the moors, gray tors and lonely beacons lifting upward in the blue. Everywhere was space, a boundless, blue-gray freedom, older than the Druids, unbent, unbending to the will of man. Strange colors, rich with moss and lichen, hid in the rocks. Bracken, vivid with midsummer green, masked stream-lines in the cleaves. The tors themselves were what Thoreau called his Ararat color, an antique gray,

terrene, enduring, solidified air, with a touch of earth in it. And everywhere, furze and gorse and jolly heather; soft, blue-gray heather on the skyline—that strikes the Dartmoor note.

We felt it was older than England here, older than Britain, but not so old as horn and hound and the cry of a racing pack. They harried wild elk in the old days, stag-like creatures no living man has seen. But their horns are in some of the hill mounds still, where limestone has preserved them. Later came red deer—they are historic—and finally foxes. Scarcely a mile of the moor lacks its tale of the chase. But at Shapley Common, the hills fall back.

By Moor Gate cultivated fields appear. A char-à-banc passed us on the Tavistock road as our path left the heather to join it. Fewer sheep grazed in the pastures, more cattle, where the vale of the Bovey widened below. In no time at all, the landscape had changed, hedgerows replacing banks, trees and orchards rising on the hills, mossy-trunked, green, as trees are in Devon. A harrow broke clods in a field as we passed. Wild ponies had gone. Red Devons stared from the shallow brooks.

This sudden transition is characteristic of England. A day's ramble offers many shifts in the scene, each varied. distinct from the other. Often the type of buildings alters in a few hours' walk. Tiles take the place of thatch, or timbered cots give way to stonework—centuries apart in history and story. The landscape changes too, adding

immeasurably to the charm of a trek.

Beyond Moor Gate this was particularly true, for half a mile had brought us from downland to farm. In time we had jumped three thousand years! The stage was a new one. Pillared gates by a lodge convinced us of it as we glimpsed the ordered avenue beyond, where manor chimneys clustered and tall oaks screened a house. The patter of hooves and a pony with governess-cart behind him completed the transition. The moors, British, unchanging, rolled eternal in the West, but this was England, and England of today. That wicker cart with its children sitting sideways, its well-kept tack and sparkling terrets, could belong nowhere else. And neither could the

governess, mildly disapproving!

Moretonhampstead, a mile on, welcomed us as the sun touched noon. Camp had been pitched in a pleasant meadow this side of town. We could see a Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes above the wall as we neared it, while a comforting twist of smoke looked hopeful beyond. Every one stepped out a bit at that, as horses do when turned toward home. We swung into the field with an air, I can tell you, as the detail grinned and watched us. They had done a good job there and knew it. Tents were in order, duffle-bags out. On the fire, kettles boiled with savory bubbling, skillets hissed to a meal just done! No wonder we cheered; no wonder they grinned.

Moretonhampstead followed their lead, giving us a royal time from the start. We were not tired, for one thing; the air of the moor had attended to that. Rations were cooked to a turn, and plenty of them. Best of all, we went for a swim. After lunch, the local Scout Masters D. R. MacMaster and Jan Kelway proposed it. Dividing our party into shifts, we loaded the first eight in the van and made off for North Bovey, where they said there was a pool. And a happy lot we were, skylarking through the Devon lanes, hedgerows ringing with the fun.

No one can see Bovey for the first time without thinking he has dreamed it. The village is not like a real place at all. You feel it has been painted there by fairies on its hill, so quaint is the thatch on every cot, so spotless the white-washed walls below. A lane which winds, as all lanes should, leads down to the green, where giant

oaks shelter the pump. How such a place has escaped exploitation is a marvel. Perhaps char-à-bancs won't fit in the lane. But spared it has been—church—and inn and rambling cob cots, the fuchsias a wonder of pink at the doors, vivid masses of color that top the eaves, while honeysuckle sweetens the house steps and smocked children stare from the roses. No one can picture the place. It's too like a picture for truth. Like George at Grims-

pound, Harry refused to believe it!

Below the village we found the pool where the little river Bovey had been dammed. They called it a river, though to us it was scarcely a brook. But overhead the sun was shining, and we had tramped many a mile since breakfast. Horace had his clothes off before you could wink, the rest of us, too, and in we all went. That water was ice, sheer liquefied ice! Dark from the peat stain above, but clean and quick-flowing as wind in a frost, it braced you like a sudden challenge. Startled moor trout whipped to the banks as we ducked and dove and yelled like demons, lashing our arms to keep from freezing. Our skin was ruddy as David's own when we came to the surface for air! Somebody had soap; so all got a scrub. But none stayed in when our time was up. Jim, unable to resist temptation, threw Dick's towel in, and got well chased for his pains, just as every one had climbed to the bank. The sight of Dicky, clad in nothing at all, stubbing his toes and stung by nettles as he raced through the meadow, was almost as good as the swim. Six feet and built to match, he made even the cows get out of his way!

When we reached camp, the second eight motored off, while those who had bathed turned to for supper. Afterward, every one wandered about town, buying ice cream in a tuck shop, exploring St. Andrew's Church, and paying a visit to the local Scouts at their den.

Moretonhampstead still boasts a good deal of thatch where its long street winds to the church, but a recent fire has left a gap, and tiles are coming in. Beyond the church and below it we saw a lovely meadow, green in the twilight, fresh-swept by a passing shower. Boys were playing cricket there—the first we had seen of England's national game. As we watched them, we heard the story of the field. From time immemorial it has been called the Sentry and has been given to boys for a playground. Some say the name is a corruption of Sanctuary, a refuge of the church in other days. Far back in tradition there is a story that grown-ups held games here on Good Friday. And beyond that is a dimmer hint of something pagan, of mistletoe and Druids and springtide on the moor, a hint of processions in the meadow when the Eastern moon was full. After all, Eostre, the goddess of spring, gives her name to the Christian festival. She may have had something to do with the games. Sentry Field is close to the moor in spite of the town, and old names cling. Kingston Down lies across the valley. To the north are the Giant's Grave and the Headless Cross. Moretonhampstead tells its own story—a moor town grown from a farm or homestead. Interested, we watched the game below. The boys at play there, where no man can stop them—that was more than a game of cricket. The very genius of the race—its tap-root—has come from things like these.

At our camp fire later on in the evening, John raised a cheer when he got a flame with bow-drill. Horace did the same with flint and steel. His tinder—dried cedar bark from home—excited even more interest than the fire, for woodcraft of any sort appeals to the English. The Moreton boys asked for the fires again and applauded with a cheer we had not heard—Killy-Killy, Watch-Watch! At call-to-quarters, they gathered round

and raised our own America Yell-a kindly touch we

did not forget.

Reveille sounded before six next morning. As usual it was preceded by a thumping on the tent tops as a sleepy Scout Master in hobnails and poncho pounded his way down the line. By seven-thirty, we were clearing the town. It was a merry sort of day, a summer sun overhead, and some of us raised a song all the way to Exeter. Jokes were bandied back and forth—we had plenty of subjects: Bezie's shoes, Francis' appetite, whether Stewart had heard yet from Peggy, how long Ned's stockings would stay up, and what Tom really thought of Devonshire bread!

The countryside was lovely, woodland and farm and rolling meadow, as like our own as two peas in a pod. An old-time chronicler has described it quaintly: "The aire is sharpe, healthfull and good; the soile is hilly, wooddy and fruitful, yet so as the hand of the Manurer must never be Idle nor the purse of the Farmer never fast Shut, especially of those that are farre from the Sea, whence they fetch a sand with charge and much travell, which being spread upon the Face of the Earth, bettereth the leannesse thereof for Graine and giveth life to the Glebe with efficacie."

On the outskirts of Exeter, not far from St. David's, we were met by Captain Young, a Scout official, and guided to our camp. The new University of the Southwest had put their campus at our disposal, and a fine site it was, too. A wood screened two sides and provided plenty of fuel. Water on tap near by made cooking convenient. That afternoon, we finished chores early and hurried to town. Tents were up and our flagstaff in place even before we had reached the camp; so it did not take long to finish the oddments. From then on till bed, our day was a lark, a glorious lark from the start to the finish.

First off, we had a hot bath all round, then a swim in the Exeter indoor pool. English boys do not go in much for water sports. Their water is too cold, as we had found out for ourselves at Bovey. So it was fun to see their eyes pop when Elliott and Dick, John and Jim, George and Harrison, climbed to the very roof and swan-dived to the water below. Jack-knives, half-gainers, standing, running, one after another our boys shot from the boards, as much at home as otters on a slide, while our friends looked on or breast-stroked sedately about in sleeved

bathing-suits!

Appetites whetted, we got into clean clothes and adjourned for tea. It was our first chance at a tea shop, and we made the most of it. At six o'clock, purring like tabbies, we went to the Guild Hall, and on the way saw More's Coffee House. In this ancient tavern, Sir Francis Drake and his admirals met before fighting the Spanish Armada. Already some one had told us that Exeter was a seaport in those days, the little river Exe navigable as far as the town. In the coffee house we saw the Admiral's Room, a sort of club or meeting-place they had, still paneled in the oak of Good Queen Bess, its windows shaped like those of a frigate. All Devon speaks of the sea; its history is one of sea-faring folk from the start. Very quaintly we are told of its worthies: "Sir Francis, that potent man at sea, setting forth Anno 1577, in the space of two years and ten months did compasse the circle of the Earth by sea. And the Lord Charles Howard, England's High Admiral, did not only from hence impeach the entrance of the proud invincible Spanish Navy intending invasion and subversion of State, but with his Bullets so signed their passage that their sides did well shew in whose hands they had been, as seales of their own shame and his high Honour."

The Guild Hall was a marvel. At first we did not

realize that the Town Clerk had come on purpose to do us honor. But once we were seated in that stately room and the officials had taken their stalls and in came the maces and swords and golden chains of the Sheriffs-you could have heard a pin drop! After greeting us, the Clerk had his bailiff display the regalia, remarking that the last time they had done so it had been for a Queen. The great sword presented by Edward III. was first drawn for us and passed round. The King is said to have unbuckled it from his side six hundred years ago and given it to the townsfolk in person. This blade is the only authentic royal sword of the period, and naturally priceless. It was meant for work, not dress, and it takes a strong man to grasp it. A second sword was then shown us. It had been given to Exeter by Henry VII., together with a Cap of Maintenance, in return for loyalty to the Crown.

Exeter, unlike any other city save London, is a separate county and has its Sheriff as well as a Mayor. The Town Clerk told us it was older than London; in fact, the oldest city, as such, in the realm. It is interesting to note that a city must have a cathedral, while a town has not. Besieged more than twenty times, it has rarely been conquered since Athelstane walled it for his Saxon capitol. Before that, the Britains held it four hundred and sixty-five years against Saxon assault. Pointing to the roof, the Clerk remarked that they had repaired it and put in some new oak during the Wars of the Roses five hundred years ago. Stewart looked dubious, and Francis got a crick in his neck trying to see. The actual Guild Hall was built in 1153, when Henry II. was King, but on the site of a Saxon hall still older. After displaying the maces and chains of office, they took us to the Mayor's Parlor to sign the City Book. Some of the names there were surprising. The Mayor himself was away at the time on a summer holiday; so we did not meet him. Out-



EXETER CATHEDRAL



side the city wall we saw our first castle in England, the ruins of Rougemont. It was once the palace of the West Saxon kings. Its lofty ramparts, masked with ivy, and a moat filled with flowers, now serve as a public park. Close by is the memorial to the service men of Devon.

Our supper that night was by all odds the most elaborate we met with on the trip. I doubt if any of us will see another like it. Officials of the town, clergy from the Cathedral, and officers connected with Scouting had united to give it in our honor. A huge tent or marquee had been erected near camp for the banquet, and in it long tables were laid. Fifty or sixty people sat down with us to dinner. The meal was overwhelming as course after course was set on and we were initiated to the mysteries of Devonshire cream and lemon squash and all the tidbits of the West. Healths were drunk to His Majesty the King and His Excellency the President of the United States. We were bidden welcome not as foreigners, but as kinsfolk. Sir Edward May, Commissioner for the County, presided. With a twinkle in his eye, he said we ought to know all about England by now, and if the things we were told chanced to be wrong, no harm would come of it; travelers were born for misinformation.

As dinner drew to a close, some one proposed our healths, and glasses were filled. Following custom, it began with a Hip-hip-hip! whereupon most of our boys stood up and solemnly reached for their lemon squash! To pledge their own health in, if you please. The cheers at that were louder than ever. I think the mistake and the naïve way it was made won every heart in the room. After dinner, we left the marquee for a sing-song outside. Hundreds of people had gathered to hear it. For the first time, we learned how our cousins can sing. "John Peel," "Uncle Tom Cobleigh," "Marching Through Georgia," "The Harem of Caractacus," they made those hillsides

ring. We, in turn, gave them school songs from home, and when they heard we played football, something like their own, they asked for a real American cheer. John and Horace led off with long rahs and halligalucks. They kept calling for more, so maybe they liked it. "America" and "God Save the King" brought the evening to a close.

Sunday morning, Harry and one or two others went with me to early service. It was the first time they had been in a cathedral. Coming home, we found breakfast a failure, chiefly because the eggs and milk we had ordered had been left in the marquee by the man who delivered them, and nobody thought of looking for them there till lunch. Munching dry bread, we made the best of it and set off at 10:30 for the Cathedral again. This was to be our official visit. Imagine our surprise when four vergers with long white rods met us at the door and marched us in procession to the choir, while necks were craned on every side of us. Preceding the sermon, an address of welcome from the pulpit completed the confusion begun by the vergers. Those choir stalls were conspicuous and tall as thrones, to say the least; but after Francis had nodded and somebody dropped a hymn book or two, we felt more at home.

For lunch, we ate our postponed breakfast, then lay around resting till supper. That was a real meal and put us in fettle for a game of baseball with the Exeter Scouts. Our bat was a shovel. Bases were stones. But the good old spirit was there on both sides. The only trouble with the English was that they would field to the plate and pay no heed to the runner. Also, they held on to the shovel for dear life as they streaked for a base. But they knew how to bat and pitch and field in our game a good deal better than we did in theirs. The next evening at cricket, they fairly ran us ragged. Our side had to borrow a bowler because we could only pitch. We forgot to carry

the bat when we ran, and we hurled the ball at the runner instead of at the stumps—a fearful mistake. Darkness ended the play with good will on all sides.

Monday was another midsummer day; so we spread out our packs and hung blankets and ponchos to air in the sun. Arrangements were made for the University hostel to lend us their laundry, and every one had a hot shower there as well as a chance to wash clothes. The accompanying water fight was Homeric, a splashing and a racket that rocked the roof beams. But nobody seemed to mind. In the afternoon, we visited the Cathedral again, to go over it at leisure. It was built by Athelstane, King of Wessex, and dedicated to St. Peter. Edward the Confessor made it a bishop's see. The vast length of the nave and the solidity of the pillars fairly stunned us as we stood by the door. The Lady Chapel back of the high altar, with its hangings of blue, was lovely, almost as large as a church at home. Minstrel galleries gave a hint of the thickness of the walls, for they were hollowed out from them with plenty to spare!

I do not think anybody cared much for the choir loft, a heavy thing of oak that straddled the transepts, screening the nave from choir and chancel. Perspective, that sense of distance and lift so marked in other cathedrals, had been sacrificed by the heavy partition. When we heard that Cromwell had built a brick wall on top of it and so made the Cathedral into two churches instead of one, we liked it even less, especially when we saw how his men had smashed everything of beauty within reach of the floor. If they had spared us some medieval glass and destroyed the ill-placed loft with their bricks, it

would have been better.

In the choir itself we saw the Bishop's Throne, the canopy of it an oaken spire that towered to the ceiling, every inch carved like a Gothic steeple. It was put there

nearly six hundred years ago and cost twelve poundsabout sixty dollars. In the North Transept, Horace discovered a gigantic clock that not only told time, but showed sun and moon and starry planets moving round the earth. They told us it had been made by a wandering friar and still kept time after four hundred years. The works were of wood and heavy cordage, apparently good as new. Elliott, meanwhile, was wandering about with John, trying to find a way up the tower. Both of them reveled in hidden stairs. The gloomier and more cobwebby they were, the better they liked it. So up we all went, one hundred and ninety-four steps in the thickness of the wall, most of it black as the pit. Near the top, we heard the great bell strike. It is the third largest in England and weighs more than six tons. The hum of it makes the stonework quiver.

Once on top, we caught some idea of the vastness below, for Exeter's lead roof is said to be one of the longest in the world. What it must weigh and how the staunchest buttresses can hold it, I do not know, for under the lead is another roof of stone, whose groining we had seen from below. Our mechanically-minded soon knew all about it, however, and were filling their diaries with stresses and strains and tons of lead. Others, more carnal, began to think of tea and a tuck shop; so down we came for a visit to the Bishop's Gate and the Bishop's Palace and some

exploring of the city wall before we left.

Here and there, we could see Roman brickwork, thin tiles in mortar hard as iron, their color unmistakable. Saxon masonry showed in the foundations. Crawling through a moldy door, we even explored inside the wall and climbed to an opening on top where slits once served as arrow ports. Everything seemed strange to us. But a gnawing amidships brought us to earth, and off we went for camp and supper. As usual, the Exeter boys joined in

retreat and carried their flag with ours. "Auld Lang Syne" sounded soon after their victory at cricket, for to-

morrow was hike day again and we needed rest.

Tuesday's weather was not so good, but no one complained. Since Friday all had been fair. Leaving Bob and John to help Elliott and Bezie with the van, we pushed through Exeter and cleared town before shops were open. Every one was sorry to go, for our stay had been a delight. Past Clyst-St.-Mary and Newton Poppleford, we walked the stiffness from our legs in no time, as more clouds swept in from the sea and the country broke to downland. Clumps of gorse and furze bush growing by the way gave it a wilder look as we turned toward Sidmouth. For a while we had followed one of the Roman roads. How those old-timers laid them is a mystery.

They turned out for nothing.

Stopping ten minutes each hour, we plugged our fifteen miles and beat the rain at that. Our camp site was a meadow overlooking the sea, but tents were not up and fires just starting as we reached it; so a growl was in order while we marched past the detail. Half an hour mended matters, and shelters were in place as mess call blew. Liver and bacon with fruit and plenty of good bread and jam bettered our humor. Some hardy devils proposed a dip in the sea, but a chilling wind had sprung up; so we passed it by. That wind soon changed to a fog, a clammy sort of drizzle that nipped at our knees and soaked even the inside of tents. John Greiner came down with an earache. Bezie and Dick were not very lively. Harry and Horace, true to their jobs as first-aiders, got to work on them, and by three o'clock the sick were under cover, rolled in dry blankets, and warm. John and Bezie, the worst off, were bunked in the van. Dick was put in a bedding roll, although he grumbled at such pampered treatment. Before supper we explored the Front, as they

call the sea walk in England. Plenty of good hot tea and all the scones we could find in a tea shop gave a new slant to our worries. Fog wasn't so bad. You could laugh at its vagary. Homeward bound, we saw the carcass of an enormous fish that had been landed after breaking the net. It looked like a shark of sorts, and the fishermen were passing the hat for repairs. Other people had their troubles, too.

At camp, we had one of the best suppers ever cooked by a detail all set and ready for us. A hard job it must have been, that supper, for wood was soaking by this time and everything drenched, the fog getting thicker and thicker. Poor John, in great pain, was taken to a doctor as soon as we had finished eating, and sent by him to the Cottage Hospital. It was our first serious case. Fearful of mastoid trouble, we thought it wise to leave him there for a while, at least. Horace worked like a beaver in camp while Harry drove John off in the van. By the time he got back, every one had gone to bed. The night was too raw for a sing-song and our hosts as eager as we to get under cover. A wandering magician and his wife had offered to show us their tricks if allowed to sleep in the van, but sleight of hand in a Sidmouth fog, with a sodden fire to see them by and wind sending sea mist into one's marrow, didn't quite appeal. So the poor strollers made off, not rating our appreciation very high, though Tom did give them half a crown for their pains and they shared our good hot supper. The van being taken already by Bezie, we could not bunk them there.

It is remarkable how dry you can keep in a pup-tent once you know how. At Sidmouth in beastly weather, we used one poncho in each shelter to cover the ground, while the other was lashed like a curtain in front. Blankets, two each, were pooled and pinned into sleeping-sacks, and

duffle-bags propped at the foot to keep our legs from poking into the rain. Snugly we made things fast as the storm beat on the canvas and a sea scud whipped through the trees. If it wanted to rain, it could.

Chapter IV

DORSET TO THE CHALK RIDGE

Wednesday, July 20, the drip of fog in the trees reminded us that pilgrims must take weather as they find it. But somehow or other the reveille bugle blew, the detail got into their muddy shoes, and George was hounded from his tent—even more sleepy than usual. Wet wood was kindled from drier billets in the van. They had been stored here with Bezie for shelter. While breakfast was cooking, we washed at a barnyard pump to the evident surprise of a bull that bellowed disapproval from his byre. The sea at the foot of the cove was invisible.

Leaving our drenched camp as it was, the hikers poked heads through their ponchos and left on time. I stayed with the detail to see how John was getting on. By ten, tents were down and the van packed. John was better, and the fog began to lift. For the first time we followed two routes, those on foot climbing the steep hill that flanks Sidmouth on the east, the van going inland to avoid it, past Sidbury and Axminster, then down to the sea again at Uplyme, where we rejoined. The coast road, though lovely, was out of the question for a loaded truck. It was all the marchers could do to face it. Mile after mile they swung through the fog, up hill and down, by Salcombe Regis and Branscombe on their right, past Beer Head, once a smuggler's joy, then over the Axe at Colyford, and on to camp at Uplyme.

Thanks to our new host, Colonel Woodroffe, a motor from his estate at Rhode Hill came part way out to meet them. Our van, meanwhile, passing the Roman road at Hunters' Lodge, had crossed the downs and climbed the steep pitch above Uplyme in time for lunch. And a real lunch it was, with gooseberry tart to top it! Horace's eyes shone as he led us late comers around. The new camp was first-rate. Just to prove we were in England where rain doesn't matter, out had come the most glorious sun you ever saw, away rolled the fog, and below us dipped a green little valley to the sea. On the edge of it, where the downs broke, lay Lyme Regis—Lyme of the King—a tiny unexpected place, hanging like a ladder between meadow and cliff and bay.

Above, on Rhode Hill, was a flagstaff rigged like a mast, and from it, against the blue, waved a British and an American flag. They had thought of everything here. Our wood had been cut and a fireplace built before we arrived. Our camp site was ready. In no time at all, tents were up and every one trim in a clean uniform. Piling into the Woodroffe motor, we went to Lyme Regis to visit the Mayor, but first we explored the Front and saw a billie boy in the cobb. A billie boy is a heavy sort of boat used in the coaster trade. A cobb is a breakwater made like an arm bending into the sea. Ships sail inside the elbow at high tide. When flood is out, they squat there on the sand like monstrous tarry toys, uncouth, misshapen, streaked with the hidden stains of keel and ribbing.

At the tip of the cobb, we turned to view as fair a sight as there is in the world—the Dorset coast on a summer day when the sun goes down over Devon in the west. None of us had seen anything like it—that sweeping range of cove and headland. The sheer splendor of the cliffs, the warmth and color of them, and the awe, left us speechless. Sea mist here and there sweeping in from Lyme Bay had capped the tallest hills with cloud. A setting sun turned lower ones to gold. Over all was a sky as

blue as the white-tipped waves below. The very air had an amber look about it, an aureate richness and glow, we had felt nowhere else. League on league that radiant coastline swung to the east, where Portland dreamed on the skyline and the Chesil Bank clung to its breakers. Gold and gray and blue, tawny red and gypsy yellow, the great cliffs rose and the downs rolled green to meet them. Golden Cap and Doghouse Hill, Ridge Cliff and West Cliff, each throbbing with a color of its own!

Leaving the cobb, we climbed a haphazard lane to greet the Mayor. He proved a jolly soul, saying by way of welcome that it was too hot for official robes; so he'd worn his chain instead. And wouldn't we have tea in the garden? Scout officials from the neighborhood had come there as well as their boys, and lobster salad and shrimp sandwiches are still vivid in my mind. His Honor told us about Lyme as we sat there, how it had been started by the Celts-nobody knew when-with its twisty, uphill lanes in the cove of the river Lym, and how Edward the First had made it a Borough; hence Regis or Royal—a wee place, a fisher village lost by the sea; yet it had its share of history and made some, too. Sir George Somers, the discoverer of Bermuda, came from it. In 1588 its people had watched the Armada sail up the Channel. The start of that great sea fight could be seen from the hills, and two of the ships were their own. Later on, Lyme stood siege when King and Parliament were at odds. And in 1685, Monmouth the Pretender landed at its cobb. In four weeks, the battle of Sedgmoor had been fought, Monmouth captured, and his head hacked off on Tower Hill. We saw the place in London.

Our friend the Mayor was wise. He did not give us too much history or kill it with dates; yet he made the past of his town seem real to us. After looking at the borough seals, we split up to do as we pleased for a while. Tom, Stewart, and Francis soon found an ice-cream shop and dared fate by eating some on top of the lobster. Others went off with the Mayor to see a boat race near the cobb; it was won by his daughter. Ned's friendliness and good manners, his interest in other people, brought him companions wherever he went. Horace and I motored off with our host to see a new troop installed at Beer. On the way, we passed Seaton. The country hereabouts was entrancing, a deep place of sudden vales with a glimpse of the sea at the end of them.

That night, we had a camp fire and everybody sang until late. Just before taps, hot chocolate and buns were brought down from the house to send us to bed in good humor. Tom appreciated that. The more he was fed, the better he liked John Bull. At midnight, a storm broke in from the sea, but we were hardened by now and nobody cared, though George's tent developed quite a puddle,

and he went in with Horace to dodge it.

Morning was foggy—a pity, for our march that day lay through a pleasant stretch of Dorset, a county whose border is just east of Lyme. Near Hunters' Lodge the morning before, we had caught a hint of what it was like —a roll of downland, broken by hills, deep-lying valleys, green and tree-filled, spiced with a touch of the sea. Devon, Dorset, and Somerset, all could be seen from the road there. But fog or no fog, we were soon on our way, following the legions' track toward Chideock. Every foot of the coast here told us of Rome. As weather cleared and we left Devon behind, we caught fresh glimpses of the Dorset hills. Pilsdon and Lewesdon, their twin summits crowned with earthworks, rose on our left beyond the Marshland Vale. Celts built these ramparts when they conquered the land. Bob and Harry, remembering Puck of Pook's Hill, could visualize such things, for

they had read Kipling's stories coming over on the boat. First Ivernians lived here, the dark-haired prehistoric fellows we had heard of in Devon. Tradition says they came to Britain on foot before it broke from the mainland; but how they really reached it or when, nobody knows. Next the Celts crossed from Gaul, landing wherever a cove gave shelter for their long-boats. That much we do know. At Sidmouth and Lyme and Charmouth, they pushed up the valleys to a foothold on the hills, and here they scraped a ditch and a bank. Traces of these crude earthworks are found on the very lip of the downs guarding the beach where the boats came in. As century followed century, the Celtic raiders worked inland and possessed the land, a range at a time, topping each height with new ditch and dyke until they had gained the great Chalk Downs that guard the county on the north. Here they reared their last wall, and it's there yet. We saw it.

But on the coast, fighting still went on as new invasions followed. Roman legionaries under Caesar and his successors drove the Celts to the hinterland just as the Celts had driven the Ivernians. And when the Romans left after centuries of conquest, and the Celts were back from their hills again, new troubles were in store. Saxons began to edge in from the north. Over the chalk wall they came, breaking through here, staying a bit there, but always holding what they had won, carving their kingdom of Wessex where Britain and Celt and Roman had ruled before them. On the coast to the south, Danes raided time without number. It was a troubled, hazy age. These were the days of King Arthur and his knights, for back of the tales we have heard lies a hint of fact. A great king there surely was, fighting the Saxon hordes in the north, staying off Danes in the south, trying to bring some order out of chaos. Tennyson gives us the story in his Guinevere, letting the King speak it for himself:

For when the Roman left us, and their law Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways Were fill'd with rapine, here and there a deed Of prowess done redress'd a random wrong. But I was first of all the kings who drew The knight-errant of this realm and all The realms together under me, their Head, In that fair order of my Table Round, A glorious company, the flower of men, To serve as model for the mighty world, And be the fair beginning of a time.

And on the story goes with its crash of battle on the borders until the great King and his knights pass from our view in that last fierce struggle in the west. What really happened was a Saxon victory and the dawn of our

own history, coming to us out of the ages.

Soon after Lyme, we passed Charmouth. This place is typical. In 833 it was raided by the Danes, and people talk of it yet. Charles II. tried to escape from here after the battle of Worcester. Sixty pounds were promised a boatman of the place for a vessel. They say the boatman's wife suspected something when she heard of this vast sum and locked up her husband while she went to see. To make doubly sure, she carried off his breeches!

Colonel Woodroffe had given us a lift in his van along the Roman road; so we made fine time as the morning cleared and more country appeared. Whitchurch Canonicorum nestled in a fold of the hills to the left. Here is buried the heart of George Somers. He was the man who saved our own starving colony of Jamestown in Virginia, bringing supplies when hope had failed. He died in Bermuda, the island he had discovered, and was buried there, but they brought his heart back to Dorset. It surprised us to find how many ties bound us to the smallest hamlet. These villages, hidden in their trees, tucked in their half-

forgotten valleys, sent their sons to us when our land was a forest. They had made our history as well as their own.

Once seen, a Dorset hamlet is never forgotten. Graywalled, low-lying, the russet thatch on many a cot can be touched from the road. Now and then, we passed a white-washed plastered farmstead, tidy and trim, a part of the land it had grown from. Creepers cover the wall, sometimes our own Virginia vines. Ivy clings to the chimneys, while everywhere a glow of roses, white, yellow, pink, and red, sweeten the quaint little doorvards. The tiniest house seemed banked with jasmine. Honeysuckle, lavender bushes, and sunflowers fill the wayside or flank the low stone steps. Wherever a wall gives shelter, pear trees are pleached on it, spread flat, trained and clipped till they look like vines. No one could remember the garden flowers we saw, but few were new to us or rare friendly banks of pinks and stocks and pansies for the border, with a dash of poppies to remind us of the War. Fuchsias and wallflowers vied with hollyhocks at the porches.

By way of diversion, Bezie or some other lost a hat near Chideock, and knocking madly on the van window to signal a halt, smashed in the glass with a crack like the day of doom. At Chideock, we left the Rhode Hill car and walked on to meet our next guide, Colonel Castle-Smith. Chideock is a sweet place, very small, with the greenest of fields dipping down on all sides. A mound is all that is left of the castle. They razed it in 1645 when it stood for the King. We visited the church, saw where Cromwell's men had stored their gunpowder under the tower, then climbed the neighboring hill to find where the royalists had been. Artillery range in those days was about 500 yards—with luck. The church tower never

blew up!

Our next town was Bridport, lying at the juncture of the little rivers Simene and Brit. This was once the rope town of Britain. Here they made most of the cordage for the fleet. You can trace the rope-walks today. Nets of all sorts are woven at Bridport now. How the sea does come into England! The sight of it is always just over the hill or one feels the tang of its salty breeze. New Forest oaks were grown for the navy. Bridport spun its cordage. Everywhere we heard of the Fleet, and never as a distant thing, a branch of the government, but as the very soul of the kingdom.

While waiting for the detail to buy lunch, we visited the town hall and saw an artist at work on some mural panels. He explained what he was painting—Charles II. escaping from the George Inn across the way. The King was disguised as a servant, but had been recognized. At this point in the story, Stewart accidentally upset a chair and I managed to let go my stick with a bang. It brought the thunder of Jove on our heads. When we left Bridport and its long, wide street, we passed a road called Lee Lane just beyond. It was here that the King and his party slipped from the highway and fooled their pursuers. A tablet marks the spot. From Bridport to Dorchester the Roman road runs on high ground, following the downs that parallel the sea. Waddon Hill with its fir trees is a landmark on the left. Seaward, Shipton Hill overlooks the Channel, its top like a ship turned upside down. On Black Down, farther to the east, we passed a lonely monument to Captain Hardy, he who commanded Nelson's flag-ship at Trafalgar. The down is nearly 800 feet high, and the tower memorial is visible for miles. Tom, who knew his history better than most, explained a good many points to those who were hazy.

At four o'clock Dorchester was sighted. Our road lay straight as a die between rows of trees. The regularity of



it, the precision of the place, still shows who planned it. Like the road we had followed, Dorchester is Roman. No sooner did we get there than our welcome began. Celts, Danes, even merry King Charles were forgotten as rumors of tea reached us. Camp was already up, our eight tents standing bravely in a meadow to the east where the river Frome wound like silver and Hardy's valley of the

dairies widened toward the sea. We had tea—a high tea, at that, in the Soldiers' House—and made merry as the cups went round and empty cake plates piled higher and higher. By now no day seemed complete without our brew. Even Jim, forgetting the next mail home for a while, proved he could eat and drink with the best of us. George, Bezie, and Francis had supper ready by the time we recovered from tea. Rain interfered with our singing, but the night cleared later with a steady wind that made tent-pegging a test. Unfortunately, Elliott's leg had been troubling him from a bruise on shipboard. That night it grew worse; so we took him to the hospital, where they declared it a housemaid's knee and in need of rest. We had to leave him there with nurses losing their hearts over him and flowers already swamping his bedside.

In the morning Francis was sleepy, falling in for reveille with one leg in his tent and one on view. The hind leg, so to speak, had not been dressed yet. We still talk of that breakfast—cocoa, fresh milk, porridge and cream, bacon and eggs. Afterward we explored Dorchester. The four great streets, north, south, east, and west, still show the plan of a Roman camp. They told us it had been a town before the Romans came, but those master builders must have done it over when they called it Durnovaria and built their walls on the Icen Way. The walls are down now—save for a few rods where the ancient masonry stands. But on the site of them are the famous Walks, pleasant avenues of trees put there a long time ago and planted with limes, sycamores, and chestnuts.

Our camp lay at the foot of the hill, and we walked up High East Street to town. St. Peter's and All Saints are very old churches, but we did not go in. We passed the house where Judge Jeffries lived when he held the Bloody Assize here for Dorset. Seventy-five persons were hanged, drawn and quartered as a result of the Monmouth Rebellion, one hundred and seventy-five trans-

ported for life, and nine flogged. It served to remind us of Lyme Regis and the cobb where the poor Duke had landed. South of the town was Maumbury Rings-an amphitheater of turf and sod as good today as when it was built. None of our Scouts had seen anything like it. Indeed, the place is unique, the finest work left by the Romans in Britain. The rampart is thirty feet high and seats 12,000 people on its sloping sides. The arena below is oval, 218 feet long by 163 wide. It took little imagination to fill it again with the soldiers of Rome. Farther to the south is Maiden Castle, the most stupendous thing we saw on the trip. No handiwork of man can surpass it in grandeur. It means little to say the place is a fortified hill on the South Down, or that Britains and Celts dug the trenches with elk horns and piled up its walls with hides full of sod. The staggering thing about it is the size, for that passes belief. Called Mai Dun—Hill of Strength in the old days, it has three distinct and separate walls, each sixty feet high and reared before metal came into Britain. The outer wall is two and a half miles round, encircling one hundred and fifteen acres. The inner pound covers forty-five acres-enough for a farm! The triple entrances overlap and protect one another. Even today the place is impregnable to assault.

Sheep feed on the slopes of it. No modern touch has defaced it. How primitive tribes without tools built such a thing no one knows. The very ditches between the walls are almost sheer, and the sixty-foot ramparts are as wide as a street. Dorchester boys go there on holidays to coast. It must be great fun. Every now and then somebody turns up a relic. We saw hundreds of them in the Dorset Museum, Celtic and Roman and all the rest, but Maiden Castle stands as it was, wind-swept, indomitable, high-

lifted toward the sky.

That afternoon, Ned, Harrison, and the rest went

down to Weymouth for a swim in the Channel. It was their first ride in an English train. Bob and I stayed in camp, taking a dip of our own in the chilly Frome. Later we wandered round town and had dinner at the King's Arms, after seeing Elliott at the hospital and finding him better. Bob worked on his minutes the rest of the day—a tedious job. When the rest came back, we had a short camp-fire for the benefit of neighboring Scout troops that had trekked in to wish us luck. Next morning we headed toward Wimbourne Minster. The way was lovely, leading us through ancient Wessex, the very heart of Thomas Hardy's country. Our road to Stinsford was the Roman way again, the Via Iceniana or Icen Way; Icknield Street, the Saxons called it. Once it ran with hardly a turning from Exeter in Devon through Bridport in Dorset to Old Sarum in Wiltshire. On much of our trek we had walked it. Where it crosses the Frome, we saw a sign warning us that any one damaging the bridge would be liable to transportation for life. If motorists here grow as careless as at home, what a shipload they'll have!

Hardy's birthplace is at Higher Brockhampton, just off to the right. As we swung eastward whistling a tune, a groom's head popped into view from behind a hedge. He was riding one hunter and leading another and seemed surprised at our music. Troy Town sounded queer till somebody learned that troi means turn in Celtic—a hamlet where the road makes a turn. I suppose that same bend was there a thousand years ago! At Athelhampton we crossed the Roman way again and left it for good near Tolpuddle. What names these are: Puddletown, Tolpuddle, Alfpuddle, a whole line of Puddles on the little river Puddle. They call it the Pydel sometimes. Tolpuddle honors Thola, wife of a soldier of King Canute. Names last in England; Canute the Dane died in 1035. The houses were charming and we'll never for-

get them. Elder bushes and may trees grew in the yards. Geraniums filled the lower windows. Quaint porch roofs sheltered the doors. Overhead, old thatch lay smooth as velvet, a soft brown, homey thatch that went well with wistaria and box-hedge. More pretentious places had a yew tree or so, some of them clipped to strange shapes. A few roofs were tilted or slabbed with heavy stone, where



moss grew. Twice we passed a hideous thing of corrugated iron; to make it worse, one half was metal, the rest thatched. Between hamlets, cattle grazed where cowslips and daisies bloomed in the meadows and late violets brightened the banks. As at home, forget-me-nots grew near the springs.

We lunched at Bere Regis, sitting in the churchyard there to eat our sandwiches of bread and cheese and potted ham. Queen Elfrida, the Saxon murderess, lived here for a while. We heard of her later at Corfe. King John came here to hunt now and then; hence Regis, "pertaining to the King." But Thomas Hardy has made it more famous than the pair of them, for this is the Kingsbere of Tess of the D'Urbervilles. Inside the church we saw the Turberville tombs, whence Tess took her name.

This church, with its walls of stone and flint, is a fine one, the tower truly beautiful, pinnacled, with belfry windows and niches canopied in stone. Inside were Norman pillars with delightful capitals—one a man with a toothache, another with a headache. But the roof was the prize, a glorious timbered roof of color and delight. Twelve figures seem to float there horizontally where the beam ends are carved. Each is dressed in his full canonicals of bishop, priest, or friar, the coloring realistic and vivid.

The van joined us at Bere Regis just as our meal was over; so Tom and Harry and Roger had to shift for themselves at the inn. Afterward we lay in a grassy lane, resting, while summer clouds sailed overhead and bees hummed in the clover. When some of our boys read *Tess*, the memory of that noon halt will haunt them. They will see again the old gray church with its flinty tower. They will taste the scent of the hay fields round it. This was a day of summer sun and harvest weather, a brave wind stirring the yew trees as we lay on our backs in the lane.

Clearing the village, we skirted Woodbury Hill, another place famed for its earthworks. Celts built them, and for hundreds of years a fair was held here in September in honor of the Virgin. Our road led past Winterbourne Tomson and a ruined church there. Near Newton Peveril, the great park wall of Charborough House came into view, and we followed it for miles. The Tower of Charborough is a landmark in Dorset. Once upon a time, the lords of this manor held it by their right and service of pouring water on the King's hands at Christmas. Corfe

Mullen, near the end of the park, warned us our evening goal was near. We hurried through without looking at the church, though it seemed quaint. One more halt, one more propping up of tired feet as we lay in the wayside ditch, and we marched into camp this side of Wimborne Minster. Twenty-two miles we had come since breakfast at Dorchester, but supper was ready, the camp chores done.

Our site was lovely—a green meadow, sweet with sunset, beside the river Stour, where cattle grazed in the pastures and woodland mellowed low hills beyond them. Above this wooded ridge and more to the north lay Badbury Rings, a lonely earthwork on the downs. Tradition has it that here in the year 520 King Arthur defeated the Saxons who had broken into Dorset from the chalk downs above.

Some of us recalled the passage in *Elaine* where Sir Lancelot tells the story. They called it the Battle of Badon Hill:

And on the mount of Badon I myself beheld the King Charge at the head of all his Table Round, And all his legions crying Christ and him, And break them! And I saw him after stand, High on a heap of slain, from spur to plume, Red as the rising sun with heathen blood! And seeing me, with a great voice he cried, "They are broken! They are broken!" for the King, However mild he seems at home, nor cares, For triumph in our mimic wars—the jousts—Yet in this heathen war the fire of God Fills him; I never saw his like. There lives No greater leader!

To camp near such a place thrilled us, enhanced as it was by the magic and witchery of twilight.

After supper we crossed the Stour to Wimborne on

an eight-arched ancient bridge. Every one was put on a sixpence allowance for ice cream or sweets. This was in the interest of health and proved wise, though Bob held out for a shilling until he saw that even the sixpence might be revoked. Telephoning to Dorchester assured us that Elliott was better. Well fed, tired enough to be sleepy, and proud of our twenty-two miles, we turned in.

Sunday morning, reveille sounded an hour later than usual. Ned, Dick, and Harrison plunged in the brook, and the rest followed suit. Bezie's pajamas were rescued with zest from a bush in midstream, and every one rubbed down for breakfast. Afterward we went to church. No other abbey or even cathedral impressed us in quite the same way as this stately minster at Wimborne. For one thing, it had few monuments, and what there were, were lovely. How they train such a magic choir I do not know. We saw three chapels in the crypt; we looked at the library in the tower, a library where every book is bound to the wall by a long iron chain. At matins we were welcomed by the rector, and we stayed for Communion. The glory of Wimborne comes, I think, from the color, the airy spaciousness that breathes through the fabric. There was plenty to see. Aethelred, brother of Alfred the Great, is buried here. The tomb of Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, is like no other we saw in England, for he is shown lying in full armor, a very giant of a man, with his right hand, gauntlet off, clasping that of his wife. She rests at his side with a quaint veil under her coronet and a jewel of price at her throat. The picture they make, so stately and calm in the chancel, seems one with that noble church.

There were other treasures, too: a Saxon chest cut from an oak log, an orrery clock with the sun going round the earth each day, as at Exeter. And strangest of all, a gayly painted coffin in a niche. Here is buried Anthony Ettrick, who willed twenty shillings a year to keep his tomb in order. Ettrick was the magistrate who committed the Duke of Monmouth when he was captured near by. And so we forged another link in our story of his Rebellion. Ettrick was a queer chap. They have him in a niche because he refused to be buried inside the church or out of it! He had this very same coffin made before he died and put the date on it—1691. That was an error on his part, for he lived until 1703; so we saw both dates on the lid—when he died and when he thought he was

going to!

The nave at Wimborne is beautiful with the colors of a Dorset cliff. Norman arches and pillars support the clerestory. The choir is wide and very high, a space sweeping untrammeled to the altar. There is something exhilarating about Wimborne, like wind on the moors or color on the hills. During the reading of the lessons, vergers with their long wands pace through the aisles as they have done from time immemorial—to keep drowsy souls from nodding! Outside are two towers, mellow with age, aglow with the same rich color as the nave. Nearing town the day before, these Norman towers were the first thing we saw. On one of them, the right, we watched a curious figure they call a jackman. It moves about each quarter hour.

After service, we lunched at the King's Head and so gave the Sunday detail a rest. In the afternoon, some wrote letters, while Francis and Ned motored with Mr. Austin and me to the Isle of Purbeck. We were encamped on Mr. Austin's farm at the time. On the way to Purbeck we passed Lytchett Minster and an inn called Peter's Finger. This name is an amusing example of how things change in common usage. First it was Petrus in Vinculo—St. Peter in Chains. They shortened that and slurred

it till it comes to us as Peter's Finger.

Crossing a corner of the Great Heath, we glimpsed Poole Harbor with Brownsea Island in the middle of it. Here Scouting began, for it was on Brownsea twenty years ago that Baden-Powell held his first camp for boys. If it had not been for that, we'd not have been trekking England in Scout shorts and hobnails, meeting brothers all the way. On through Wareham, we made good time. This town is the oldest in Dorset. Celts began it, Romans planned its right-angled streets, Saxons besieged it, Danes sacked and pillaged it too many times for the reckoning. It has been burned oftener than any place in England. Even the French pirates took a hand in its baiting. On three sides are great earth walls. We saw a Saxon window in St. Martin's as we passed. This is a very

ancient church, known as the Chapel on the Wall.

Corfe Castle stands on a hill in the Isle of Purbeck, which, by the by, is not an island at all. Below the ramparts is a quaint little hamlet, incredibly old and wholly gray. The houses are of gray stone, and so are the roofs. Three stone-paved streets or lanes lead to the castle, and that is gray, too. When we climbed them to the gate, gray clouds were sweeping in from the sea. A village cross, St. Edward's Church, and the town hall carry out the somber color. The castle itself is a ruin, though once as strong as any in England. Elfrida, the Saxon Queen we had heard of at Bere, lived here. She was the widow of King Edgar and with her lived her son, Aethelred. Edward, son of Edgar by a former wife, was King of England at the time and only nineteen. One day in the year 978, as he came home from hunting on the heath, his stepmother Elfrida stabbed him as she gave him a drinking-horn to quench his thirst. The church of St. Edward the Martyr marks the spot where the boy king was laid. He has a wooden statue now in the village, a shrine showing him as a slender, tall young lad dressed in the bright colors of Saxon

kingship. The brutality of his murder has never been forgotten. The ruined Castle of Corfe was the largest we had seen. Some Scotch Scouts in kilts met us at the gate, and taking us for English, began to say how far they had come from home. When we told them our story, they marveled. Across the heath once more, we returned to Wimborne in clearing weather as sunset kindled the heather to gold, and bracken fronds shone from the shower.

At camp, Dick and George had worked up a fight and pressure ran high, George nearly using his skene dhu in the rumpus. Dicky, for once, was mad as a hornet. What Elliott calls a whole flock of supper soon calmed them. We ate without bloodshed, and Horace and I went in to evensong at the minster afterward with those who liked

good music.

Monday was clear, quite hot, and our longest trek in England—twenty-six miles. We marched north by Hinton Parva, passing trim little cots by the way and some of the stateliest trees in the world. Gold-colored moss brightens the walls here. Roof tiles are black where lichen has clung. Patches of heath show on the hillsides, soft browns and russets striking a wilder note than the verdant farmland below. Grain was not cut yet, stubble rare. What a change gorse bush and heather, heath and bracken, make in a landscape, calling us back to the dawn of things! Near Horton was Monmouth's Ash—the place where the Pretender was captured hiding in a field of peas. We had followed his story almost to the end.

At Cranborne we ate our noonday meal by a brook—bread and butter and cold sliced meat with fresh tomatoes and plums and a cake! The children of a primary school were exercising across the lane, for the government schools in England are open most of the summer. How they did stare! Few believed we had come so far when



CORFE CASTLE



we said we belonged to the States. Once Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, was lady of the manor in Cranborne. The church was built in 1252 and has a solid look about it yet. Inside, the Vicar showed us some frescoes they had discovered under the paint. He seemed as surprised as his Scouts to hear where we hailed from.

After lunch, we struck straight for Salisbury. The way was rough, but worth it, as we climbed past Boveridge to the Wiltshire Downs. This is the great chalk ridge that shuts in Dorset on the north. The Roman road from Exeter to Sarum crossed it once; it is traced today by the Ackling Dyke. On the very top of the downs runs Bokerly Dyke, a Celtic rampart more than fifteen hundred years old. It looked to us as much like a bunker as anything else, a giant hazard stretching across the linklike downs. Over it the Saxon raids broke into Dorset in King Arthur's day. The great trench of the Bokerly Dyke once ran from Cranborne Chase in the west to the New Forest wilds in the east, following the crest of the Pentridge Downs. They called it the Ox Drove then. Near Martin Down we crossed it, as some children waved from its grassy slope.

At Combe Bisset on the river Ebble we knew Salisbury and Old Sarum must be near, for Harry was hiding in a lane with the van to surprise us. He said the camp site ahead was fine. A school in Salisbury, called Chafyn Grove, had offered him a place for the tents below their cricket crease. Cheered by the news, we stepped out more briskly, the van showing the way. As Salisbury Steeple, the highest in England, topped the hill, we gave it a cheer and pressed on. At the school, a fine swimming-pool challenged us as we crossed the green. Foot inspection over,

in we all went.

We had covered twenty-two miles of Dorset hills on

Saturday. Today we had come sixteen miles up the valley of the Allen, climbed the Pentridge, and crossed ten more miles of open down on foot. No wonder that swim was what we wanted.

Chapter V

SALISBURY TO WINTON

Tuesday, July 26, a dip in the pool at seven woke every one up, though George and Francis waited till they could get a real bath with hot water and soap. The morning was clear, a fresh breeze stirring the grassy slope. As we ate breakfast, a squadron of airplanes began stunting off to our left, circling and spinning in hair-raising loops that made us neglect our morning meal. Later we learned that the Royal Flying Corps were on summer maneuvers at

the great airdromes of Salisbury Plain.

As soon as breakfast was over, we held a council to decide on our plans. We wanted to see the cathedral, but complications had arisen. It seems that Wimborne and Salisbury were off the route our friends had planned for us. While we were unwittingly marching north, the good people of Weymouth, Poole, and Southhampton were expecting us in the south, and this was our fourth day off track. Just how the mistake occurred we never knew. The evening before, as we rested near Combe Bisset, a Scout official had found us with the news. When we heard of the welcomes prepared, the engagements broken, we wanted to do what we could in amends. But until that moment nobody had spoken to us of plans at all. In fact, we didn't know there were any; so the blame was hardly ours. Laughing it off as a good joke on themselves—sixteen Americans in shorts lost four days and nobody able to find them in all the south of England—they told us to stay another day where we were, then cut in on the scheduled route ahead. That suited us exactly.

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To save time for things worth while, Harry hurried off and found a laundry that would wash our clothes and have them ready by morning. The cost was slight; so we tied everything in marked bundles and put them in the van for delivery. Trekking from Plymouth to Salisbury, on foot fifteen hours a day, good road, bad road, flint, heather, and chalk, meant that shoes were beginning to tell the tale; so before we left camp, each Scout got out his smooth-soled pair and carried the worn ones to a cobbler who promised to have them repaired by sunset. Mail was next on our list; so away went Dicky to the post office and brought back a great pile of letters, giving them to us at the bank, where we had gone to cash some travelers' checks. What a thrill the mail bag brings in camp when you see it only once a fortnight at best and

are 3,000 miles from home!

Near the bank was the Poultry Cross and the great open square of Salisbury market. Luckily, Tuesday was fair day here, and we saw for the first time an English market in a county town. Everything in the world seemed on sale. Stalls and pens filled the square. Sheep, cattle, pigs, and poultry lined the hurdles on one side. Beyond were rows of vegetable stalls and fruit stands. Cloth. clothing, hats, knick-knacks of all sorts hung from the tailboards of wagons. Cakes and candy and fairings for the children were being hawked through the booths. Here and there a drover in the blue smock and gaitered leggins of the past added an unexpected touch. The scene was lively to a degree. The lowing of the livestock, the cries of hawkers, the movement and the color, against a background of timbered houses and the quaint arcaded Cross, reminded us that picturesqueness has not vanished entirely from modern life.

After wandering through the market for a while, the word was passed by Horace that every one should get a



STONEHENGE



haircut and be back at camp by one o'clock. Those haircuts afforded plenty of fun, the fourpence group claiming theirs was as good, if not better, than the sixpence lot. It was hard to decide, but one or two looked like bowl work to me and some like Sing Sing's worst. On the whole, however, they were workmanlike, and we needed them badly.

Lunch over, we piled in the van and in two other cars lent to take us to Stonehenge, seven miles north of Salisbury. Our route led past the hill of Old Sarum, where the Roman town had been. At Amesbury we turned left for Stonehenge itself. This is no place for an account of that awesome ruin. It is enough to say that the stones of it were reared on the Wiltshire downs probably 3,000 years ago; by whom, nobody knows. It is likely that the Druids placed them there. There are two rings, with two ovals inside them. Tradition says Stonehenge is a sun temple, for just at dawn on Midsummer's Day the first rays of the rising sun strike across a distant rock and touch the altar slab within. No man knows how Stonehenge was built, how the gigantic monoliths were got there or how the cross stones on top were hoisted in place and fastened with mortise and tenon joints. Mind you, this had to be done in an age when no metal was used. The great blocks of granite had to be chipped into shape by flints or the hardened tips of the elk horn. The size of Stonehenge was greater than we had supposed from its pictures. The outer circle is 300 feet in circumference, the uprights are 16 feet high and 18 feet around. Once there were thirty of them with thirty imposts, as they call the slabs on top. Today seventeen uprights are in position, with seven top pieces. The inner circle and the ovals are much smaller. Round the whole is a narrow ditch or boundary. Horace and Harry lost no time in exploring the place, while Bob got some good pictures of it. Our guide, Mr. Chaplin,

explained the midsummer sunrise and showed us where the altar was touched by its rays. Human sacrifices were probably slain on it at the moment of dawn. The Friar's Heel—a great stone farther off on the plain—is in line with the altar and the sun at this time.

Coming home, we followed a beautiful stretch of downland with the valley of the Avon on our left. Tumuli and barrows, burial mounds of the Druids, dotted the skyline westward, where the great chalk ridges swept to the blue. The sense of freedom on these grassy heights is a part of the wind and sky that made them. As far as you can see, the bare hills roll with never a tree or house or bush. Everywhere is the thrill of upland grass and breezy weather. But good luck is not endless. Part way home we broke the crank-shaft of our van! That was the modern touch. It brought us to earth in a jiffy. Harry and Tom stayed with the stranded car while the rest were given a lift to town. The White Hart garage sent a truck out later to tow the wreck in for repairs.

At four o'clock all except Tom and Harry met at the Cathedral Close. Salisbury spire we had hailed from afar. Now, passing under a stone-arched gate-house, we saw the building itself in a setting unequaled. The Close is large, acres of greensward and trees stretching away to the clergy houses around it. And in the midst of those lovely lawns rises the cathedral church of St. Marv. From buttress to spire it grows there, a gray dream of beauty. Four hundred and four feet the tower rises above the river in slender charm, carving and cornice, niche and statue, balanced like magic things of air. Inside, the rood screen is amazing, while the great east window brought Bezie and Ned to a halt as they saw it for the first time. Evensong bells were ringing as we walked through the cloister; so we hurried on. Tea near the Bishop's Gate, word from the broken truck, and a grand scramble for our rehobbled boots kept us busy till supper. That supper was good and so plentiful that some was left over—I think for the first time in history. And Tom and Francis were there! Just before Bezie's bugle sounded mess,



Harry succeeded in buying himself a new Scout hat to replace the one he had lost the day before. A little later, he found the old one in the van, squeezed down under our spare tire.

The boys of Chafyn Grove were packing up that evening for their summer vacation, but they asked us to visit their troop headquarters before they left. Each patrol

had a separate room, decorated to suit their taste and filled with patrol trophies. Nearly every boy in the school was a Scout. In fact, we found that true in most schools, much more so than at home. Chafyn Grove was the first boarding-school we had seen in England. Boys come here before starting in at the great public schools like Winchester and Eton. They begin when they are eight or nine at places of this sort and stay until about fourteen. Naturally, our group was interested in school affairs so far from home. The kindness of the masters and the friendliness of the boys impressed us. We especially admired their swimming-pool and the great playing-fields for sports. All over England, the outdoor phase of athletics is tremendously stressed, and their fields are finer

than their indoor gymnasiums.

Next morning, we left Harry and Ned to wait for the truck with a detail while the rest of us walked to Paultons. Our road led past Windwhistle Hill and Whiteparish, then over the commons to Paultons Park, the trees of the New Forest closing in on our right. Just before getting there, we had the only road accident we met with in England. As usual, we were swinging along in column of twos on the left of the road. Just as a charà-banc passed coming toward us, a motorcycle darting up the other way dodged the lorrie and crashed into the rear of our column, its handlebars striking Dick a terrific blow on the hip. His canteen full of water saved him serious injury, for the dent in it was an inch deep. The cycle plunged on, hurling every one to right and left. Roger was lifted bodily from his feet and dropped on the bank. giving Bob a jolt as he whirled past him. Jim was dashed to the ground and shaken. The rider of the cycle careened on a few yards and upset in front of us. Horace was quick to get at his first-aid kit. Finding none of us badly hurt. he tied up the man's bleeding arm when we pulled him from under the broken machine. Dick was able to walk in spite of his bruised hip. Jim and Roger seemed all right. Harrison had as narrow a squeeze as any, but said he was not hurt at all. Why nobody was killed, I do not know, for the motor plowed its way the length of our column, going as fast as it could. Luckily the wide handle bars knocked us clear, and the blows were glancing.

Near West Wellow, we crossed the Hampshire border with Paultons just ahead. But it was a jumpy lot that swung from the main road a little later and followed the drive through Paultons Park. Our welcome was novel. Major Stanley, the owner of Paultons, showed us the way to the house. Here we were introduced to an American, Captain Lester, who had rented the estate. He and his wife evidently knew what boys from home were like, for they had a luncheon ready for us that made every one forget the secret panel in the library and the pheasant coverts outside, even the plunging motor on the Salisbury road! And it took a lot to forget that. Soup, fish, meat—course followed course till in came an immense platter of ice cream, real homemade, American ice cream, the sight of it making your mouth water! What we saw afterward didn't matter much, though Paultons was lovely. The walled gardens—the kitchen gardens alone covered five acres. All sorts of fruit grew under glass. The estate had its own river and lake and boathouse. There was a Paultons cricket team and a playing-field for the tenants. Great coverts for game spread on all sides. But one thing they didn't have, though they wanted it badly-and that was corn on the cob. A few dwarfed plants growing in flower pots was the nearest they could come to it.

The detail joined us—Stewart and the rest—as we were walking around. Captain Lester had sent a Rolls-Royce to Salisbury for them when he heard our van was

disabled. Loading every one into cars, he and Major Stanley drove us through the New Forest to Beaulieu Abbey, the seat of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. By Lyndhurst and Brockenhurst the road led southward, and we passed great stands of New Forest oak and beech copse with lonely stretches of heath between them where gorse grew and saplings topped the blackthorn patches. The village of Beaulieu—they call it Buley—stands in the Forest by a lake. Swans were gliding about, and great trees shaded the roadway. The story of the Abbey of Beaulieu is characteristic of such places in England. King John founded it in 1204 as a home for Cistercian monks. It was largely destroyed by Henry VIII. at the Reformation, but Lord and Lady Montagu live in a part of it

now. The refectory serves as a village church.

It was interesting to explore the buildings that remain. We saw the Domus where lay brothers slept and the cloisters where they walked. We even saw the caldron stands where they washed their clothes. The Abbey itself has vanished, but the outline of it is marked by stones set in the grass. Wallflowers and snapdragon soften the ruins, while ivy and brier-rose cover the walls that still stand. In the refectory—the church of today—we saw a curious pulpit built out from the wall. To enter it, you walked up a little stairway hidden in the thickness of the wall itself. This was once the reader's desk, where a monk read pious homilies while his brethren were at meat. Judging from the enormous fish ponds that surround the Abbey, they must have done themselves pretty well on Fridays and in Lent. Beaulieu and its precincts were sanctuary in the old days. People came here for safety. Perkin Warbeck, pretender to the throne, fled here for his life in 1499, but it didn't save his head.

Ships used to be built and launched in the Beaulieu River near by, though at low tide it looked like a marsh.

The *Illustrious* of seventy-four guns was made here from New Forest oak, as were the *Agamemnon*, the *Swiftsure*, and the *Euryalus*. All of them fought at Trafalgar with Nelson.

Not far from Beaulieu Abbey is Arnwood, a place endeared to me forever as the scene of Captain Marryat's Children of the New Forest, the very first book I ever read. Indeed, it was read to me before I could read a line myself. The impression is vivid yet. I still can see the Forest ponies and the deer in the clearing and Old Jacob's cot where he lived with the Beverleys. Bezie, too, had read the story and knew it well. Coming home from Beaulieu—the Abbey of the King's Beaulieu—we passed an open heath where Territorials were encamped. Every summer these young men volunteer for military training as our National Guard do at home.

Finding our tents were with the broken van at Salisbury, Major Stanley and Captain Lester very kindly motored us back there after a fine tea at the Beaulieu Arms. That twilight drive through Hampshire lanes was lovely. Again we were in a new land as different from Dorset as well could be. Clipt hedges bordered the road or masked the fields in a wilder tangle of hazel and haw. In the beeches and elms were birds we did not know, but by the nearer hedgerows we heard a thrush sing, while finches and wagtails were easy to spot. The long twilight in England was always a joy. We could read outdoors at nine and later. As we drove onward, however, clouds were darkening the west and filling the Wiltshire downs with shadow till Salisbury Plain was lost in mist and we knew we were in for a soaking. That night we slept in the gym and kept dry. The detail had struck tents before they joined us at Paultons.

Thursday morning everybody had a dip in the pool to celebrate a sunshiny day. Elliott, looking as fit as a fiddle,

joined us at breakfast, having come up from Dorchester by train the evening before. He had spent the night with a Scout official. The van was still broken, in spite of the White Hart's best efforts to mend it; so I told Elliott and Harry to wait for it while I put the rest of the group in light marching order and pushed on by bus to Winchester, our next halt. They agreed it was the best we could do; so, hiring a char-à-banc, we loaded the main body in it and set out. Ponchos and tents were in our packs this time, but we had no cooking-kit or ration. We hated to ride, but it was the only way we could get back to our schedule, or rather our friends'; so off we went.

That morning gave us a new picture of Hants-Hampshire—as sunshine routed the fog and we swung over Pepper Box Hill to Romsey. Peewits and wrens were flitting through the hedges. Larks soared on the hav fields or sang where fallows lay russet to the sun. By some willows we caught the shriller scolding of a jay; at least, it sounded like one. Banks were rich with bramble and brake and a maze of the purple vetch. As we swung into Romsey, we knew we were a long way from the peat bogs of Devon, for the waters of the Test here were clear as a bell from the chalk downs above. The vicar showed us the Abbey and let us climb the tower while the char-àbanc waited below.

Originally Romsey was a nuns' church. Ethelfleda, granddaughter of Alfred the Great, founded it. They pointed out many things of interest to us as we wandered around: among others, a Saxon cross, said to belong to King Canute. It is unquestionably one of the oldest in England. A Norman rood, or stone carving of Christ on the cross, is on the outside wall of the transept. For years, the vicar said, it had been hidden by a butcher shop they had built against the wall of the church. Romsey has seen stirring times. The Danes, always to be counted on for a raid, sacked it. William Rufus, Red William, the Conqueror's son, was slain not far from it when hunting at Castle Malwood Walk in the New Forest. From the top of the tower, Dick, who has good eyes, claimed he could see the Solent and the Isle of Wight.

They told us also that the townspeople of Romsey bought the abbey for a song in 1544 when the nunnery was dissolved. One hundred pounds, I think they said, was the price paid. Now the building is regarded as one of the finest in England, if not in the world, and is naturally priceless. Roger and Harrison got a real thrill by walking the narrow footway that goes round the wall of the nave near the roof. George, too, seemed to like it. It was a scary place about a foot and a half wide and at least one hundred feet up, a slim hand-rail giving the only protection. Dizzily the rest of us crept after them

and climbed the tower stair.

From Romsey, we drove past Hursley to Winchester, crossing high ground and coming down again in the vallev of the Itchen. Oak copse and ash trees shared the scene with farmland, wold, and down, till the watermeadows widened and we saw the roofs of Winton in a cup-like hollow below. Dicky woke up at this stage, having been peacefully dreaming since Romsey. Our camp was on the grounds of the West Down School; so, paying the bus man for his hire, we lugged our packs to the site and set tents. Cooking-kit, of course, was still with the van at Salisbury; so as soon as things were ready we walked into Winchester for lunch at an inn. Winchester is really Winton, the actual heart of Saxon England, King Alfred's capital, older, they say, than London. Surely it is the source of our own civilization, for the Anglo-Saxon kings were crowned here and many are buried in the cathedral. The first parliaments of the English-speaking race were held here—the witenagemots or gatherings of the wise men to consult with the king. Alfred the Great, first king of a united England, lived here, ruled from his castle, and was buried in Winchester cathedral when he died. Under his direction the first book of English prose was written; part of it he actually penned himself. The Domesday Book was compiled here by William the Conqueror. William Rufus, King Canute, St. Swithun and King Alfred were buried in the cathedral. We saw their tombs there. St. Swithun, by the way, was King Alfred's tutor. Every one knows his story—how the good saint was buried outside the church as he wished, but later a pious removal inside being undertaken by his priests, he caused it to rain for forty days to show his displeasure. Even in America we hold to that still. All of us knew the familiar rime:

St. Swithun's Day, if thou be fair, For forty days 'twill rain nae mair. St. Swithun's Day, if thou dost rain, For forty days it will remain.

Before we saw the town and heard its story, we had lunch in a pleasant little inn off the High Street and Bezie did justice to all the roast beef and boiled potatoes they could give him. Afterward we wandered about for an hour, buying post cards, looking at Alfred's statue at the foot of the street near the East Bridge, and wondering how old the arcades were by the City Cross. Bob got a good picture of the Saxon king as we passed. On the way back we saw the spot where Lady Lisle was beheaded in 1685 by order of Judge Jeffries in the Bloody Assize. This, too, belonged to Monmouth's rebellion. We had been following the track of it from Lyme Regis all the way here.

The story is tragic. Two fugitives from the Pretender's army fled to the Lisle place at Moyles Court after their

defeat at Sedgmoor. Lady Alice Lisle, then over eighty, allowed them to hide in the house overnight and gave them some food. For this she was arrested, taken to Winchester, tried for high treason in the Great Hall, and condemned to be burned alive. Appeals to the king failed, but in view of her age and the plea of the bishops and clergy, Jeffries permitted the sentence to be changed to beheading. And that was carried out. The old lady was dragged on a hurdle to the market place and killed there. A tradition says the executioners left her body by the block and threw her head in the scullery butt at Moyles Court. However, I doubt if that is true, for she was actually buried at Ellingham, her parish church, where her tomb still stands near the door.

At two o'clock we gathered by arrangement at the Great Hall or Castle near the Westgate. This huge hall is lighted by windows showing the arms and crests of oldtime worthies. Among others we saw those of Saer de Quincy, Earl of Winchester, who opposed King John at Runnymede in 1215 and helped make him sign the Magna Charta. The most extraordinary thing of all was King Arthur's Round Table. Actually it hangs on the wall there in the Great Hall, and they do say it is his. No one knows how it came here, but in 1522 it was where it is now and renowned all over Europe. I suppose few people believe in it today, but the relic is a marvel of size and color, whosever it is. Horace and Tom, who knew The Idvills of the King, had no trouble in reading the names of the knights on it, put there by Henry VIII. when the Emperor Charles came to see it.

On our way down to the cathedral we saw the museum over the Westgate and enjoyed the strange collection of arms there. The Cathedral inside was the most impressive we had yet seen. The great height and the long stretch of the nave amazed us; I think some one said it was as long as any in England. As we were going in, who should come up but our long-lost John. Ever since Sidmouth he had been in the hospital. But now his ear was better and he had tracked us down by train. I do not think any boy was ever more eagerly welcomed, and doubtless he felt glad himself to get back. But he did look funny, for in the excitement of leaving him two weeks before, we had carried off his hat in mistake for Jim's. Now John is six feet tall and has a head to match, but Jim is no giant. As John crossed the Cathedral Close, Jim's hat perched on the top of his head looked like Charlie Chaplin's.

In the nave we saw a queer black font with carvings on it of St. Nicholas. One of the clergy explained them to us. We saw how William of Wykeham, a bishop of Winchester, had rebuilt the church, changing it from Norman to Gothic, over five hundred years ago, when he dedicated it to St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Swithun. We saw where Richard the Lion-Hearted had been crowned king of England, and that reminded Stewart and our literary experts of Ivanhoe and Friar Tuck. Among the saints and kings there was a statue of Izaak Walton, prince of fishermen, holding a fish in his hand. The shadowy vastness of the nave and the marvel of stonework in the screen behind the altar make Winchester a joy.

William of Wykeham not only rebuilt the Cathedral and proved himself as great an architect as bishop, but he also founded one of the greatest schools in England—St. Mary's College, now called Winchester. When he died in 1404, they buried him under a stately chantry in the nave. During the Civil Wars, two hundred and fifty years later, Cromwell's soldiers sacked the Cathedral and destroyed as much of it as they could, but when they tried to touch the Bishop's tomb and mar his great robed statue lying there in state, two of their own officers, who had gone to his school, defended it with drawn swords.

Wykehamists, as Winchester boys are called, take a proper pride in their founder. The great Bishop started the school here in 1387, and it's been going ever since. Five hundred and forty years of boys in one school, each generation adding to the traditions of those who have studied and played here before them! We saw William of Wykeham's motto on the wall: "Manners Makyth Man." We saw the school motto carved there in stone: "Aut disce, aut discede, manet tertia sors, coedi." Our Latin sharks translated that as "Learn, leave, or be licked!"

We went through the school courts, stone-flagged and cobbled; rather grim, some of us thought them at first. We saw the chapel, the library, and the cloister, then were taken to the brew-house where the scholars got their beer. No doubt they get it yet. We saw, too, the commons, or dining-hall, where they eat from wooden trenchers and sit at great oak tables so old and polished they look like blackened marble. In a new cloister was a record of the Winchester boys who had died for their country in 1914-18. How many hundreds they numbered I do not know, but we walked there bare-headed and humble as on holy ground. The majority of the killed seemed not much older than our own Scouts, lads of nineteen and twenty cut down in trench and raid or on the sea as they carried out the lesson of service they had learned at their school.

After leaving the school, we hurried to pay our respects to the Mayor. Tea was waiting at Abbey House, the Mayor's official home. Everybody in England seemed to know the way to a boy's heart! Some Dutch Scouts, too, were there, having come to Winchester that afternoon on bicycles. John had to eat twice as much as any one else at the tea to make up for lost time. Bob, sitting next to the Mayoress, was mindful of his manners,

remembering the Wykehamist motto, but he showed no sign of starving, and the lady aided and abetted him in seeing to the cake. After a regular sit-down meal with speech-making and trimmings, we walked back to camp. Sunset was coloring the ancient city, softening the statue of Alfred in the High Street and filling the lanes with a twilight glow. West Down has an indoor pool, and some of our fellows went in for a dip. In the evening we joined the Dutch Scouts at a camp fire. They gave us their songs in Dutch while we did the best we could in English, and the Winchester contingent pleased everybody with "The Darby Ram, Sir!" They also sang "One More River" and "Caractacus," old favorites in which we could join them. Cocoa and cake topped off the evening. The Scout Commissioner, General Sir Henry Burstall, said a few words, and we stood at attention for each other's national air. Those Dutch Scouts were a fine lot, husky and rugged from their trek. We liked them tremendously and exchanged addresses. Meeting boys from other countries this way, hundreds of them before the trip was over, did us more good, I think, than anything else. Coming home from the fire, the Head Master of West Down told me that one of his boys lived at Movles Court. He thought I might be interested to know that Lady Lisle had developed into a first-rate Hampshire ghost, walking about with her staff in one hand and her head in the other.

We were sorry to leave Winchester next day, for there were many things we wanted to do and see there. We wanted to visit the Hospital of St. Cross for one thing, but had no time. It was a quaint old place, they told us, founded back in 1136 to care for old men in "a Brotherhood of Noble Poverty," as their founder put it. If we had gone there, we should have had the right, as travelers, to ask for bread and ale at the buttery hatch. And what is more, we'd have got it—on wooden trenchers

and in horn cups. They've been doing that for almost nine hundred years! We wanted, too, another chance to go over the Cathedral, for it had impressed us as the most beautiful we had seen. How any one can carve such a thing as the reredos, or altar back, at Winchester, we never knew. But we knew we must push on. Bright and early Friday we climbed the hill to West Down and had another plunge in the pool. The Head then asked us to stay for breakfast. To sit once more at tables and eat hot scrambled eggs and oatmeal porridge and real buttered toast on real china plates was a treat. It seemed strange to drink hot tea in cups that didn't burn you. Breakfast is different from five o'clock affairs, and Harrison ate enough for two.

The war memorial at West Down was touching in its simplicity. At the end of a garden walk, where privet hedges made a niche, stood the nude statue of a boy with hand upraised. Underneath was the inscription: "Here I am. Take me." West Down, like all schools in England,

had sent many of her sons to the front.

Leaving Ned at Winchester to tell our van where to go, we set out on foot once more for a place called Chawton, as soon as we had said good-by to our friends at the school. A telephone call had already informed us that Harry and Elliott would leave Salisbury with the van by noon. They could pick up Ned as they came through,

for he knew where we were going.

The road to Chawton runs eastward, following the valley of the Itchen to Alresford, where we made a noon halt. Hawthorn hedges bordered the way. Vervain, travelers'-joy, meadowsweet, ragged-robin, all sorts of wild flowers grew on the banks. Ivy was clinging to the trees, and bracken fronds shaded the ditch. On distant ridges chalk scars showed through the grass where the South Downs swung toward Sussex. We knew by that

we were getting over the ground, for the great chalk ridge is the link that binds the heights of Salisbury in the west with Thanet and the Thames mouth in the east. It was this ridge that gave England her first pathway from the Continent. All the rest was bogland and wold-the Weald, as Saxons called the dense forest that grew in the valleys and crept up the sides of the chalk. For the first time we saw chalk walls, some of them with a coping of tiles or cunningly thatched with straw like the roof of a house to keep out the rain. Close at hand lay the rolling countryside of Hampshire, a friendly patchwork of field and fallow, hedgerow and wood, much as at home. About the farms high stacks stood in the rick yards, and pastures gleamed where hav had been cut. Bean fields, enclosures rich with oats and wheat, told us we were on arable land. The downs that flanked the valley on either side could be grazed—doubtless they were, but where we walked crops were grown, and the cuckoo's familiar note gave the needed touch of homeland and farm. In the hollows, however, breaking the roll of the hills, we passed a good deal of woodland, most of it beech trees and oak, though some yews were there and a few stands of pine. The farther we went in Hampshire, the more yews we saw, and they told us many of them had been planted by pilgrims following the Pilgrim's Way from Winchester to Canterbury. St. Swithun's and St. Thomas à Becket's shrines were once as famous as any in Christendom; thousands upon thousands of pilgrims from all over Europe followed the lanes each year, going from one to the other on foot.

At Alresford, where we sat on a low stone wall for lunch, Roger told us he thought some relatives of his were living at Basingstoke and that from the sign-posts he supposed it must be close by. However, he did not see them till later in the trip. Our lunch at Alresford we'll

talk of forever, for the meat, though perfectly good, was the weirdest-looking mixture ever seen. Dick, I think it was, or George, said it reminded him of pig eyes! Pig

eyes is now a troop term no one mistakes.

Alresford, for a quiet place, has seen its day of battle. Royalists burned it after their defeat at Cheriton over the hill. This, of course, was during the Parliamentary wars. All the country hereabouts has been fought over by Cavaliers and Roundheads. Bezie, knowing The Children of the New Forest, had a better picture of it in his mind than some of the others. A little to the south of Alresford. on our right, ran the Pilgrim's Way. It ran once from Winchester all the way to Canterbury. Pilgrims in untold numbers used it for centuries, visiting first St. Swithun's shrine, then following more or less the route we were on to the shrine of St. Thomas the Martyr in Kent. Yew trees shadow it now, bracken and gorse and heather hide it on the downs, while golden crowfoot and poppies fight for a stand with rock-rose and nettles. But the Way is still there. You can follow it easily in places—a sunken path through the bushes, or a deep lane on the hills. Sometimes it disappears for a spell. Often it splits, part going one way, part another. But sooner or later, you find it again, high on the chalk or snug from wind just under the ridge.

At Alresford we climbed the hill past Bishop's Sutton and Ropley Dean, then on to our night halt at Chawton, the estate of a Colonel Knight. Having no tents, no blankets, and no cook-kit, it looked for a while like a wild night at the crossroads! But that's half the fun of trekking. We laughed off our troubles and turned in to

mend them.

Two naval officers, Admiral Sir Reginald Tupper and Admiral Jervoise, had met us near Chawton Park. Guided by them and a Captain Swan, who was running

a Scout Masters' training-camp near by, we got plenty of scrambled eggs, tea, and bacon at Alton, the next village on. Then we walked back to Chawton and found a place to sleep over the stables. The board floor was hard, but a month's hiking had toughened us. As darkness fell, it grew chilly; so we made a little fire in the courtyard and sat round it talking. About midnight, Harry, Elliott, and Ned came chugging down the Winchester road with the old flag flying and the van as good as new. I do not think we ever welcomed anything so much, for the problem of supply was growing more acute as we drew from our base with no blankets and only ponchos for shelter. Ten minutes after their arrival, packs had been opened, blankets carried to the loft, and everybody made as snug as though in a bed. Harrison and Bezie were dreaming before the rest of us had stopped tripping over their feet in the darkness.

That van had come in the nick of time, for rain pattered on the tiles and the night air nipped shrewdly as we lay on the old oak floor. Tomorrow was to be our redletter day. Ahead lay Bentley and a halt at Pax Hill, the home of the Chief! Sir Robert Baden-Powell, knowing we were near, had invited us to visit him.

Chapter VI

THE CHIEF

Pigeons cooing at our stable eaves took the place of Bezie's bugle Saturday morning. We rolled out at 7:45, and every one washed at the pump. While the detail got breakfast, we put on our best uniforms and polished up a bit for a visit to the Chief. Then Harry and Horace inspected everybody, going over them twice before they were satisfied, from finger-nails to boot-laces. After breakfast, Colonel Knight, the owner of Chawton, came down to see how we were getting along. Sir Reginald turned up with Captain Swan, both in Scout uniforms, and all three went with us to see the manor. On the way we looked at the church, a comparatively new building, standing in the park, where the original had been burned. Bob got a fine view of the lychgate with his camera. The church itself was covered with ivy and had a beautiful tower. It seemed much older than it was, nestling in the trees that framed it.

Chawton House was built in the twelfth century. During the sixteenth, they remodeled it, so that we found it today one of the finest Elizabethan manors in the south. The oak paneling in the hall and the carvings of the mantels and staircases are amazingly fine. Colonel Knight showed us many interesting portraits, some of them historic, for Jane Austen was a relative of his. We saw her cottage in the village—just across from the inn—and somebody told Harrison she had written *Pride and Prejudice* there and parts of *Sense and Sensibility*. When Harry got wind of that, he spent a hectic half-hour try-

ing for a picture. He had read Jane Austen at college; hence the excitement. As we left Chawton, Colonel Knight told us that many of the carpets—huge rugs, they really were—had been hand-made in India a hundred years ago, each woven to fit its particular room at Chawton. We wished we could have seen more of the fine old house, but Pax Hill and Sir Robert were waiting; so we said good-by and hurried off, George casting envious eyes at the stables as we passed. For years the local hounds were kenneled here, but the war ended that, and the long stalls stand empty. Few things are bleaker than a deserted hunting-stable, especially to those who have known and loved the bustle and life of a stud when the horses are in it.

Going through Alton, we did not have time to see much, but some of us caught a glimpse of St. Lawrence's Church near the road. A brave man once died here against appalling odds. Colonel Richard Boles was his name, a soldier of King Charles. In 1643, with five hundred Cavaliers, he barricaded himself in the church when the forces of Cromwell attacked him at Alton. Then for almost a day he held out against the six thousand horse and foot that tried to dislodge him. Such numbers seem incredible, but the facts have been proved. In the end, the door was forced and the Cavaliers defeated, fighting behind their dead horses in the aisles. Boles, of course, was killed, sword in hand and cheering for the King. What a scene for a peaceful church! A tablet marks it now.

Leaving Alton, we passed the Eggar Grammar School, founded by John Eggar, yeoman, in 1638. That afternoon we heard more about it from Mr. Eggar of Bentley, a descendant of the Founder. He told us among other things that he and his family, nephews included, but all named Eggar, had made up a cricket team the week before and challenged the Eggar school boys to a match.

Who won I do not remember, but he was rightly proud of the family eleven. There have been Eggars in Bentley since William the Conqueror gave them their land,

yeoman farmers for nearly nine hundred years.

Down Normandy Hill we hastened toward Sir Robert's, the little river Wey flowing through its meadows on our right, for Alton stands at the head of the Wey Valley. Beyond the river a low range of hills paralleled the road. They were covered with trees that merged with the Forest of Alice Holt, just across from Sir Robert's house. The meadows here were lovely, and the lanes that crossed them seemed alive with foxglove and alder. The wild flowers on a Hampshire bank, even in August, would baffle an artist. We did not know many of their names, of course, but some were told us and others we had found at home. Privet and holly, buckthorn and hazel thickened the hedgerows, with pilgrim yews now and then to break the line of the field beyond. Mullein stalks, guelder rose, milkwort—the wayside fairly glowed, and all of it as fresh as a morning in May from the rain. Birds were everywhere, and Bezie was clever at picking out new notes. Plover and swift we heard and nuthatch and finch with starlings in flocks to remind us of home. Before we reached Pax Hill, Captain Swan, who had motored ahead with a few of our boys, came back to give the others a lift. At Sir Robert's gate we parked the van, as the Chief himself appeared on the drive. He and Lady Baden-Powell had returned from Sweden the night before. Their asking us to visit them in this way, before they had a chance to get settled themselves, was a kindness that touched us.

As Sir Robert waved, we lined up to greet him, each Scout saluting and shaking hands left-handed, as they do the world over. The Chief's friendly enthusiasm, his tremendous interest in boys, showed the moment we met

him, for he was using first names before we reached the house, and already he had sounded our various interests, showing George the horses in the paddocks that lined the drive, whistling up his dogs for Harry and Dick, telling Ned a story of the Boers. The keenness of the man was contagious. The house at Pax Hill stands at the end of a tree-bordered drive. It was built in part, at least, by Sir Robert. He introduced us to Lady B.P., as every one calls her, on the terrace, then stood for a barricade of snapshots till a passing shower drove us indoors. Sir Robert in jersey and shorts, with thumbstick in hand and a Scout hat on his head, paid no heed at all to the rain, but Lady B.P. urged us to come in and look at their treasures. We never dreamed so many entrancing things could be in one home. Rooms were literally filled with gifts from all over the world. In the hall hung a collection of canes and sticks that would do a battalion. some of them rough ash-plants and blackthorns, knobkerries for country use, others costly and polished, some strange to the touch, from veldt and fiord and forest. Each had its story. One cane was a present from King Edward VII., and another told an amusing story of that monarch, for it was a gift, too, though the King did not know it. It seems that His Majesty had invited Sir Robert, then a general home from South Africa, to visit him at Balmoral. On leaving the Castle, the King gave him the first cane as a present, and also a haunch of venison packed in a box. Sir Robert went on to another visit and forgot all about the meat in his luggage till the new host suggested they take a look. The weather was warm and something seemed high! Needless to say, they didn't waste much time when the box was opened and the royal present viewed. High was right! But a bone-headed cane hangs at Pax Hill to this day, and it came from the stag the King had given.

Lady B.P. was charming as she showed us over the house, laughing at our muddy boots and explaining everything that caught our eye. Sir Robert, meanwhile, got out his scrap-book for another group, and turning to his American tour of 1926, found in it a picture of Harrison, Jim, and some others, taken in front of the White House during the Scout rally there on May Day. One room was full of war relics and trophies of the chase. Spears from India, rifles from South Africa, tomtoms, arrows, assegais, swords and sabers, arms of all sorts, hung on the walls, while the floor was covered with skins he had taken in hunting. Fishing-rods lay on the chairs, being packed for a trip to Scotland. Nobody with red blood in his veins could resist such a room, for it embodied a man's ideal of home and the camp and outdoors. Even the fireplace fitted—a glorious affair, rough-hewn with shingled mantel, and big enough to roast a sheep in. Sir Robert designed it himself, and it reminded those of us who had been to the backwoods of an Adirondack lodge. On the walls were sketches and paintings from his brush, and a clever bronze of John Smith of Virginia showed his skill as a sculptor. Incidentally, Sir Robert told us he was a descendant of that hardy pioneer. In fact, several of his ancestors were American-born, so we felt a bond of kinship on the spot.

Two things were especially interesting—the flag he had used at his headquarters during the siege of Mafeking and the iron ration he had lived on there. It consisted of horse meat and dried biscuit. He had an actual package of it stored away in a box! It was from this same siege, really, that Scouting began, because B.P. learned there how helpless most English lads were when put on their own in the open and how easily they managed, once they had learned to shift for themselves. From that thought grew our motto: "Be Prepared." And from

it, too, came the Scout idea of duties voluntarily shoul-

dered by boys.

Three hours slipped by before we knew it. Realizing what an imposition we had been, Harry and Horace apologized and tried to say good-by, but the Chief only laughed and said Lady B.P. was ready now with some lunch. He added they had returned so unexpectedly that we mustn't mind an empty larder. We didn't! And we don't know to this day what a full one can be at Pax Hill, for when we sat down, sixteen strong, at the Pax Hill table, and Lady B.P. had brought in the teapots and jam jars, the bread and rolls and milk and cocoa, the biscuit and the cake and sandwiches by platterfuls, we never stopped eating till two o'clock! At first they were afraid we might all want coffee, but when they saw how the milk went down, Sir Robert seemed to like it. During the meal he moved about, speaking to everybody in turn, telling them how Scouting had started on Brownsea nearly twenty years ago, how it had grown from that tiny camp to millions all over the world, and how especially glad he was that people were seeing at last it was Scouting and not a military game. He also told us how the Cubs or younger boys were taking hold in England. Then he asked Horace and Elliott about our own Troop at home and whether we camped out much and if we used the patrol system more than some other American troops he had seen. His knowledge of local conditions amazed us.

No one will forget that day at Pax Hill, for it was a high-water mark in our trek. It was Scouting at the source, and we draw new inspiration from it every time we recall Sir Robert's charm and his lady's gracious welcome. After lunch Stewart and Francis and Harrison led off on an autograph hunt till the Chief must have longed for release. Mr. Eggar, the cricketing yeoman, showed up,

and we went for a walk in the gardens. Eggar, like the rest of us, wore Scout shorts and seemed keen as a weasel about his own troop. Speaking of uniform, every Scout official we met in England wore the regulation shorts instead of breeches, a custom that is luckily taking hold in America, for the shorts are infinitely more comfortable. We have used them, men and boys, in our troop for seventeen years.

Just at the foot of Pax Hill, we gathered round where the Pilgrim's Way crosses Sir Robert's place. Roger could trace it to the east where it entered a field of hop vines and disappeared. The ancient track really began, they said, so far as the Pilgrims were concerned, in 1174, just four years after Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, was struck down at the foot of his altar in the cathedral there, for Henry II., who had instigated the murder, walked in penance at that time all the long road from Winchester to Canterbury. After him, through four centuries, followed the pilgrims of Christendom in untold thousands.

Twice a year they trudged the North Down Way, the old paths that have been footways since the Phoenicians came along them with their donkey-loads of bronze and handware to exchange for Cornish tin. Standing there in the green track of it, on grass close clipt by Pax Hill rabbits, looking westward where yew trees marked it or east to the hop vines, we could easily visualize again the history the old track had seen. Briton and Celt first paced it through the Weald or on the high ground above it, skin-clad, woad-dyed, with tools of stone and arrows of flint chips, following the chalk ridge by instinct, the high-ground way, bend for bend, to the pitch of the Wiltshire plains and Stonehenge in the west. Perhaps wild elk or moor ox traced it before them, avoiding the tangled swampland and clay pits as animals will. Later came

Caesar and his legions, drilled men, disciplined, conquering the world with a short sword, a sense of law, and roads they could march on. They straightened the old path a bit here, built it up there, where the bogs were deep, till soon there were two or three ways in places just as there are today. A long pageant followed of fire and flame and sword as Dane and Saxon, Angle and Jute, swept in new invasions from the east, each treading the chalk way inland till Norman William rode it in armor to Winton with King Harold dead on Senlac Field behind him. And last of all came the pilgrims as Chaucer describes them for us, speaking our own tongue or the forerunner of it, treading the Way on foot or riding it on pad and palfrey, many of them using the old paths—the winding pre-Roman lanes under the crest of the chalk-ridge where yews gave shelter from the sun in summer and the wind in winter. Words can make things live. The chalk ridge lived for us then as well as the clay below, the valley clay they call the Weald, because in Saxon days it was all weald or forest.

Sir Robert painted a picture that meant something as we walked the Pilgrim's Way to the highroad and turned east to Bentley Village. Here he said good-by and turned back, while Mr. Eggar took us on to his house. The gardens about it were lovely, and Mrs. Eggar, herself the mistress of a Cub Pack, showed us around them. We saw, too, the Eggar barns and oasthouses where hops are stored. It was the first time any of us had seen such things. Hops thrive only on certain ground and in special places. Bentley hops have been famous for centuries. A mile or two away, they won't grow at all; yet the soil seems the same. Mr. Eggar showed us his hop fields next, and curious they were to our eyes, for the vines are grown on long poles interwoven with cords, and the cords are set at a slant to catch the

sun. The labor of planting them and training them in this way must be great. In hop season, pickers come from all over the country and camp in the fields till harvest is over. When we were at Bentley, pods were forming, but the vines were still growing. The sight of a hop field, twelve feet high and all aslant, is novel indeed.

Near the Eggar homestead we admired a huge village sign made of oak and shaped like an open book. Sir Robert designed it, and Mrs. Eggar, I think, painted it. On the top is the Bentley crest, an archer with full-drawn bow. One half the sign gives the history of the village since the Conquest, the other a map of the neighborhood. Sir Robert had chuckled a little as he told us to look at it, saying we'd find it a fine thing and English as you please, but he'd copied the gist of it from a sign in America! He also told us that the archer on top represented the Eggar family, for the first Eggar of Bentley, as the name implies, had been an archer of the Conqueror and had obtained his freehold from him in 1066.

By this time the drizzle had changed to rain; so we sent the van ahead toward Farnham and put on our ponchos before following it over the Surrey line. Surrey begins a mile or so east of Bentley. As we neared the border, a chance for a good turn came to us when we passed a motor that had slid in the ditch. It wasn't much of a job to push it out again, but from a distance it looked something like our own van and that gave us a scare. We'd had enough van trouble to last even Elliott for a

while.

Farnham proved larger than we had thought it would be. Full of Sir Robert and the wonders of Pax Hill, we thought it no time at all to get there. On the streets were interesting houses, many of them very old and beautifully timbered. Farnham Castle towered above us on the right, but we knew camp was our first consideration; so we pressed on. Horace was buying rations for the night and Sunday when we overtook the van. As soon as he had stored them under the seat, we followed him out of the town, across the river Wey, past the Jolly Farmer by the bridge, and up a sharp hill toward a place called the Bourne. A mile from the town, we turned right and climbed a pine ridge to camp. The sandy paths here and the pine trees reminded us of Jersey. This same yellow sand must be characteristic of Surrey, for we found more of it on the downs.

The estate we were on belonged to Mr. Ashton and was appropriately named Pine Ridge. The man in charge joined with a group of Farnham Scouts to make us feel at home. The van was parked in the stable vard. Our packs were carried up a ladder to the loft, and before we knew it, somebody said tea was ready in a valley below, where the Farnham Rovers had prepared it in advance. We went down and found a table set, kettle boiling, and a royal spread laid out in the sunshine. The afternoon was clearing fast. I remember especially the great piles of fresh bread, cut thick and buttered, and a pile of bananas. After tea, we had a funny time rigging up a bath. A rope and two tents served to curtain off the entrance to the stable yard, for it was walled. I began the evening ablutions by having the stable man spray me with a hose. Just as we'd got a comfortable lather on and nothing else, in came the Scout Commissioner for the district, fully uniformed and neat as a new pin, with a speech of welcome to deliver. He showed no surprise whatsoever at my appearance, spoke his piece, listened politely to mine, then sat on a barrel and talked of the trek as though in a drawing-room, while I hopped about on the soapy flags and sprayed that freezing hose as best I could. The water was icy and the picture must have been strange, but the commissioner never batted an eye.



APPROACHING FARNHAM



Few things can fluster an Englishman. As they came up from the camp fire a little later, George, Tom, Jim, and the rest whipped off their clothes and took turns at the hose, till all had been scrubbed. Their yells as the chilly water bit at them sounded like a new invasion of Britain, but blankets were warm and the loft had some straw in it. By ten o'clock, a ruddy crew and a clean one had climbed the ladder to bed.

Sunday morning Roger went to Mass in Farnham. borrowing a bicycle to ride there and getting back in time for breakfast. At ten o'clock we all walked over the hill to St. Peter's in Wrecclesham, where the rector preached a special sermon about our trek and the effect of such a thing on peace among nations. The church was small, but very old. Everybody came up afterward and shook hands with us at the door, greeting us in the kindliest way till we felt we were among friends. Sunday dinner was a treat, for the housekeeper at Pine Ridge boiled for us the joint Horace had bought the day before. Harrison and Elliott hurried home from church ahead of the rest to cook some potatoes. When all was ready, we had the joint of beef done with carrots, great helpings of mashed potatoes steaming hot, with lots of butter, as only Elliott can make them, good gravy from the stew to pour on top, home-made bread, a jug of milk, and a bowl of fresh fruit. An hour later, a meat bone was all that remained of the feast. Half the troop had to sleep till supper time and even then didn't want much.

About three o'clock, however, Harry and I with some others had recovered sufficiently to walk to Farnham and see the Castle there. It is the seat of the Lord Bishop of Winchester, and he had asked us to come. The afternoon was lovely, real summer and warm, sun, wind, and cloud blending to give us a perfect day. I doubt if we

saw so blue a sky again in England. The town of Farnham was full of interesting places and things. Toplady, who wrote "The Rock of Ages," was born in its West Street. Izaak Walton used to come to the Castle and fish in the river Wey near by. For all we knew, he may have written some of his *Compleat Angler* there. Castle Street leads in a great sweep to the mound on which the Castle stands. Near the end of it, we passed a row of almshouses, and Harry read the inscription on the wall. They were built in 1619, it said, to take care of "eight poor, Honest, impotent, Old Persons." So clean they were and quaint with low eaves and low broad steps, we felt we'd like to live in them ourselves.

The Castle was an astonishing pile as we climbed the steps to the Gate House and were shown in by the Bishop's secretary. It holds today parts of buildings eight centuries old. The Gate Tower is of brick and was built in the sixteenth century by a Bishop Fox, for whom it was named. The remains of the keep and the dry moat are Norman. Some of the walls date from Elizabeth's day and seem quite new beside the older masonry. They told us Oueen Elizabeth liked to come here. The keep itself has fallen in, but on top of what is left we found a magical garden. The surprise and astonishment of seeing such a thing high over the roof of the castle made an impression we never forgot. Roses and rock plants grew in profusion. The whole place was vivid with color. Below us, north and east of the Castle, spread the trees of Farnham Park, still famous for its deer. They had more to show us; so down we came and Elliott cheered his heart by crawling through a door that led to the dungeons. It was dark and grimv enough to suit him. I wish John had been there to share it. We explored some of the passages and found one of them now used as coal bins! Upstairs we saw where Bishop Morley had lived, a saintly old soul who ate but one meal a day, never had a fire, and slept on a stone in a closet. He did more than any one else to restore the Castle, and his peculiar system of living the devout life must have agreed with him, for he worked hard and kept perfectly well

till he died in his sleep at eighty-seven.

The Castle is an immense place, by far the largest building most of us had seen. The stair carpet alone covers over a mile. In the chapel, we saw a small bronze in memory of the Bishop of Winchester's son who was killed in the war. Talbot House or Toc-H was founded in his honor at the Front. Toc-H is an organization sponsored by ex-soldiers and sailors. Spreading over the world, its purpose is a brotherhood of service. We learned more about it in London.

When we got back to camp, Dick had plenty of letters to post, for Jim had been at it all afternoon, and Francis, too, had written a sheaf. Harrison and Bob were catching up with their diaries, others peacefully sleeping. Dinner had doped them! As might be expected, we played with supper, even Tom admitting he could hold no more. Then every one joined the Farnhams in a singsong below. By nine o'clock we turned in, twilight shading the stable yard as George said good night to the horses and tried to persuade Harry to let him ride one in the morning.

Monday, we were up betimes and had the van packed as soon as our kettles were washed. A steady rain made us glad of our ponchos. This was the first all-day rain we had met with so far, and it spoiled Bank Holiday for those who had counted on a picnic. We took it as it came, however, just part of the day's luck. Leaving our van to go by Farnham and the main road, we turned into a short-cut near the river and followed it through dripping pines and rain-soaked bracken to Waverley Abbey.

On the way there, our guide pointed out Stella's Cottage at Moor Park. It was here that Jonathan Swift once lived and wrote *The Tale of a Tub*. Bob and Horace heard

much of this from our guide.

At Waverley Abbey we found the meadows flooded so that we could not reach the actual ruins, but went to an old stone bridge over the river and saw them from there. Not much remains. The Abbey was founded eight hundred years ago, and records say the chief trouble of the monks who lived there was floods. We can well believe it. Near the lodge gate is a pond, and Dick managed to get some swan feathers as we waited in the rain for admittance. He wore those feathers in his hat through the rest of the trek. From the soaking meadows of the Wey we soon climbed upward till the pines of Crooksbury Hill and its paths of yellow sand reminded us again of Jersey. Many of the trees here had been cut down during the war, bracken and gorse springing up in their place. They told us a camp of lumberjacks from Canada had been sent here to fell them. It seemed a pity such a forest had to suffer, but much of it remains, and Crooksbury pines must be seen for miles on a clear day. When we were there, clouds and rain hindered the view. They say you can see south to Hindhead from the top of it in fair weather. Hindhead and Leith are Surrey's great hills.

The rain still pelted as we swung back toward the Farnham road, striking it near Tougham or Seale. Barley fields spread on one side, as drenched as we. Bezie raised a tune and the rest joined in. The road here ran due east on a narrow chalk ridge called the Hog's Back. It was once the Roman road to Guildford and straight as a pike-staff. As far as we could see through mist on either hand, the Surrey hills rolled free, lost in the blue haze of Berkshire to the north, rain-swept and gray where Sussex

hung like a cloud on the skyline and Hindhead guarded the border. The Hog's Back is five hundred feet above sea

level, and when it rains up there, you know it.

At Puttenham Corner our Farnham guides turned back, but new ones, Major Peebles and some of his Scouts, were waiting to lead us to Guildford. We found them as wet as we were and quite as merry. Leaving the paved road, they soon brought us to the Way again, the grassy Pilgrim's Way that runs by St. Catherine's ruined chapel and St. Catherine's Hill to Guildford. They call it the Green Road here, and it is rightly named, for greener grass you never saw, or whiter chalk where the ridge breaks through. Down the steep slope we slid, crossed the bridge on the Wey, and climbed the finest High Street we had seen in England; I think we all agreed on that. Even the town clock was a treat—a huge thing jutting out from the Hall on our left. It marked just two as we passed and reminded Ned of his dinner. Major Peebles said the clock had been there two hundred and fifty years more or less and never missed a dinner yet; so we'd better follow him. Words fail to describe what followed. Even Francis and the detail were stalled by the time we had finished. From soup to sweets, a full dinner, twice over, we ate in the inn at Guildford. After all, it takes fuel to stoke for trekking twenty miles a day, and we had averaged that since landing-more, when you count the hours of sightseeing that ended each hike. As soon as the second dinner was over, we pulled on our ponchos and set out for the town, Major Peebles finding kindred spirits in Harry and Bob when he discovered they liked Tom Sawyer and Stalky as much as he did. Our ponchos, by the way, excited as much talk as any other thing about us, for few Englishmen had seen such things and the idea of using a waterproof as raincoat, ground-sheet, and tentflap in a pinch seemed to strike them as odd.

Guildford High Street had much to show us, old and new. The Town Hall and its clock were old. The lock-up behind them was new, new as the tipsy soul asleep in a cell there. Bezie, mindful of data, found in some mysterious way that Holy Trinity across the road had the widest unsupported ceiling of any church in England—ninety-three feet. In a corner of this church we saw the Chapel of the Queen's Own Regiment of Foot, the Royal West Surreys. A striking memorial to their dead was there, a parchment book with the names of those who had fallen. Every day in the year a new page is turned.

Later we went to the Guildford Grammar School, the oldest in Surrey. It was founded in 1500. Edward VI. gave it a charter forty-three years later. In the library were books chained to the shelves as at Wimborne Minster. Bob took down an ancient Caesar and turned to the lines he had been reading at Radnor. Tom, always keen where books are concerned, discovered a Euclid, in Latin, of course, and was surprised to see it contained the same sort of geometry he had studied at home. Some things have not changed as much as one might think, and those battered old school books at Guildford were a link between our school and that one. There was another bond, too, in the field of sport, for cricket was played at Guildford and recorded there before any other place in England. I think they said the date was 1508. And from cricket, of course, by way of rounders, came our own game of baseball. That set fans like Dick to thinking. Long since, we had seen that nearly all our games had started in England, and some of them had changed mighty little.

Abbot's Hospital on the High Street came as a surprise, for it was as fair a building as well could be, outstanding

even in that road of charm. The great gate topped by a turreted tower and flanked by wings of mellow, weathered brick is the finest thing in Guildford. Inside is a courtyard as fresh and green as care can make it. Old men live here as pensioners, each in the garb of Bishop Abbot's foundation. They have their own little gardens and do their own cooking if they like. I never saw such a place. The mullioned windows, the warm glow of the brick walls, the pleasant green, gave it the look of a manor house in the country. The hall has oaken chairs and tables that tempt museums, while the carved stairways of oak are as fine as anything in England. The tiny chapel where the pensioners worship is a gem. The chancel window has more color than any other we saw. In the gate tower, they showed us the room where Monmouth was kept a prisoner overnight on his way up to London. We were getting to the end of his tragic story. One more scene, and it ended on the block.

After Abbot's Hospital, we followed Major Peebles to the Castle. Only the keep remains, and some years ago the town council tried to tear that down because they wanted to put up a band-stand instead, iron and painted green, I think they told us. Luckily they didn't. Crossing the garden that fills the dry moat, we climbed the tower where a Union Jack was flying. We had a glorious view. East and west ran the chalk ridge, Guildford lying in a hollow where the river goes through. We could see St. Catherine's ruins on its hill and the Hog's Back along which we had come. On the walls of the tower below we could trace pathetic carvings scratched there when the place was a prison. A crucifix was there and the figure of St. Catherine and others, rough-drawn and crude, but touching in that roofless keep.

At six o'clock, we walked through the High Street

again and waited till Stewart and Ned had laid in a fresh supply of cards. Major Peebles had asked us to tea; so we followed the main road eastward to his house. While we were washing, Harrison, who had made a reconnaissance, announced that cakes were piled all around the room and there was enough to feed an army. Jim, also, reconnoitered and declared he had seen a hundred pounds of bread and cake and tarts, to say nothing of lemon squash, sherbet, and tea. We'd better hurry! They were right. We never met such a place as Guildford for feasting, and I do not suppose we ever shall. After the jolliest sort of time, with Mrs. Peebles and her daughter and a friend or two filling the tea cups as fast as we could empty them, and every one doing justice to the cake, we spoke of leaving, but they wouldn't hear of it, not till Ned and Roger had tried another sandwich and Bezie had fortified himself with more scones. The end came at last and we said good-by, but even then Stewart and Bob turned back as we reached the road; a lost canteen, they said it was. But Elliott claimed it was no such thing. The charm of our host's daughter had done the trick. I think, to tell the truth, it had, for Stewart and Bob, while Tom seemed quite bowled over.

From Guildford our way led southeast to Merrow, a tiny village on the edge of Merrow Down. Kipling has

written a poem about it:

There runs a road by Merrow Down, A grassy track today it is, An hour out of Guildford Town, Above the River Wey it is.

Here, when they heard the horse-bells ring, The ancient Britons dressed and rode, To watch the dark Phoenicians bring Their goods along the Western Road. Yes, here, or thereabouts they met, To hold their racial talk and such— To barter beads for Whitby jet, And tin for gay shell torques and such.

Of all the tribe of Tegumai, Who cut that figure, none remain. On Merrow Down the cuckoos cry— The silence and the sun remain.

It was here on Merrow House lawn that we were to spend the night, and Major Browell, our host, had prepared a site for us, but the place was soaked; so he offered us a granary to sleep in instead at Great Goodman Farm near by. We accepted, not because of the wet, but the hour, since it was already after eight. While the van backed up with our packs to unload and Dick was helping Harry with a foot inspection, we reached the day's climax. Major Browell sent word that dinner would be ready in half an hour at the house. We were not to set up our kitchen. As a matter of fact, we had not even thought of it after the tea we had eaten. But boys are boys, and Francis cheered.

Already we had dined twice and stowed away enough supper for a troop of horse, but no one lost heart on that account. Changing into dry uniforms, we marched to Merrow House, for they sent word that we should hurry. A clearing sunset flooded the downs in the west with amber, and hedge-sparrows sang by the way. We saw the lovely lawns we could have camped on, and a marvelous garden sunk in a chalk pit to remind us we were on downland again.

land again.

Then dinner was served. Twenty of us sat down to it, including our Guildford friends. And in spite of dinner, twofold, at noon, and our high tea at the Peebles', we stayed round the board till ten, as valiant trenchermen

as ever plied fork. Roast beef, joints of mutton, meat pies, steaming hot—that was a start. Cold ham, vegetables of all sorts from broad-beans to marrow—that followed up. For dessert came more pies, custards and sweets, meringues with whipped cream, and bowls of fresh gooseberries that Tom talks about yet. Stewart, saying little, but accomplishing much, looked ready to burst on one side of the table, while Roger, Elliott and Ned fairly purred with content on the other.

It was a happy, tired crew that larked through the starlight later to our granary beds by the road. We had seen a lot, eaten a lot, and hiked a lot since Farnham at dawn. And all of it was good—even the rain by way of

contrast. We'd call it a day!



Chapter VII

THE PILGRIM'S WAY

The granary floor was hard, but we used some empty meal sacks to pad the tender spots of hip and shoulder, and nobody stirred till Harrison blew first call and the brightest sun you ever dreamed of told us that morning had come. Everybody responded to the weather, the shavers propping their mirrors in the brick-crannied wall, non-shavers sloshing water from the pump over their heads and making themselves presentable with tooth-brush and comb.

For a farewell taste of Guildford's kindness, our host had prepared a surprise breakfast in the courtyard of his stables. A long table there had been decked with linen and silver as though indoors. As we marched under the archway, his people were setting on the tea urn and chocolate pots and bringing out baskets of boiled eggs to be eaten in the shell as the English do. Hot buttered toast, crisp bacon, cereal, cream and milk were there in abundance, but the egg proposition puzzled some for a moment till Dick whacked off the top of his. George followed suit. Ned and Stewart tried their hand, and soon all were managing nicely.

That breakfast at Merrow House was picturesque as the Scouts drew up their chairs in the cool morning weather. Uniforms were spotless, and Harry had inspected for smartness and trim. The glow of health, the high color which all had acquired, went well with tanned knees and sun-browned arms. As soon as breakfast was over, we left the van with Elliott and Bezie, said good-by to Major Browell, and swung southeast to Merrow Down. Newlands Corner was our first halt, and somebody had told us no view in Surrey could match it. If there be its equal, we didn't see it. Even the day seemed made to put it at its best. We traced eight counties from the hill where we stood: northward, Buckinghamshire, Berkshire, and Middlesex, the names reminding us of our own counties of Bucks and Berks; northeast, Essex; eastward, Kent; to the south, Sussex; while Hampshire closed in the compass on the west. We, of course, were standing in Surrey and looking across part of it.

Every one paused for a moment to see the Vale of Chilworth below, a lovely place that reminded Harry of his own Tredyffrin. Then we gazed far beyond it to the blue haze of woodland and hill that rolled and mingled with the sky over Hants. There is a softness, a veil of mystery, about these English landscapes that we miss very often at home, where sunshine is brighter and the edges of things are more apt to be clear-cut and sharp. Here, on Newlands Corner that morning after rain, we caught as nowhere else the wonder of it, the mellow ordered range of farm and fallow sweeping up to the downs where beech woods hung on the pillowed flanks and hamlets hid in the hollows.

Closer at hand, cuckoos were calling and a crisp breath of heather came to us. On the westward slope rose St. Martha's Chapel to remind us we were near the Pilgrim's Way once more; so we turned into it where beech trees crowded the yews and willow-herb made wood glades lovely. Major Peebles told Roger what it was. For the next three hours we were centuries back in an England that has almost passed, for the lane never sighted a house. Just mile on mile of beech wood and oak, with now and then a line of yew to mark it and now and then a lonely ride to puzzle us which was which. The

Phoenicians built this path twenty-five hundred years ago, so they say, following the high ground westward. No doubt it led them through beeches and oaks just as it did us. Bob, skirting a bog hole, vicious-looking and deep, suggested that if they really made it so long ago, they



must have left it alone ever since. Those holes seemed bottomless. Once Francis went in, but nobody minded a bit of mud. When we came from the wood beyond Netley Heath, the country seemed as wild as Dartmoor itself, though London was almost in sight.

Past White Downs and Ranmore Common we pushed toward Dorking, the valley of the Tillingborne below us on the right. On high ground near Ranmore a steeple served as a guide till close to Dorking we reached a paved

road and hailed a bus to carry us in. It was well we did, for the detail had already bought lunch and were waiting at the White Horse Inn for us to come up. Our halt was a pleasant place, cool and shady, just under the pitch of Box Hill; so in we swung from the concrete road to a green, deep meadow of grass and flung ourselves down to rest. Elliott was already cutting the bread and Bezie passing out hunks of raisins. The river Mole ran under a bridge here, a sleepy, peaceful little river, well suited to our mood. While we lay there, eating lunch and watching the clouds sail by overhead, Mr. Harcourt Burrage, a neighboring Scout Master, joined us and pointed out where the old post road to Brighton used to go. That interested George. As we were looking at it, the Paris-London air-line hummed overhead—a huge plane, high

up and traveling fast.

After lunch, we climbed Box Hill nearly 600 feet from the river and came nearer giving out in doing it than in anything we had tackled so far. The pitch was terrific, the short grass slippery as shale. Our Scout Master friend said George Meredith, the novelist, used to climb it every day when he lived near here at Buford Bridge. If he did. he had better climbing powers than we. But once on top. where oak and beech form a wood with the junipers, and thousands of box trees give it its name, we turned to see the widest view we had faced since Devon, greater even than Newlands Corner, though perhaps not so lovely. None of us knew how many miles spread below us, far beyond the blue mist of the Weald to Leith Hill, a height whose thousand feet show well in that level bowl of green, and on past that to the line of the Sussex Downs where Chanctonbury Ring stands clear on the horizon. and then, very faint, just a break in the upmost blue, something that hinted the Sussex sea.

We were ourselves on the chalk ridge running east and

west. Below lay what once was Saxon forest, the Weald. Across it came the Roman way from the sea, their Stane Street, straighter than roads you can follow today. It was on this plain that the Danes were defeated in 851. Somebody said the battle was fought near the Hill of Leith, and not a Dane escaped of all who came there. We did not know for the magic view had gripped us, the far-off heave of the Sussex Downs and the touch of the sea where the sky changed color. Round us rose-bay and bilberry scented the trees and a sun-spiced sod gave a place to sit on. Led donkeys for hire and a fruit stand in the wood might have spoiled the whole thing, but they didn't, for some one saved the day with a "Donkeys, Janet, donkeys!" Every one had read David Copperfield, and the exclamation was enough to remind us of Betsey Trotwood and Mr. Charles and the rest.

When the thirsty ones had returned from getting a drink-or trying to get one-we moved off to the east where mistletoe hung from the oak boughs and a mossy lane wound onward. There was an abandoned fort here, not old, for wire surrounded the sodden walls. It seemed lost and out of place in that peaceful wood, but Burrage said they had used it during the war when London was girdled with such outposts. Till then I do not think we had realized how near London was. Horace or Harry spoke of it, and Burrage smiled as he walked from the wood. Then pointing to the northeast across the level downs, he told us to look. Far off, very far, something was shining like the flash of a heliograph when the shutter is open. It seemed no bigger than a pocket mirror, but we caught it easily as the rays of the sun struck back from the glass roof of the Crystal Palace! Not a house was in sight. London might have been under the Thames for all we could see of it, but that stab of light came to us clear as a flame. Through twenty miles of Surrey, over Banstead Downs and Epsom and Walton Heath and all the fields between, it reached us on the Pilgrim's Way near Dorking, as we stood by the yew trees and watched it. I do not think we could have had a better introduction to London. No villas spoiled it, no trams or factories and all that make a great town fearful—but just that brilliant star-flash shining on the skyline where the green smoothness of the fields seemed unbroken and the soft contours

of Surrey merged into haze.

Coming into a field, where the way was level, we surprised a colony of rabbits. There must have been hundreds scampering for cover. Partridges whirred underfoot as we turned again to the tunnel of the yews. The amount of game everywhere in England and its variety surprised us, though we realized how carefully it was preserved. Pheasants and partridge seemed the commonest among the birds. For hunting there were the stags and hinds of Exmoor, foxes everywhere, and now, during the summer months, otter-hunting all through the counties we had crossed. Nearly every river, no matter how small, had its trout-fishing. But again we noticed that the use of it belonged to the owners alone. There seemed to be no game preserves or trout streams where the public at large could shoot or fish. Nothing that we saw corresponded to the State and National Forest Reserves at home. I suppose in a smaller country such extended areas are not available.

The path we followed from Box Hill was again the Pilgrim's Way and long rows of yews marked it toward Reigate under the hill, as it led us up hill and down, through chalk pit and beechwood, on as pretty a walk as one could wish. In fact, it was by all odds the loveliest we had met, for following the chalk ridge, as we did, just under its southern crest, we had the Weald below us,

glimpsed where trees had vielded to frame it, while above us on the left rose the close-nipped shoulder of the downs,

steep as a wall, to the windy summit.

As we rested on the bole of a gigantic yew tree, a few miles on from Box Hill, Mr. Burrage said the pilgrims or their forebears had planted many of these trees, if tradition was to be trusted. But he added it was pure fable to suppose each yew marked a grave. Such trees were valuable in those days for bows; the more any one planted, the better. Today that hidden by-way is a fairyland because of them, for the old trees arch overhead and the breeze sends sunshine and shadow dancing down on the moss till both are woven in a play of light. The very leaves of the beeches among them are changed as the amber and gold filter through from above and checker

the turf like a carpet.

Between Red Hill and Reigate, we climbed a breathtaking slope, so steep we had to go it on hands and knees to get up at all. George did some puffing on that hill. Even Stewart and Tom slowed up a bit. But it brought us to the top of the ridge once more and near our camp at Gatton Park. Before leaving the hill, we took a farewell look at the plain. An afternoon sun was sinking in the west and the silhouette of Chanctonbury Ring showed high and clear by the Sussex border. Druids are said to have planted the trees there. Below us the red roofs of Reigate were clustering in the green and the meadows of the Mole spread smoothly to meet them, broken once or twice by the staring white of a chalk pit. It was here in Reigate they laid the body of Lord Charles Howard, High Admiral of England when the Armada was sunk in 1589. We had come a good way from Drake at his bowls on Plymouth Hoe and the Admiral's Room in Exeter and the people of Lyme climbing the sea cliffs,

but here at Reigate we were close to the story again. You can't get away from the Armada in Britain. It left an

impression that is vivid yet.

Turning north from the crest of the hill, we soon forgot the scramble we had had to get there, for the park walls of Gatton were close at hand. A cottage or two bordered the road, their gardens bright with phlox and hollyhocks. Sweetpeas, spring flowers with us, were climbing the white-washed palings, while roses masked the timbered walls, as fresh and gayly blooming as ramblers in June. Rain has its advantages where gardens are concerned.

Gatton was lovely, its smooth lawns and rolling meadows covering hundreds of acres, while wooded hills and shaded lakes broke the vistas of the park on every side. It was, perhaps, the most typical, the most English, park land we had seen. There was nothing wild about it. Even the trees had a cared-for, planted look; yet through the rustic softness of its pastures and past the shrubbery and laurel, here and there we still could trace our Pilgrim's Way. In fact, we found our camp set up beside it and the detail policing for supper at a sheep trough near by.

Our tenting arrangement was permanent, the same two pairing off all the time, Dick in the first tent with me, Ned and Roger in the second, George and Francis in the third, Bob and Harrison in the fourth, Elliott and Harry in the fifth, Jim and Bezie in the sixth, Tom and Stewart in the seventh, John and Horace in the eighth. A curious sort of diagram was made by Bob one day wherein Tent Four is shown with a halo, Tent Seven with a heart for Stewart in love, Tent Six with a tremendous heart for poor smitten Jim, Tent Five with a sort of universal heart for Elliott and his girls in every clime. Tent One is surrounded with question marks and bears the tag,

"Always noisiest and worst!" A fine rating for one Senior Patrol Leader by another S.P.L., to say nothing of a

Scout Master proud of his tenting.

Mr. Brooke, the manager of the estate at Gatton Park, told us that Sir Jeremiah and Lady Colman, our hosts, had asked us to supper in a sort of club room used by their tenants; so up we went as soon as Horace had finished his foot inspection. Not a day passed without that. At noon and again at night, when we reached camp, he or Harry saw to it, and no one escaped their attentions. It paid in the end, for blisters were rare and no one went lame.

Lovelorn Jim was glum at Gatton because until now he had ridden less and walked more than any one else on the trek. But his turn had come at Dorking and on he had to go with the van, missing the yew lanes and rabbits, the chalk pits and scrambles that Francis and others were telling of with glee. Even more, it broke his record. But Jim got over his troubles after supper, for he found a billiard table in one of the rooms, and he, with Dick, defeated Harrison and Bob in a game. But before it they all did justice to the meat pies, bread, butter, and jam that went with the tea our host had provided. Bob, who kept a record of such orgies for our diversion later, noted the Gatton average reached six cups apiece. Neither Tom nor Francis lowered it any. Tom, by the way, made a hit here with his fair coloring and tan. They said he must be Surrey-born. After supper, we strolled back to camp while twilight flooded the lawns with a freshness and a green we found only in England. No matter how hot the day or dry or dusty, if they ever have any dust, it changed like this at twilight, evening bringing a new look to the land as though May had returned to charm July into spring.

Stewart, sitting in his tent as innocent as a saint and

guileless as Buddha, nearly tore camp apart a little later by dropping a live toad down Francis' back. Poor Francis, feeling the toad and not knowing what on earth it could be, had a lively time before he found out. When a captive batrachian is creeping round the small of your back and you can't get him out and he won't stop exploring, the first impressions are vivid. Stewart is a sly dog, a past master. When he gives you his innocent eye, you feel like

joining a Holy Crusade. But it's safer to run!

Wednesday was another fair day. We sent Elliott to Reigate with our laundry before the detail got breakfast, and he had it back again, washed, dried, and ironed, that same afternoon. When breakfast was over, Jim, Harrison, Bob, and Bezie held a short signal practice in semaphore and Morse to keep their hands in. Then the whole group turned to and cleaned kit. We boiled our pots and pans, scrubbed them and scoured them spotless, and gave them a steel-wooling for luck. We steel-wooled our meat pans and polished knives, forks, and spoons till they sparkled like silver. We spread our blankets in the sun and aired every last thing in our duffles. That sunshiny day was a blessing.

At eleven, we put on fresh uniforms and went up to pay our respects to Lady Colman. Sir Jeremiah was away. Mr. Brooke introduced us and we were shown over the Marble Hall, the glory of Gatton. It is an amazing place, copied from the Corsini Chapel at Rome, as Bezie was quick to find out. In the hall is found almost every known sort of marble. The floor is inlaid with it. A table is made of it, with thousands of pieces set in the design, each different in color. There were marble chairs and marble benches, marble statues and columns and roof. A statue of a veiled lady proved the most surprising of all, for her face could be seen through a filmy scarf, and all was formed of chiseled stone. They said the only other

one like it was in the Vatican at Rome. Ned admired the table almost as much as the veil. George, I think, was just a little bit bored. Live horses meant more to him, and who can blame the choice?

The church at Gatton is older than the house by centuries, dating to 1306, so Jim said. How he found out, I don't know. The Copleys of Surrey owned the whole place once, church, park, and all. Gatton was a pocket borough then and sent two members up to Parliament, a right granted it in 1451. That meant one man living here on his own estate had two men to represent him in London, while whole towns had no one at all to speak for them. Such abuses were changed when the Reform Bill went through in 1831, but Gatton, before that, caused plenty of talk and no little scandal. Horace, who knew history, was not to be caught out of bounds, and he explained rotten boroughs as though he had owned one. The interior of the church was odd, though striking, for the pews faced each other across the aisle like stalls in a choir. The family pew had a private entrance from the house and was warmed by its own open fire. The whole place seemed full of magnificent wood, carved oak as black as ebony, much of it brought from France and Belgium long ago. The windows were richer than a cathedral's, glowing with life and color like those in the chapel of Abbot's Hospital at Guildford. We liked the church; indeed, it appealed more to us than the house, for Gatton's splendor and the glory of its marble seemed chilling in their beauty, too classic and cold for Surrey lawns and a Pilgrim's Way. But the park was a dream. Outside the church, Mr. Brooke showed us a curious tree. He called it a monkey-puzzler because the branches were covered with sharp spines pointing down. You could draw your hand along them comfortably in that direction but would skin your palm to the quick if you tried to reverse it. Naturally every one had a try. Only once had we seen such a tree; that was at Sidmouth, when we didn't know its name.

After lunch, Jim and Dicky had another try at billiards, defeating Harrison and Bob once more. Then everybody struck tents, and off we started for Sutton in the north. The way was not long; so we took plenty of time, swinging over Banstead Downs where bell-heather and ling still grew in the hollows and London seemed far as a dream. Near Banstead is the famous race course of Epsom Down, where they run the Derby and the Oaks each spring. We caught a glimpse of the grand-stand towering in the distance. The Oaks, an estate of the Earl of Derby, gave its name to one of these races, for it was here that Lord Derby and a group of his friends began both classics, the Oaks for three-year-old fillies starting in 1779, and the Derby for three-year-old colts and fillies in 1780. Since then the Derby has come to be the greatest flat race in the world and certainly the most widely known. It is run over turf one Wednesday each spring. The Oaks comes the following Friday. Half London takes Derby Day off to see it. Of course, the name Derby is pronounced Darby, as most of us knew.

Near Banstead is a place called Nork or Nork House Park, where Tumble Beacon once stood. They lighted this in a chain of such beacons when the Spanish Armada was sighted off Devon. It is said that the news was flashed by flame and smoke clear across the South of England and that they made remarkably fast time, too. From the high ground near Banstead, we gained our first real hint of London, ten or twelve miles away, where low-roofed suburbs were sprawling into the fields, as suburbs will, and the haze of the Thames Valley over Middlesex could not quite hide them. Closer at hand on

some low-lying hills to the right were queer-looking towers. Our guide said they belonged to asylums, lunatic asylums, though why they had so many in one place or why they made them so staringly ugly, we never knew. The sight of those towers and the suburbs eating into the green came as a shock, especially after the open road, the winding lanes and breezy uplands we had followed from Devon.

Sutton, our halt for the night, had once been a Surrey village like the rest. Today it is a large suburban town and new as such places must be. But the long street that led to our camp had a friendly look, and the Scouts that came to meet us on the Banstead Downs were as fine a lot as one could wish. As they led us to their Headquarters one of them pointed to a curious cross-bar that stretched on uprights over the street and held a tavern sign. It was, he said, the ancient gallows of the place, and evil-doers had been hanged there many a time.

The Sutton Troop used a frame barracks as headquarters. We found there water for our cooking, wood for the fire, and a grassy patch for our much-traveled flagpole; so up went the colors and we felt right at home. The Suttons joined us at Retreat; then, as soon as supper was over and our kit well scrubbed, every one gathered for the jolliest sing you ever heard, fun and good fellowship

soon making us one.

Horace led off by making a fire with flint and steel and again by bow-drill. The Sutton Scout Master, Mr. J. R. Pigott, had his group sing the Gillwell Camp Song. Gilwell is the training center for Scout Masters in England and the Empire. We were bound toward it as guests of the Imperial Association, once we reached London. Those Sutton boys could sing, and they gave us their best, inserting the name of our Patrol on purpose.

Oh, I used to be an Eagle,
A good old Eagle, too,
But now I'm through with Eagling,
I don't know what to do!
For I've grown old and feeble
And I can Eag no more,
So I'm going to work my ticket if I can!
Back to Gillwell, happy land!
I'm going to work my ticket if I can!

It's a taking air. Once heard, you never forget it. Elliott, for our part, led next with "Old Ninety-Seven," "The More We Are Together," some school songs, and everything else he and Horace could think of, while the Suttons replied with the Jacobean song, "Lillibulero."

In the morning we went for a swim in a public pool, starting the day as fresh as crickets. Harry loved that. He's keen as a beaver wherever there's water. Poor Elliott swallowed too much and was sick, but soon recovered. Leaving the van detail to pack up, we turned toward Thames-Ditton, hiking fifty minutes, as usual, out of each hour, and resting ten. The day was clear and as warm as at home; so we stepped along bravely past Cheam and Nonsuch Park and Ewell. The latter was out of our way, but we wanted to go by foot-paths and avoid the concrete roads that lead from London. Nonsuch Palace, by the way, was built by Henry VIII. Charles II. gave it to Barbara Villiers as a present in 1670, and the buildings were soon torn down and sold by that thrifty lady. The park still remains.

Just before we turned into the fields, a coach and four came trotting by on its way to Epsom, and George nearly froze from the pure joy of seeing it. It was a lovely thing, the leaders stepping it boldly, pole chains sparkling, traces true. The driver, in gray top-hat, with a driver's apron on his knees, knew what to do with the ribbons.

and the guard, in woolly beaver and livery, could handle his horn. He certainly knew the difference between "Tantivy" and "The Royal Mail" and "The Pride of

Brighton Road!"

At Ewell a corner of the village showed a cluster of old houses among the new, and beyond them were coollooking pools formed by the Hogsmill River. The Hogsmill is a friendly stream and seems to wander through the town at will. Its waters were clear and full of fish, but far better than that, not a tin can did we see in them or defacement of any sort. So pleasant was it we wanted to rest there, but Ditton and the Thames were too near for that. To reach Thames Ditton we were really going west again instead of straight up to London, but we wanted to spend a day or two near Hampton Court and the river. Somewhere beyond Ewell we met an ice-cream man with a sort of pushcart on a road. A regular hokeypokey affair! That meant a halt. Soon after we were in the pastures again. At Hook, Roger and the van turned up; he had left us at Dorking two days ago to visit some relations of his who lived at Leatherhead. Roger seemed to know more people—and to be related to them—than any one in our troop. He had come this morning from Leatherhead to Hampton Court, where Elliott picked him up with the van. There are two Dittons, Long Ditton and Thames Ditton, the latter a village on the bank of the river just below Hampton Court. Elliott had reached it before us, and tents were going up in a field across from the village green. The kitchen had been spotted some distance away near the headquarters of the local troop. How in the world our details contrived to find places to camp in and buy rations and cook them, day after day, week after week, in time for the foot-sloggers, was a mystery we never solved.

While we were scalding kits and putting the finishing

touches on camp, John Grosvenor, the Ditton Scout Master, and Rome Atwell, head of the Rovers, were making us feel at home. Uncle Rome, as he was affectionately called, proved a delightful host, young as any of us in spirit. He had served through the war, though beyond military age at the time. Between him and Grosvenor, plans were made for the afternoon, and off we went to



Ditton Ferry near the Swan. On our way there we saw a gigantic tree, said to be four hundred years old. This tree once stood in the bounds of the Windsor Great Park, when the royal forest stretched this way. Windsor is fourteen miles up river. Kings did not stint themselves much in those days. When they wanted land they took it.

We crossed the Thames just as every one has to cross it here at Ditton—in a rowboat. Charles I. fled here in the same way when he escaped from Hampton Court on the other side of the river. That was something to think of and we did, while Uncle Rome hopped about, halloaing for the ferryman and pointing out sights. The man soon came to the beach by the Swan and launched a boat. As the first load were piling in, a river steamer passed us going up. The size of it and its speed amazed us in so narrow a river, for the Thames, though deep and as clear as a well, was much smaller than we had thought it would be. I think Ned expected something like the Mississippi; and I'm sure Stewart did. Horace stared at

it noncommittally, then got in the boat.

Once over, we walked up the north bank with the park wall of Hampton Court Palace on our right, the colorful river on our left. For the first time, we were realizing what a part river life plays in England; we have nothing quite like it at home. Every Englishman feels he is a sailor. If he can't go to sea in a real boat and so fulfill his destiny, he can at least play about in a small one. Houseboats, motor boats, barges, tiny canoes, rowboats, skiffs with sails and without them, low-lying punts shoved on with poles, everything that will float seemed to be used there, and men, women, and children were at home in them all. Of course, every river in the world has its fishermen. We found them sitting on the bank here as patiently as you find them by the Seine or the Hudson or anywhere else. None had a fish, but what of that?

Hampton Court Palace brought us in touch with tourists and sightseers for the first time in the trek, but even that could not mar the beauty of the gardens or dim the color of Wolsey's brick. We heard just enough history to give it a background—Uncle Rome was wise. He and Grosvenor told us how the great Cardinal had built the place for himself and lived here in more than royal state, then gave the palace to the king, because when Henry VIII. coveted anything, palace or wife or anything else,

people usually decided to let him have it.

We saw the lovely towers and twisted Tudor chimneys of the Wolsey Gate. We admired the oriel window over the arch and the crenelations of the wall. We saw the strange array of king's beasts flanking the bridge on the moat. Weird creatures they were, too, fancied in heraldry, each standing on a stone pedestal of the balustrade. Their very names are impossible to guess, things that never were on land or sea. We even saw a great clock that is said to stop running whenever a king of England dies.

Inside the palace, we tramped a mile or two of guard-room, hall, and chamber, looking at the pictures that filled them, seeing where Henry had added to the buildings, going down to his wine butts and kitchens. We had a peep at the Great Hall, then under repairs, and we saw the tennis court—a real tennis court, this time, not a grass one. I think this was the first time Harry and Jim and Dick, sharks at the net, knew there were two games and that lawn tennis is derived from the much older game of indoor or court tennis. Henry VIII. played here. The

Prince of Wales uses it sometimes today.

Wherever we went were the palace gardens, incredible in brilliance and literally miles without end of them, all in bloom. By the Long Water where Elizabeth came up from London in her barge of state, by the Yew Walk and the Avenues, each a mile long, by the maze, by William and Mary's Dutch-bordered parterres, everywhere we turned, were flowers, and none of them faded. Somebody told Horace the work here was done by gardeners early in the day before the public were admitted. We saw none of them at work, so that may be true. Francis, spying around on his own hook, discovered the Haunted Gallery, where Catherine Howard, one of Henry's queens, is said to walk at night. Indeed, I think the poor lady runs and puts in a scream or two for good measure. The story

is that she tried to reach the king from here before her

execution, but was prevented by the guards.

To end our day, we went to the maze, a wonderful contrivance of hedges and path where you can wander all day and not reach the center, or by blind luck, get to it at once. Tom and George and most of our crew reached the goal and were out again before I cleared the first loop, for every path I took seemed to end just where it had started. After the maze, we saw the giant grapevine, said to be the largest in the world. It fills an entire greenhouse, has its own special furnace and special thermometers, and is tended like a baby all the year round. Harrison soon found out how old it was, what they did with the fruit, how much a bunch of grapes from it cost, and all the rest. Everybody seemed able to turn up something of interest like this; Harrison, the grapevine; Francis, the queen's ghost; Bezie, the fact that many old men are living at Hampton Court today, as pensioners of the king, gentry left without other means of support.

At twilight we left the Palace, looked at Sir Christopher Wren's façade on the east front, took some pictures of the Long Water there, and walked a measured mile of turf to Ditton Ferry. The lawn we followed was as true as a putting green all the way, perhaps the finest stretch of greensward to be found in the world. It seemed as

smooth as an emerald cloak.

Everybody had been amazed at the size of the palace, the splendor of the Tudor chambers, the linen-fold carving of Wolsey's rooms, the history and color of every corner; but the quiet river in its trees and the ferryman crossing from the Swan to fetch us seemed more a part of the England we knew. Our line of pup-tents in the field and the people playing cricket on the green had an appeal quite as true as the palace wonders. While supper was cooking, Jim and Dick played billiards on a tiny table

they found at headquarters. Bezie and others crossed the green to watch a cricket match there. The sun had set an hour ago, but it was still light. Grosvenor told us this green had been famous for centuries and Ditton cricket had made its mark in Surrey. At one end of the field stood their war memorial—a village cross. Next day we saw a real match there, and after it was over, our group played some Dittons and were defeated. Bezie, profiting by his experience in seeing how they did it, made twenty-five runs the first time he came to bat—beginner's luck, maybe, but a prodigious score to our baseball minds. Only later, when the Ditton Scouts had their innings, did we learn what batting could be. Nobody on our side liked fielding. It was too slow. None of us could bowl. We had to borrow for that. But at bat we made a better showing. Jim, forgetting his absent lady, proved valiant at wicket, but his score has been lost. Meantime Bob and Harrison were on supper detail the first night at Thames Ditton, and though they kept us waiting till nine o'clock and after, when mess call finally blew they dished us out real steak, mashed potatoes, and trimmings till our kits overflowed. Those juicy steaks, one each, were done to a turn and piping hot, with lots of gravy. They spoke in a tongue we could understand, and Tom's grin rivaled the Cheshire Cat's.

Friday morning Dick and I stole a march on the reveille bugle by waking up early enough for a wrestling match in our tent. When it ended, I found myself shot from under the flap sans blanket, sans shorts, and sans everything else. The village green, even at that hour, was not wholly deserted, and I lost no time crawling back.

Jack Grosvenor—everybody called him Jack—was on hand after breakfast to take us to Kingston. We made a jolly party going there by tram, and we had a lot of fun climbing the tower of Kingston Church to see the view. In the bell-ringers' loft they let us test the pull of the big bells, taking care not to ring them. Ned and others were yanked clean off their feet when the bells swung above them. The final climb to the open top of the tower was by ladder and proved thrilling enough to suit even Stewart. From the top there we could see Hampton Court in the distance and at our feet a great stone bridge across the Thames, through the middle arch of which an aviator is said to have flown his plane with only a foot to spare on either wing. After the church we saw the market place and in it a gilded statue of good Queen Anne, looking stilted and pleased, but in need of a roof. The Coronation Stone of the Saxon Kings is near the Square. Roger and Bob got good pictures of it, showing the old names on the modern base. None of us had known that Kingston was once the King's Town of the Saxons and that coronations were held here before Westminster was thought of. After the Stone, we went to the Ducking Pool, a place where scolds were put in a stool and dipped to cool their tongues. I think the stream was the same Hogsmill we had seen at Ewell, for it joins the Thames here.

Finally we went to Jack Grosvenor's old school—the Kingston Grammar, once called Lovekyn's. This was founded in 1309 and claims to be the oldest English-speaking boys' school in the world. It antedates Winchester by sixty-nine years. The ancient chapel is now a gymnasium and afforded Francis a claim to arboreal descent, for he climbed and swung all over the bars there to the jeopardy of every one's head below. It seems a pity that this little building, with its lovely lancet window, once a consecrated church, and the very cradle of all our schools, has not been restored to its former use. We understood it was too small for the present school chapel,

but if that is so, it must be too small for much of a gymnasium. Among its famous men, Gibbon, the historian,

studied here as a boy.

Just before lunch, Jack Grosvenor took us to the river for a swim and we put on the bathing-suits we had brought for that purpose. The Thames was wide here and surprised us again by its cleanness. It seemed like spring water, and we had the best dip of our trek, diving from a floating platform, going down the water slide, and showing some strokes and stunts we knew were rare. Elliott, Dick, and Harry are naturally first-rate at this sort of

thing and they kept nothing back.

Our afternoon at Ditton was the quietest we had had, for we did nothing at all except lie on the grass and watch cricket. The chance to relax this way, to have no goal to reach, no sights to see, was a welcome change. At five o'clock the cricketers called play off for tea, and that suited us, too. We trooped to a shop and had some ourselves. It was after this that our game came on and Bezie tallied his twenty-five runs. Stewart, too, did well for our side, and nearly every one in the group had a try at bat. That night, the Sutton Rovers and Uncle Rome asked us to a meeting in the Rover quarters. We had learned by now that Uncle was more famous than he let on. Two years ago, Sir Robert had invested him with the rarest award in Imperial Scouting—the Silver Wolf. As we sat round the Rover Den with Uncle Rome's older Scouts acting as hosts, they told us another secret. Their Scout Master had been famous for years on the English stage, and if we'd like to hear him recite— That was enough.

For the next two hours we gave him no peace, though I think at heart he liked it. And his skill was a master's. We saw Gunga Din with his water bag, and we heard the throb of "Boots" and caught the very scent and tang of "Wood Smoke Burning." For variety, we had the song of

a tipsy sailor, in which "the purple blood poured out like wine!" Then calling us suddenly to our feet, he gave a lead in "America," and every one sang "God Save the King."

That night we slept with a new thrill, for tomorrow

was London. We were going there by boat.

Chapter VIII

LONDON

SATURDAY, August 6, was a clear summer day, an auspicious beginning for London. The moment breakfast was over, Bob and Jim, Harrison and Roger, got to work with a detail scrubbing kit, while Horace and Elliott helped Dick and Tom strike tents and pack. From can-opener to wash-tub we polished and rubbed, then packed the mess hamper neatly, for every one wanted to make a good impression at Gillwell. At 11:15 the van moved off for town, and Francis found a chance to play billiards in the Scout Room while we waited for lunch. Harrison and Bezie, too, had a game there. After being in the field so long and under canvas, we found it was fun to be indoors for a spell. About noon we walked to the village for sandwiches and tea. Uncle Rome came down on his bicycle to say good-by; so we swung into line and gave him a cheer. While he was saluting, we surprised him by pinning a small First Class gold badge on his uniform and presenting him with a troop flag to hang in the Rover Den. In two days he and Jack Grosvenor had won a place in our hearts that made them both like old friends. Every one wanted to see more of them both, but we had to push on.

Crossing the river at Ditton, we walked up the far bank to Hampton Court, where they dock the London boat. Waiting for it, we had our first view of a Thames regatta. There were all sorts of rowing races, some for men and some for women, singles and doubles and fours.

Friends of the contestants tore along the bank to shout encouragement as each race progressed. Those who say the English don't get excited over sport should have been there to hear them, especially one buxom lady who ran like a stag and shouted as she ran: "Come on, Joan! Put your back in it! Row there!" Joan, in the boat, was no feather herself.

At half-past three we went aboard the little steamer, a Commissioner for that part of Surrey acting as guide. It took us four hours to reach London. Our questions, however, must have pestered the Commissioner, for every one wanted to know where we were as new sights came into view, and what we were passing, and who lived on this hill and that. Finding seats on the after deck, we soon were abreast of the Swan again at Ditton, then Surbiton and Kingston where we had gone swimming. It made us think of Uncle Rome. For seventeen years he has been in Scouting; yet his enthusiasm for it, and his spirit, seemed as keen as Sir Robert's.

Not far below Kingston are the famous Teddington Locks, and we went through them now to a lower stretch of the Thames. It was the first time most of our group had seen such a thing. The speed and the novel sensation kept us busy trying to see from both sides of the boat at once. The locks at Teddington join Middlesex to Surrey. The tide in the Thames stops here, due to the dam.

Twenty bridges from Tower to Kew
Wanted to know what the River knew,
For they were young and the Thames was old,
And this is the tale that the River told:
"I walk my beat before London Town,
Five hours up and seven down.
Up I go till I end my run
At Tide-end-town, which is Teddington.

Down I come with the mud in my hands And plaster it over the Maplin Sands. . . . I remember the bat-winged lizard-birds, The age of ice and the mammoth herds, And the giant tigers that stalked them down, Through Regent's Park into Camden Town. And I remember like yesterday The earliest Cockney who came my way, When he pushed through the forest that lined the Strand, With paint on his face and a club in his hand. He was death to feather and fin and fur, He trapped my beavers at Westminster. He netted my salmon, he hunted my deer, He killed my heron off Lambeth Pier. He fought his neighbour with axes and swords, Flint or bronze, at my upper fords, While down at Greenwich, for slaves and tin, The tall Phoenician ships stole in, And North Sea war-boats, painted and gay, Flashed like dragon-flies Erith way; And Norsemen and Negro and Gaul and Greek Drank with the Britons in Barking Creek, And life was gay and the world was new, And I was a mile across at Kew! But the Roman came with a heavy hand, And bridged and roaded and ruled the land, And the Roman left and the Danes blew in-And that's where your history-books begin!"

Kipling has caught the spell of the ancient river.

A little below Teddington we passed an island called Eel Pie. I suppose they used to catch eels here and eat them. Maybe they still do. Ham House and Petersham lay on our right, both places famed in English history, especially in Stuart times, when the Cabal met here—Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley-Cooper, and

Lauderdale, five ministers of Charles II., whose names

have given us a new word for a secret council—c-A-B-A-L. Richmond Park and Richmond Hill are beyond. The country hereabouts is lovely, rolling and wooded still in spite of London so near, and the life of the river is stirring. High arched stone bridges crossed it at the towns, and where the arches would not take our stack, we lowered it. But that had its drawbacks, giving every one aft an eyeful of soot!

Richmond Park was once a favorite with Queen Bess. The tall houses on the bank, the steep streets filled with boating parties, had quite an air as we went through the locks and tied at the pier. A passing shower hinted tea about this time; so down we went to the salon below and had some. When we came up it had cleared and the gardens of Kew were in sight just ahead. Very green they looked, very trim, on their hillside where trees covered the Surrey shore and the slopes swept back like a deer park. It was of Kew that Alfred Noyes wrote in his Barrel Organ.

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time; in lilac-time;

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

The cherry trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and sweet perfume,

The cherry trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London!) And there they say, when dawn is high and all the world's a blaze of sky,

The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.

The nightingale is rather rare and yet they say you'll hear him there

At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London'!)
The linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the long halloo
And golden-eyed tu-whit, tu-whoo, of owls that ogle London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't heard At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!) And when the rose begins to pout and all the chestnut spires are out,

You'll hear the rest without a doubt, all chorusing for London!

Something of Kew's beauty, the wistful charm of its trees, reached us from the river as we passed. Lilacs, of course, were a memory in August, but the lawns were green, and flowers shone like tapestry against the background of ancient trees. Close by on a high hill we saw the Star and Garter Hospital, used for men wounded in the war. Kew is interesting to Americans because George III. lived here for a time; in fact, he built a palace, since destroyed. Not far below, we saw a huge country house on the Middlesex side, said to contain three hundred and sixty-five windows, one for every day in the year. Judging from the size of it, it might well have more.

At Mortlake we saw where the great boat race ends between Cambridge and Oxford. It begins at Putney round a bend in the river. The rival crews row upstream. It is over this course that Harvard and other American universities have to compete when they enter an English regatta. Sometimes the weather is so bad that the shells are swamped. More than one boat has gone down, crew still rowing and game till the end, though some of them could not swim and had to be fished out afterward, half drowned. During the boat race thousands and thousands

of people line the Thames, and every roof top and bridge wall is crowded. As keen an interest is taken in the

Oxford-Cambridge affairs as in any sporting event in England.

The Surrey side at Putney is lined with rowing clubs and gives one the last touch of country before entering London. Below that, by Battersea on one side and Fulham on the other, factories and warehouses close in,

and the river loses much of its charm. A barefooted boy on the Chelsea side redeemed it for a while by racing along through the mud, turning hand-springs and cartwheels every minute and calling shrilly for pennies. The speed with which he stopped running to snatch at a copper was amazing. Then off he would go beside the boat, heels over head, till he must have been dizzy. His voice was high-pitched and sounded just like a killdeer at home on a bog. As we drew away, he turned back to race another boat upstream. I hope he got more pennies from her than he did from us.

Lambeth Palace and the Victoria Embankment ushered us in sight of the Houses of Parliament, the Abbey towers and Westminster Bridge. Francis was the first to see the Clock Tower and Big Ben as we rounded a bend in the river. We had come twenty-six miles from Hampton Court. As the boat drew up at Westminster we felt a thrill that could not possibly have come to us had we entered London by train. Twilight had fallen, veiling the towers of the city with haze, touching the gray pinnacles of the Abbey to a warmer tint where the sky

glowed up from the river.

On the landing, Mr. Martin, International Scout Commissioner, and Eric Brown, his secretary, were waiting in uniform to greet us. Mr. Martin had been awarded the Silver Buffalo a year ago by the Boy Scouts of America and wore that decoration now about his neck. It is the highest honor in American Scouting and only goes to seven men in the world each year. A moment spent in handshaking gave place to a photographer eager for a picture, but we were soon whisked off to a tea room and the reporter left to himself. In spite of one tea already on the boat at Richmond, we had soon downed another and were under way in the Underground for Liverpool Street. Here we entrained for Chingford, the station nearest

Gillwell Park in Essex. Mr. Martin told us that Gillwell was in Epping Forest about fourteen miles northeast of London. Till now we had not known where it was or how we were supposed to get there. As the train moved off, we caught a fleeting glimpse of the great East-End-Bethnal Green, Shoreditch and Hackney-mile on mile of small houses, for all the world like parts of Philadelphia. The very color of the buildings was the same, none of them tall and for the most part alike. George, beside Mr. Martin, said nothing at all till we reached Chingford, when the Commissioner dubbed him Silent. Silent George he has been ever since. The first thing we noticed at Chingford was the golf links adjoining the Forest, for the players on it wore bright red coats with brass buttons. We had never seen this before and it caught the eye of caddies like Dick. Gillwell Park we found was a mile and a half from the village of Chingford, and we walked there as violet shadows filled the Forest and the country lane deepened to twilight.

A royal supper was waiting for us in the refectory and our detail were lounging about like old-timers; they had arrived some hours before us. Captain Wilson, the Camp Chief, Dr. Lucas, Mr. Colquhoun, and others of the Staff met us at the door, and soon everybody in the place was waiting on table and bringing in good things for us to

eat.

That refectory at Gillwell is a gem. The walls are a soft, cool green and beautifully painted with scenes of Scouting. Only candles are used to light it. But the hospitality of the place fairly bowled us over. Best of all, they knew camping and what it involved. No sooner had we finished supper than Mr. Martin and Wilson said our tents were up and if we'd like to get straightened a bit, have a shower, and turn in, they'd show us the way. As the Scouts were getting settled, I had a chance to learn

more about Gillwell and just what it is. In 1919, they told me, the estate had been purchased by a gentleman named Maclaren, District Commissioner for Roseneath, in Dumbartonshire, Scotland. Mr. Maclaren then presented it to the Boy Scouts Association to provide a free camping-ground for Scouts of the East End of London, and also to provide a Scout Masters' training-ground for officers of the movement throughout the world. Since then, it has been in constant use. While we were there, men from seventeen different countries were taking a tenday course and hundreds of boys from Limehouse, Stepney, and the poorer districts of London were using their

part of the reservation for camps.

The layout at Gillwell is amazingly fine and complete. Camp Headquarters are housed in the manor or Hall. Once this was a hunting-lodge of King Edward VI. The Camp Chief has his own cottage near by. There is a large walled garden for vegetables and an orchard of fruit trees, some old, others recently set out. Beyond Headquarters there is a glade surrounded by trees and a Lime Walk. This glade is used for the Scout Masters' Course. Outside the woodland altogether are the camping-fields, one for the Scout officials in training, the other, a larger one, for the Scouts of London or visitors from a distance. Shower baths, outdoor washstands, and a swimming-pool are grouped at the far end, while near by is a Providore or supply house. Close to the training-grounds are the orchards, the Outdoor Camp Museum and an open-air lecture room. Smaller playing-fields are provided for the boys, and there is also a platform for folk-dancing. Gillwell goes in for that as we learned to our joy later on.

Epping Forest and the grounds of Gillwell are historic. Gillwell Park once belonged to Waltham Abbey or Waltham Holy Cross. Harold, the last Saxon king of England, who was slain at Hastings by William the

Conqueror, is said to be buried here. For generations, Epping Forest was a royal preserve, but in 1882 Queen Victoria made it a public park. It belongs to the people forever.

Scout officials completing the course here are listed as members of the First Gillwell Park Troop. Membership in this unique body now extends all over the world, for men from nearly sixty different countries have already taken it. When they finish, they are given a Scout neckerchief of gray with a small patch of Maclaren tartan at the back. This scarf is highly prized wherever Scouting is known, for it is a recognized mark of leadership and training. Sir Robert, as Chief Scout of the World, is Honorary Scout Master of the First Gillwell. He has given it the first totem pole he ever made as an emblem, and also the Kudu Horn which he used on Brownsea Island in 1907 to call together the first Scouts in the world.

Much of this I heard that night. More we learned in detail during our stay, but the showers were waiting; so every one had a shivery douche in the starlight and hopped into bed. A few even dared the pool, Bezie among them. Francis, finding mail in his tent, tried hard to read it, but his flashlight had given out and he had to wait. Poor Dick was so tired that he went to sleep sitting up. I can vouch for that, because he took up most of the tent till I poked him over on his own side.

Sunday morning broke with a drizzle, but five or six of us went with Harry and Ned to early Communion at the Hall, where a clergyman of the Church of England conducted the service. Both the padre and his flock were Scout Masters and officials. The altar had been improvised in the Troop Room. To our surprise, Captain Wilson, Dr. Lucas, Mr. Colquhoun, and nearly every one else wore kilts. We had not realized the night before how

many of our hosts were Scots. Those not in kilts had on shorts. After a glorious breakfast in the refectory, as guests of Headquarters, every one policed his tent, wrote letters, and lay around resting till Church Call summoned the whole camp to a service out of doors. This was strictly non-sectarian.

Mass had already been said for the Roman Catholic officials and boys by a Scout Master taking the course who was a priest from Germany. The rest of Sunday we spent as we pleased. Harrison and Roger made a tour of the place, looking at the totem poles in the glade, exploring the outdoor museum, the Lime Walk, and the Chapel, then listening to the Camp Chiefs' explanation of their sand pits and tracking. They use these a lot in Gillwell training. Tracks are made in the pits, then interpreted by the Scouters taking the course. Bezie and Horace were especially impressed with the woodcraft exhibit. The carving of the totems had been marvelously done. Later, Bezie and Harrison joined the rest at the Bronze Buffalo. This is a statuette presented on the Fourth of July, 1926, by the Boy Scouts of America to the Imperial Boy Scouts Association in honor of the unknown British Scout whose good turn in helping an American find his way in London resulted in the establishment of Scouting in the United States. The Statue stands on a grass plot just back of the hall. The stone balustrade that borders the lawn here is part of Old London Bridge. It was saved when the bridge came down in 1824.

Beside the Bronze Buffalo are two flags—the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. The inscription on the statue reads: "To the Unknown Scout whose faithfulness in the performance of his daily good turn brought the Boy Scout Movement to the United States of America."

The formal presentation of this statue, Mr. Martin

said, was made by His Excellency the American Ambassador. It was accepted on behalf of the Imperial Association by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Before the formal speeches, Scouts carrying British flags sang one verse of "God Save the King" and with them an equal number of Scouts carrying American flags sang a verse from "America." Then all united in a new verse to the same air that is worth repeating:

Two Empires by the sea,
Two nations great and free,
One anthem raise.
One race of ancient name,
One tongue, one faith, we claim,
One God whose Name,
We love and praise.

The date of this ceremony was the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of American Independence. Such a scene in Epping Forest must

have been striking.

Just before lunch, I went over the coming week's program with the Commissioner. It seemed as if no detail had been too trivial for him to think out. First we were to camp at Gillwell as long as we pleased, without charge. Firewood, always scarce in Britain, would be provided, also the camp site, use of showers, pool, Providore, and so on. Breakfast on such days as we had to reach London early would be given us in the refectory to save time. Rations for our other meals we could order through the Hall housekeeper and prepare in our own camp. A Gillwell official would be ready each day to show us around. London, Windsor Castle, Eton College, the University of Oxford, all had been thought of. I tried to tell Mr. Martin he should not dream of such things—we could manage somehow by ourselves. But he only

chuckled a bit and said we ought to begin by seeing the folk-dances after lunch. Ned and Harrison soon were

taking part.

All Sunday we rested, some taking a dip in the pool with Francis, others, like Jim and Stewart, writing to their absent ladies or reading old letters. Dick, as mail man, had a busy time here at Gillwell, for a lot of mail had been forwarded and we received letters dated a full month back. Tom kept us supplied with our home paper from Wayne and we read it from cover to cover, even to the price of eggs at Ithan village and who had been in swimming at Martin's.

After supper Harrison and George took a walk with me through the fields near camp and we saw a gigantic reservoir that supplies the East End with water. It looked like a lake of fairy gold in the sunset. Beyond it, miles away, lay London—a far-off shadowy place of violet haze and silvery mist, its myriad lights just breaking through the dusk. In spite of them, no one could really believe he was near the largest city in the world, for the fields were green about us and the great oaks and beeches of the Forest covered the slope at our back.

Monday we had our showers early and they were cold, as cold as the breakfast that followed, for a chill rain was falling, and all our wood was wet. That peaceful evening had tricked us. While Elliott was raving with his ration detail and Jim was at odds with the fire, I gave Dick a fine lather and shaved him in the rain by way of diversion. Jim, tempted by the sight, gave up his unprofitable wood and came down to see; so I shaved him, too. It was the first time he had felt a razor, I think, and the faces he made did much to cheer us. Bob even got a picture of it. Silent George refused to be touched.

By ten we were off for London, wearing mackinaws under our ponchos and thinking December had come.

Stewart and Horace were especially disapproving, but the rest just laughed at them. Of course it cleared before we got to Victoria Street, and a hot summer sun made us

swelter like North Polers gone wrong.

It is hard to describe all we saw, but lunch began it, a real sit-down, napkin, tablecloth luncheon at the Scout Club of Imperial Headquarters in Buckingham Palace Road. The Royal Mews, or stables of the King, were just over the way, and that won Silent George at once. Elliott ran the lift upstairs to the Scout Club, and that won him. Tom. Francis, and Horace succumbed to food. In fact, we all did, feeling the need of something real after our soggy breakfast. That luncheon did wonders. A merry crew explored the building afterward. We saw the Board Room and some portraits of the Chief. They had a painting of an American Scout there, but his uniform was not right and he didn't wear shorts. Our sticklers for the regulations began at his neckerchief and ended with his shoes, finding something to check all the way down. Dick couldn't stand the collar of his shirt, and Tom said his Eagle badge was all wrong, but the Scout himself seemed a fine chap and a credit to us all. We found a firmly rooted notion in England that no American can be neat in uniform. Unfortunately, this is in great measure true, certainly where Scouts are concerned.

Parking our mackinaws and ponchos at Headquarters, we visited the Scout Shop on the ground floor before breaking up for the afternoon. At the Shop, we drew on the Troop Fund to buy sixteen new neckerchiefs—our district color, maroon—sixteen heavy white lanyards, wonderfully fine they were, too, and sixteen leather slides or woggles to go with them. The effect was as smart as a new Easter bonnet and we strutted like peacocks while Mr. Martin showed the newest way to fold them. Bob,

Francis, Bezie, Roger, and Ned bought themselves new hats to replace the battered relics of the trek; then every one went off to get presents for home. The afternoon had

been allotted to shopping.

Harrison, Horace, and Bezie followed Dr. Lucas on a bus to Selfridge's, where they found plenty of things they liked and later were treated to ice cream on the roof. Coming home, they went past Buckingham Palace and saw the sheep feeding on the lawns there. Harry and Bob, Stewart and Francis, went the other way in Victoria Street and tried their luck at the Army and Navy Stores. Francis got a horn drinking-cup and Harry some books. Jim, of course, wandered off with Dick and found what he wanted for his sweetheart. Everybody bought presents somewhere, and all had tea—as soon miss dinner as that. Strangely enough, no one got lost, though London is never the easiest place to find one's way in. By bus or on foot, we reassembled at the Scout Shop, picked up our gear, and took the Underground at Victoria Street for Liverpool Station. Harrison, Francis, and Jim cooked supper in camp when we reached it, and every one turned in after a shower. Those showers were a treat in spite of the cold and Roger set us the example.

Next day it rained! Indeed, it poured, but that didn't matter because all we had to do was dress in our pup tents—a feat we had mastered long since. Breakfast was waiting in the refectory—tea, toast, scrambled eggs and bacon, marmalade and honey—even cereal and cream to suit Elliott's taste. Horace and Ned said little, but ate enough to do a patrol, while Roger made more than one trip to the sideboard. By the time breakfast was over, the sun was shining on the lawns outside and a cool breeze stirring the trees. We policed camp, made everything shipshape in case of showers, then got a piping hot bath

in the hostel. This is a sort of lodging recently built at Gillwell to house visitors. After the showers indoors, we put on our best bib and tucker and were ready to start.

Dr. Lucas—Major Lucas, he really was—had volunteered to go with us to London. He took us first by bus to Trafalgar Square, going there through Fleet Street and the Strand, then past St. James's Palace where the red-coated sentries of the Prince of Wales were pacing up and down, and round about to Hyde Park Corner, the Albert Memorial, and Rotten Row. The saddle horses here delighted Harry as much as George, for they were lovely. Rotten Row is the fashionable bridle path of London.

In the Park we walked along the Serpentine, a narrow winding lake with swans and wild fowl on it. But our dinner at the Hyde Park Hotel simply swamped the morning and its sights. Mr. Thomas, the manager, had asked us to lunch with him in a private room. The International Commissioner was there as a guest. Mr. Buell, attaché of the American Embassy, represented our Ambassador, who had planned to come, but had been called to Scotland. What we ate, I do not know, but that luncheon was classic. Stewart and Elliott pretended for a while they knew all about it, but we knew very well they didn't. Patisseries fondantes, coupe tutti frutti and Turbotin poche, sce. Hollandaise floored even our linguist Horace. Afterward a small gold pin, First Class, was presented to Mr. Martin and also a Troop flag for Imperial Headquarters. The kindness of every one and the surprises they had fairly kept us bewildered.

Leaving the hotel, we went by bus to the Kensington Museums. On the way Dr. Lucas pointed out the statue of Charles I. in Trafalgar Square. This equestrian figure looking down Whitehall is said to be one of the finest mounted statues in England. There are three museums in

Kensington, and each Scout took his choice, some visiting the science exhibits, others the natural history building, and still others the Victoria and Albert Museum of Art. A few went to all three. The working models of engines, the airplanes and ships and machines of all kinds, so fascinated Elliott and Bezie that they spent three solid hours watching them run. All these models are kept working. Tom liked them and so did Harry, but they managed to see the other museums, too. At closing time we met for tea.

Dr. Lucas was with us in uniform, and while we ate scones enough to sink a ship and drank enough tea to float her again, he entertained us with stories of what he had seen on a trip round the world in a windjammer. I think it was a school ship. Bob says we sat an hour and a half in that tea room. When we finally left, some went to look at the Albert Hall. Trust Bezie to find it had the largest roof in the world! Harrison and another party wandered off by themselves to the Imperial War Museum. At eight o'clock the lost tribes reassembled and we joined Mr. Martin for his own special treat, a show at the Coliseum. Going home, we had our first experience of the Tube. The Tubes differ from the Underground in that they are forty feet below the surface, and they run straight from point to point at terrific speed. The Underground is more like a regular subway at home. Both Tube and Underground are clean as can be and in spite of the crowds, there seemed to be plenty of seats. Perhaps we missed the rush hour, since we went home about 1 A.M. Harry provided a thrill by having his pocket picked.

Wednesday, true to form, dawned gray and rainy, but it cleared later on. We went first of all with Mr. Colquhoun to the Tower of London and the Tower Bridge. George expected to see a tall affair, standing by itself—a single pile as high, say, as Billie Penn's Hat. Finding

a huge castle with wall and moat and sixteen or seventeen towers, none of them very high, surprised us. We saw Tower Hill north of the entrance and were told it was here that the block used to stand. Here Monmouth was beheaded. A sentry doing a stately "about" at the gate caught our eyes a moment later, as we went in.

Yeomen of the Guard were walking to and fro in their picturesque uniforms near the Byward. These were the Beef-eaters. Ned and Tom knew all about them. A company of Foot Guards in modern scarlet coats and great bearskin shakes were being inspected on the Parade for Guard Mount, their officers walking up and down with drawn swords in front of them. Bob and Roger had a

hard time getting pictures.

In the Wakefield Tower, we saw the Crown Jewels, among them a ruby that once belonged to the Black Prince. Henry V. wore it on his crown at the battle of Agincourt in 1415. A crown in those days was merely a circlet of gold that fitted over the helmet if need be. We went through rooms full of weapons and armor, and we stood in sheer wonder before a collection of mounted models clad in mail from crest to spur. Even the horses were covered with steel and George loved the mounted models. This armor is historic—the actual helmets and breastplates and gauntlets and greaves worn by English kings and their knights centuries ago. Henry VIII.'s armor is there, and a fine measure of girth it gives him!

The armories are in the White Tower or Keep. This, the oldest building of all, was begun by William the Conqueror. The walls are fifteen feet thick. In one room we saw two queer figures called Gin and Beer. How they came there or why they are so called we never knew. St. John's Crypt was a gruesome place, filled with all sorts of fiendish racks and screws for torture. An executioner's block was there with ax dents showing. Outside the Keep,

we saw the Bell Tower where Monmouth and countless others were imprisoned. The Traitor's Gate leads in from the river under St. Thomas' Tower. Nobody knows how many prisoners have entered it in the eight hundred odd years since the Conqueror built his fortress here. Near by is the Bloody Tower where the two young Princes were murdered in 1483, Edward V. and his brother Richard, Duke of York. We had all heard of them but had hardly realized that the older boy was only thirteen. Last of all, we saw St. John's Chapel, a low-pillared Norman structure raised in 1080 and apparently unchanged since.

In Tower Yard we saw where executions took place on special occasions—the very site of the block. Anne Boleyn, Katherine Howard, and Lady Jane Grey were beheaded here; the first two were wives of Henry VIII. They used a sword for poor Anne Boleyn, an ax for the others. The poor ladies are buried in the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, a stone's throw from the block. Giant rooks were stalking about as we crossed the Parade to Tower Green, immense things with beaks like garden shears.

Leaving the Tower, we went to All-Hallows, Barking, a very old church near by. Barking was the name of the district. Richard the Lion-Hearted prayed here before he left on his great Crusade, and our own William Penn was christened here; we saw a tablet to his memory. John Adams, one-time President of the United States, was married at All-Hallows. This is the home chapel of Toc-H, the service men's organization that has grown from Talbot House, a rest center near Ypres on the Flanders front. We knew already that Talbot House had been started in memory of young Lieutenant Talbot, son of the Lord Bishop of Winchester. We had seen a bronze about it in his chapel at Farnham. But here in All-Hallows we found the chapel of the organization itself,

where their Lamp is kept burning from year to year. The Prince of Wales first lighted it. Near the Chapel lies a full-length bronze of a young British soldier, the finest statue of the war we saw in England. No name appears on it—intentionally, according to Mr. Colquhoun. The statue had been commissioned by people of rank in memory of their son, but purposely they left it nameless. Unfortunately, we missed the founder of Toc-H, the Reverend "Tubby" Clayton, of whom we had heard all over England. Tubby Clayton was padre at Talbot House during the war. Toc-H, of course, is a Morse abbreviation for that, meaning T. H. Clayton is now at All-Hallows—at least, he is there when not founding

new chapters of his organization.

From All-Hallows we walked through a maze of streets and narrow lanes that wove in and out beside the Thames. We saw Pie Corner, where the Great Fire of London started in Pudding Lane on the second of September, 1666. Colquhoun told us that the fire had done good, for though it destroyed most of London west of this point, it burned out the plague which was ravishing the city at the time. The fire ran from All-Hallows in Seething Lane to the Temple in the west. Our next halt was the Mansion House. On our way there, we passed the Bank of England in Threadneedle Street, saw the Royal Exchange, and admired the famous gold Grasshopper weathervane. In five minutes after our arrival we were being introduced to a kindly old gentleman who said he was taking the Lord Mayor's place while the latter was away. He added that he'd been Lord Mayor himself some years ago and could show us about. If they have anything at the Mansion House he didn't show us, I don't know what it can be. He even took us to the cellars, opened the vaults there, and got out the solid gold dinner plates which are used on official occasions. We passed them round to feel how heavy they were, then admired the golden maces and swords of state and chains of office the Lord Mayor wears when he rides in his Coach. We saw some of the great tureens they serve the turtle soup in when the Lord Mayor gives his banquet at the Guildhall.

All the while, our good host was telling us of London, how the City itself is only about a mile round, though London as a whole covers more miles than New York and holds the separate City of Westminster and too many boroughs to mention. But in the City, the Lord Mayor is supreme. Not even His Majesty the King can come here officially without stopping at Temple Bar and sending his heralds to ask permission. When the King stops, the Lord Mayor hands him the Sword of the City to signify that he can move on. The City, of course, is really Old London, the part that was walled. They told us the only people who slept there nowadays were the Lord Mayor, the Dean of St. Paul's, and the Lord Mayor's cat. Nearly every one else goes home from his office at night.

Near the Mansion House, where brokers and bank messengers were rushing about in top hats, we took a bus and rode round on the top for a while to see the sights. Mr. Colquhoun pointed out St. Paul's Cathedral as we passed. None of us liked it. For one thing, it was horribly smoke-stained, and it didn't look like a cathedral after the majesty of Winchester or the grace of Salisbury. A little beyond it, we saw the strange Gryphon or dragon that marks the site of Temple Bar. This is the City Bounds on the west. Old London ended here. Today Temple Bar has gone, but a stone pillar stands in the middle of Fleet Street, and on top of it rises the weirdest creature you ever set eyes on—the Gryphon of London. Not far along is the old church of St. Clement Danes. It

was originally built outside the wall for the use of the Danes, hence its name. A good Dane in those days—like a good Indian in pioneer times—was usually kept at a distance.

Having time to spare, we followed Fleet Street to the Strand, saw the tourist-ridden Cheshire Cheese, but did not go in, then on to Nelson's Column and the lions of Trafalgar Square. Tom, our literary man, enjoyed Fleet Street as much as anything else. In front of the National Gallery on Trafalgar Square, we were surprised by a statue of Washington. From the Square we glimpsed Charing Cross and caught a hint of Whitehall and the Cenotaph in the middle of the street. The Mall, beyond Spring Garden, led past St. James's Park to Buckingham Palace, but we saved that for another day. The bus we were on took us down Whitehall, past the Admiralty and the Horse Guards, where the mounted sentries sit their horses like statues and are said to be the only guards of the kind to be seen now in Europe. We passed Downing Street where the Prime Minister lives, then crossed Bird Cage Walk and the Mall to Piccadilly and Regent Street. Pall Mall—we had learned to call it "Pell Mell"—Bond Street, Jermyn Street, St. James's-they sounded like a shopping advertisement at home. From the top of that roving bus we caught our best idea of London so far.

We lunched at the Y.M.C.A. as guests of the Secretary, then went to the three o'clock service at Westminster Abbey. Roger saw the Church of St. Margaret as well. Francis, though conspicuous in a choir stall, managed to go to sleep, this time standing up! After service, we wandered about, looking at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, the monuments in Poets' Corner, Henry VII.'s Chapel, the Jerusalem Chamber, the Coronation Chair, the Stone of Scone, and other things more or less

familiar by hearsay. Some one read the delightful carving which a boy of Westminster School has cut in the Coronation Chair itself: "Peter —— slept in this chair all night." George wondered who Peter might be and how

long ago he had lived.

Outside the Abbey were many statues. Abraham Lincoln and Disraeli seemed a curious pair. As we were leaving, one of the clergy spoke to us, and finding we came from the States, he invited us into the Inner Close and the College Garden. He showed us the ruins of a very old chapel there, and we caught a striking view of the Victoria Tower on the Houses of Parliament. This tower, by the way, is the largest and highest square tower in the world. The inner garden is not open to the public, and its soft lawns and flower-bordered walks gave no hint of the London without. As we were saying good-by, we saw Peter, the Dean of Westminster's cat. His dignity was overpowering. Our guide explained that it would be quite useless for us to address him in English; he would only ignore it. If we tried him in Greek, he would stare. Approached in Sanskrit, he sometimes unbent slightly. They said he knew the garden was his and probably considered the Abbey a perquisite, too. Peter was jet black, had golden eyes and whiskers worthy a tiger, but we longed to see him run just once, say, with a good game terrier at his heels. In the Dean's Garden, of course, such things are not done; so fortified by tea at the Y., we returned

Thursday we got up early and had breakfast at the Hall, for we were going with Dr. Lucas to Windsor. At Paddington Station, Elliott managed in some mysterious way to get tickets at half price, and off we went through the suburbs of London to Middlesex fields and the rolling country of Bucks and Berks. Near Windsor we passed

Runnymede, a watery meadow, where on June 15, 1215, the barons of England made King John sign the Magna Charta. From that pact came our Bill of Rights and Declaration of Independence. Windsor itself gave us as fine a day as we'd had—a real summer sun brightening the trees and showing the old gray castle and the home park at their best. We climbed the Round Tower, one hundred steps up, for the view. Twelve counties are in sight from the top—Berks, Oxford, Bedford, Hertford, Bucks, Middlesex, Essex, Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hants, and Wilts. Runnymede lay by the river east of us, be-

tween the castle and Hampton Court below.

We saw the state apartments, admired the malachite vases from Russia, and looked at a room full of priceless Van Dykes, mostly portraits of Charles I. and his family. We went to the Guard Room and then to St. George's Hall, where the Knights of the Garter dine in state each vear on St. George's Day—the St. George who is regarded as the patron saint of Scouts throughout the world, because he stands primarily for knighthood and chivalry. The carved and colored coats-of-arms of every member since the founding of the Garter in 1344 hang on the walls of this room. We saw, too, the Waterloo Chamber and in it the longest dining-table in the world. Pictures by Sir Thomas Lawrence were here in great numbers—worthies of the Napoleonic wars. Finally we saw the Oueen's Doll House, modeled for the Empire Exhibition at Wembley. Everything about it is a working model and made to scale. The garage contains a Rolls-Royce eleven inches long that runs; Bob discovered that. Ned or somebody found that the tiny books in the library are authentic copies, page for page, of the regular publisher's editions. The lawn-mower works by gasoline; that was Francis' discovery. In the cellars were miniature wine bottles and barrels of ale and beer, all filled. Even the phonograph plays and the piano has real keys, so

small that it takes a pin to strike them.

Before leaving the Castle we went to St. George's Chapel, where some of the kings and queens of England are buried. The modern monuments are not much to look at. But the chapel was a rare treasure. This lovely shrine has been restored and re-roofed in all its original glory. The warmth and beauty of Gothic decoration and the wonder of line and groining, clean as they were meant to be, are seen here at their best. The Knights of the Most Noble and Ancient Order of the Garter are installed here at St. George's, for Windsor is the official home of the British Sovereign and he heads the Order. Each Knight has here his stall of high carved oak, surmounted by his banneret, helmet, and sword. When a Knight dies, they take his arms and banner down, and another is put in its place. The Garter dates from 1344, we were told, when Edward III. founded it as the highest order of chivalry. Membership is limited to thirty odd and includes personages outside Britain. The former German Kaiser, for instance, is a Knight of the Garter today. Membership in this Order is probably more highly prized than in any other in the world, though it carries with it nothing save the honor of knighthood. The motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense"—"Evil to him who evil thinketh" -surrounds the Royal Arms of Britain. The Chapel of St. George was closed, because of repairs being made to the roof, but a Scout padre from the town, Mr. Comber, who had come as our guide, soon arranged for our admittance. He also invited us to lunch with him and a Mr. Bullivant, who was to show us Eton College that afternoon. Horace and Stewart had been waiting for this.

We took our last look at the Castle and gazed from the parapet toward Stoke Poges over the river in Buckinghamshire, then followed our friend downhill to the town. He told Ned on the way that it was at Stoke Poges that Grey's "Elegy" was written and that beyond it, at Jourdan's Meeting, near Chalfont St. Giles, William Penn was buried. We could see both places from the Castle and longed to go there, but lunch was ready and Eton near.



Chapter IX

ETON AND OXFORD

As WE FINISHED lunch at Layton's, Mr. Bullivant and Mr. Comber informed us they had arranged with a Master of Eton to show us the school. They were sorry that the boys were away on their summer holiday, but after all, Eton was Eton, and we knew we were lucky to get there at all. Leaving Windsor at noon, we crossed the Thames and walked up the winding High Street, past Barn's Pool and the Cock Pit, to the school gate. Mr. Bullivant, an Old Etonian, told us of its history on the way. Henry VI. founded Eton College in 1441, so he said, to educate twenty-five poor scholars and to care for twenty-five beadsmen or poor people. Soon afterward the number of scholars was increased to seventy and the beadsmen reduced to thirteen. At the present time, seventy boys are still carried on the rolls in this way, their expenses paid by the foundation. About eight hundred and fifty others, entering between twelve and fifteen, attend the school on a paying basis. These live in the houses of the Masters or are lodged at boarding-houses assigned them in the town. The town-lodged boys are called Oppidans.

The older buildings at Eton are naturally unlike any school we had known at home, for the Chapel, Upper School, Lower School, and Yard date back nearly five hundred years, and that lends an atmosphere and tradition that time alone can give. We went to the Chapel first, a lovely Gothic building on the right of the Yard. Against its buttresses, the boys of long ago invented and

played a game of ball they called Fives. Today, a real Fives court, wherever it be, reproduces exactly the slope and ledge and size and shape of the Chapel wall at Eton. It interested us immensely to feel that bond of sport. Inside the Chapel we saw the original Watts painting of Sir Galahad. I suppose a copy of that picture hangs in almost every school in America. The Chapel is beautiful, not very large, but mellowed with age and lovely in its proportions. Some of the high-backed oaken stalls had been taken from the walls to show the remains of ancient frescoes painted there; that seemed a mistake, for rare as the frescoes may be, the removal of the stalls gave a

patchy look to that side of the church.

After visiting the Chapel, we crossed the School Yard, looked at the Founder's Statue in the middle of it, and then followed the Cloisters past the School Pump to the Library, which is not used by the boys at all, for they have one of their own. Among the priceless gems of this library was a Gutenberg Bible, forty-two priceless lines to the page, in a rare binding with the name of the binder on it, and some fine early quartos of Shakespeare. From the Library we went to the Commons or Dining Hall of the seventy scholars. This is a great high-roofed chamber. the oak rafters black with age. Portraits cover the walls. At one end is a raised dais with a table on it at right angles to the longer tables below. At this dais the masters are seated. Behind it is a fireplace large enough to roast an ox. Horace and Ned liked the library, and the Commons appealed to us all.

Our guide led us through the Old Schools, Lower and Upper, very ancient, with oak forms instead of desks. In the Upper School the paneled walls are literally covered with names cut there by the boys of many generations. Among them we saw some well known in English history. Today, putting their name there is an honor

reserved for boys of a certain standing. In the Headmaster's Room we were shown the birching stool where they still contrive to make the punishment fit the crime. Below in a cloister near the gate tower is the Eton war memorial, a list of names carved on oak. The number of Etonians who served in the late war is staggering—5.650. The number killed from this school was 1,157.

Like Winchester, Eton seems to put things of the spirit first. We were impressed again and again at these English schools with a feeling that playing the game meant more here than mere mastery of books. In work or sport or anything else, fair play was the thing, a sense of service due one's house or team or school, a seeing the job through because—well, because it wouldn't quite be cricket if one didn't. This is taken for granted, of course, and not talked about, but the feeling is there just the

same and is apparent in its power.

Leaving the Schools by way of the Cloister, we went to the playing-fields eastward. The extent of them amazed us. On all sides football fields and cricket greens and lawn-tennis courts spread among the trees. How many teams can play rugger or soccer at once we did not know, but this arrangement seemed more sensible to us than having one field for the players of a big school and a huge stand for the rest. At Eton they have no stands at all that we could see. Sports here are for playing, not looking at; hence the acres and acres of greensward that roll beyond the old stone bridge toward Slough or parallel the river on the right. The Master with us said that still more land had been bought recently to protect these fields from development where Slough suburbs were showing signs of edging in from the north. Near the Slough road is the old Wall where they hold the Wall Game, an institution at Eton for ages. It sounded like a free-for-all to us, only worse; for the bounds are far, and the wall must hurt. Apparently the fight is waged along it like a battle royal, and any number can take part. The

game is peculiar to Eton.

We came back by way of the School Yard to the new buildings over the way where classes are now held. The great assembly hall, the school library, gymnasium, fives courts, chemical laboratories, mechanical training-rooms, and so on, are here, as well lighted and up-to-the-minute as a school can have them. In the school library Horace saw the original manuscript of Gray's "Elegy." He said it was worth coming all the way to England for that alone. Horace has read more good books—and remembered them—than most of us knew were written. Dick, always keen where sport is concerned, naturally admired the fives courts most, for there were dozens of them in a row, each reproducing in modern brick and mortar the ancient wall of the Chapel, just as we had seen it between a buttress and the steps.

Coming home, we followed the river meadows southward to Windsor and caught what must be the loveliest view of the Castle, for the famous Round Tower rose through the trees and the waters of the Thames shone silver in the rushes. When tea was over, Mr. Bullivant announced he had boats for us all and we could go for a row if we cared to. Nothing could have been more fun or a fitter end to an Eton day. Jim and Dick, the inseparables, went upstream in a rowboat. Harry, too, jumped at the chance. Francis and others climbed in the launch and so covered more ground. We saw where the Eton boys swim and also their boathouse. Coming back, we passed the Eton Club on the right. Mr. Bullivant, who was a member, of course, explained that it served as a meeting-place for Etonians when they came back to school. Parents, too, were entertained there. Before we left Windsor that evening, he took me over to it in his car. The gardens stretching to the river are laid out with walks and hedges, while the glowing pastures of Buckingham over the water make a background for the lawns.

Samuel Pepys has a quaint passage in his Diary about "the most romantique castle" of Windsor and the school of Eton. Says he, on February 26 in the year 1666:

To the King's House, and to observe the neatness and contrivance of the house and gates: it is the most romantique castle that is in the world! But, Lord! the prospect that is in the balcone in the Queen's lodgings, and the terrace and walk, are strange things to consider, being the best in the world, sure.

At Eton—I to the College, and there find all mighty fine. The school good, and the custom pretty of boys cutting their names in the struts of the window.—To the Hall—thence to the porter's, in the absense of the butler, and did drink the College beer, which is very good; and went into the back fields to see the scholars play.

Those back fields were the very same we had gone into ourselves two hundred and sixty-one years later. But we missed the College beer!

Friday we breakfasted again at Headquarters and hurried off with Dr. Lucas to see the changing of the guard at St. James's Palace. The Prince of Wales lives here. On our way to St. James's, we got off the bus at Temple Bar and saw the Royal Law Courts and the Inns of Court across the way. Dr. Lucas explained that the Temple Gardens, where the Inns of Court are, once belonged to the Knight Templars; but that was before the Order was abolished, many hundred years ago. To step from the noise and bustle of Fleet Street into oldworld gardens with lawns running smooth to the river, and to find people playing tennis there as though in the country, surprised us as much, I think, as anything in London.

As we wandered about, noting where Oliver Goldsmith and other famous men had lived, the Doctor described the Inns of Court for us and made it clear how lawyers in London had their chambers there and lodged in them either as full-fledged benchers or barristers or even as students reading law. Each Inn—Gray's Inn, Lincoln's, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple (there are many of them)—is a self-governing body and elects its own membership. Each has its own chapel and its own garden and walks. The whole place is as quiet as a country green, though but a stone's throw from London's busiest street. We'll never forget the surprise it gave us as we walked under the commonplace arch from Fleet Street and down a paved passage toward the river.

The ceremony of Guard Mount at St. James's a little later was rich to a degree as the Scotch Guards with their kilted pipers marched on to relieve the red-coated Grenadiers. Those pipes set Harry's eyes sparkling. Bezie was the first to note what regiments were taking part. Harry and Elliott, as R.O.T.C. men at home, wondered especially at the curious "carry" of the officers' sabers, while Roger pointed out that the standards were borne by commissioned officers and not by noncoms, as with us.

As soon as Guard Mount was over, we crossed the Mall and St. James's Park to Bird Cage Walk and the Wellington Barracks where the Old Guard were dismissed. Then, by way of Queen Anne's Gate and some lovely Georgian houses there that reminded me of our own Annapolis, we went to Downing Street and the house of the Prime Minister. We saw the various government buildings near it, the Colonial Office, the India Office, the Foreign Office, and so on. Dr. Lucas knew them all and had much to tell us of each. Scotland Yard reminded Ned and Francis of Sherlock Holmes, for this is the great police office and detective agency of London. About

eleven o'clock we broke up for shopping. It was noon by the time we met at the Scout Club and lunched.

That afternoon we went to the Zoo in Regent's Park, reaching it by way of the Marble Arch and Baker Street; so here again we thought of Sherlock and the well-known Watson. At the Zoo most of us fell for Monkey Hill and the outdoor cages. Many of them did not seem like cages at all, and in fact were not cages, but natural slopes and rocks, guarded from the public by moats. At four o'clock the more favored simians had tea by themselves. They set their table and sat down to it, taking care to pass the cake to the keeper first. Not one of them raided the sugar bowl! A shower came up, and we hurried to the pavilion for some tea ourselves. At six o'clock we walked home through the Park, admiring the masses of flowers that bloomed on every side from Primrose Hill to the entrance.

Saturday was House of Parliament day, and we went to the Palace of Westminster after an early breakfast. Bezie was in charge of the detail, and Roger helped him. At the Parliament Buildings, which compose the so-called Palace of Westminster, Roger admired especially the paintings in the King's Robing Room—a series of King Arthur and his Knights. Led by our good friend the Doctor, we then visited the Lords' Chamber and saw the Chairs of State there for the King, the Queen, and the Prince of Wales. We saw also the Woolsack and the Bar and then moved on to the House of Commons, where the Speaker presides. In the various Lobbies we found statues of the patron saints, George of England, Andrew of Scotland, David of Wales, Patrick of Ireland. Everywhere in the stonework were the emblematic rose, thistle, and shamrock.

We went through St. Stephen's Hall and St. Stephen's Crypt, once the little church of St. Mary Undercroft.

Members of Parliament are sometimes married here by special permission. Last of all, we went to Westminster Hall itself, the oldest part of the building, for it was begun in 1097. The present Palace of Westminster was built in Victoria's reign, but the old Hall was saved. Here in Westminster Hall Charles I. was tried and condemned to death in 1649. We read a tablet marking the spot where he sat before the High Court of Justice.

Outside, Tom pointed out a statue of Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector. With his right hand on the hilt of his sword and a great Bible in his left, Old Noll looked every inch the soldier. Nearer the main entrance is another striking figure, that of Richard Coeur-de-Lion. Clad in helmet and crown and chain mail from crest to stirrup, his Crusader's sword held high, an emblazoned cross on his surcoat, he makes a glorious picture. The vigor of the pose and the lifelike stand of his horse impressed us tremendously. As Bob was looking at it, a stranger came up, evidently an American, and asked if he admired that king. Bob said he did-very much so-and the man walked off with "I don't! He's a bloodthirsty brute!" Just what his special grievance was against the Lion-Hearted, we never learned, for at that moment Bezie bumped bang into his own father. They both made the most of it, then Bezie rejoined, and off we went with Dr. Lucas to see the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Westminster, a huge church in the Byzantine style, but not yet finished inside. Afterward we lunched at the Scout Club, then crossed the street to see the Royal Mews in Buckingham Palace Road.

There we were shown the State Harness, some of it mounted with solid silver and one set plated with gold. The saddle room was especially interesting, for it held everything from modern military equipment and park tack to a heavily bossed, silver-studded cowpuncher affair

presented to Edward VII. by Buffalo Bill. Our guide was a young groom in black livery with a royal black cockade in his top-hat, so that he looked as solemn as a mute at a funeral. The man at the gate wore a scarlet coat and top-boots, truly a gorgeous fellow, reminding some of us of the frog porters in Alice in Wonderland. In the carriage house we saw the various coaches of state and Francis discovered that the gilt coach of the King weighed four and a half tons and took six horses to pull. They use it at coronations, the opening of Parliament, and so on. In the riding hall near by, George heard how the royal horses are schooled, for it takes a special course to make a charger face properly the flags and cheering of a crowded street. The horses are gradually accustomed to music here and to all the sights and sounds of military service. We were told that the floor of this hall was made of faggots bound together and laid three feet thick. The tanbark goes on top of that and all is properly tamped, making its resilience and give for jumping unequaled. The hall was huge, and the groom said the Royal Family sometimes rode there in bad weather.

From the Mews, we went back to Headquarters and got a large wreath we had bought that morning to lay on the Cenotaph in Whitehall. The Cenotaph is England's memorial to her World War dead. We planned to lay our wreath on it as a tribute from American Scouts to their brothers who had died in the war. Before this we had noticed that every one passing down Whitehall took off his hat as he came to the stone. A pile of fresh flowers always lay on the base of it. When we reached Whitehall, we drew up on the pavement opposite at hand salute, and Harry stepped from the curb with Horace, carrying the wreath between them. Instantly every moving thing in that busy street came to a halt. The great buses paused, motor cars stopped, and every man in sight

faced the memorial, head bared to the rain. Up toward the Horse Guards, a bobby saluted. In a moment it was over, we broke rank and moved on, but that instinctive tribute to a nation's dead, that stilling of a city's noisy street, all unarranged as it was, left each of us touched.

From the Cenotaph we went to the Horse Guards Barracks, where the Mounted Sentries stand in the archway like equestrian statues. Passing them, we saw the Horse Guards Parade where they troop the colors; then we crossed over to Whitehall itself and spent an hour or two in the United Services Museum there. Our old friend Colonel Castle-Smith of Chidiock in Dorset had sent up a card of admission for us. It was from a window in Whitehall Palace, then the Banqueting Room, that Charles I. stepped to his scaffold and the block, on January 30, 1649. Tom saw the window with the King's portrait beside it and the framed warrant for his death. Charles Stuart came to Whitehall across what is now St. James's Park. History says he was surrounded by a regiment of Cromwell's Ironsides, but escorted personally by his own guards and the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber. The Colonel commanding the Parliamentary troops walked bareheaded beside him, and the King laid his head on the block with no sign of fear; for he believed to the end in his divine right of kingship and claimed descent from Edward the Confessor, who had ruled England on that basis.

In the museum were things to suit all tastes. Francis unearthed the saw they used to amputate Lord Nelson's arm and a cabinet or curious cylindrical desk the great Admiral had used at sea. Harrison found a mounted carrier pigeon which had been given the Victoria Cross for gallantry in action. The bird, though shot and badly wounded, had reached its cote with a message. Models of the battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo were laid out on



THE CENOTAPH



seascape and landscape molded to scale. In Lord Wolseley's Room we saw the arms and decorations of that famous soldier; for a while, I think, George had him mixed up with the Cardinal. Dick, Jim and Bezie liked

the ship models best and so did Francis.

Five o'clock was closing time, and we followed Dick and Stewart out for tea. It was then that the Doctor had occasion to explain to us with some heat that a kilt was a kilt—not a pair. A plaid was a shawl, not a design—Tartan was that. Scones never rhymed with stones; we must say scons; to drive the lesson home, he ordered enough for two troops, and we ate every one. Unfortunately, Harrison and Bob had wandered off to see Cleopatra's Needle by the river, and Roger and Tom were also on their own. looking at the Air Memorial; so they missed that tea. Somehow or other we got together at Charing Cross. It seemed no time at all to Gillwell and the tents.

That night the men of the training course held a farewell sing, indoors because of the rain. We were invited to join them. They began the party with an America yell for luck. Each patrol then put on a show. We had a marvelous St. George and the Dragon for one thing. The dragon was six or seven men long, had flashlight eves fit to melt your bones with terror in the dark, and, for a final touch, a motor-horn roar under his sheets. St. George brandished a wooden sword and nobly rescued a damsel in distress, who was really, it appeared, the Roman Catholic priest from Germany. Afterward we heard some new songs and several old ones-"Camperdown Races," "Mary Had a William Goat," "Shenandoah," and "The Darby Ram, Sir." One group had a mouth organ. The Scandinavians sang a very stirring air in their own tongue, and so did the Dutch. As the Mayor of Plymouth had said on another occasion, it was a jolly iollification all round.

Captain Wilson brought out the Kudu Horn and blew

it for us before we left. He even passed it round for all to handle. Sir Robert captured this in personal combat from a Matabele chief in 1896. He had told us about it at Bentley. Captain Wilson also showed us the Necklace of Dinizulu and explained that Sir Robert obtained it in 1888 near the Transvaal while reconnoitering against a Zulu chief. When a Scout Master qualifies in the Gillwell course, he is given two wooden beads, replicas of those on Dinizulu's Necklace, and he wears them on a leather lace about his neck. Deputy Camp Chiefs receive four beads, one of which is an original from the Zulu's necklace; but they keep this only while on active Scout work.

Toward the end of the meeting, we asked the Chief to accept a Paoli 1 Troop flag as a memento of our visit. We also gave Dr. Lucas a First Class pin to show our appreciation for all he had done. The assembled Scouters cheered and we sang, "Back to Gillwell"; then, just as the last strains of "God Save the King" rang through the Troop Room, Horace, Harrison, and Bezie played taps outside—taps and an echo far off in the trees. I think the Scouters liked it. They held a salute through the notes of

the bugles, which seemed strange to us.

The next three days fairly flew. Sunday was rest day. After early service we wrote letters. Harry surprised us all by appearing in a borrowed kilt, which everybody had to put on and pose for a picture. Our bugling experts went to the Lodge and played an accompaniment to "Marching Through Georgia" as one of the Scouters thumped it out on the piano. A Scouter, by the way, is an adult leader, not an everyday Scout. The effect was stirring if not melodious. Harrison after breakfast took a walk with some others and helped Jim with lunch. That lunch was a real one—steak and gravy and mashed potatoes. Bezie, a wise camper, aired his blankets, then

spent the day with his family, who had motored to Gillwell Park to see him. Dick, as postman, had a busy day.

Our troop flag was flying from the camp staff all day -a touch that pleased us mightily. After dinner, Captain Wilson motored with Mr. Coquhoun and me to Bentley down in Hants, where John was stopping with Sir Robert. Poor John had been through a siege of it with his ear since Winchester. We had left him in hospital for a while, and now he was recuperating at Pax Hill under the watchful eye of Lady Baden-Powell. Finding John in good shape, we all had supper together and motored back by way of Aldershot, Staines Bridge, and Wembley, where the great Exposition was held a year or two before. Aldershot is interesting as a permanent training-ground for the army. We saw a lot of Scotch soldiers there in tartan trousers, Glengarry bonnets, and everyday tunics of khaki-a curious combination that amused John not a little. Near by is Bagshot House, the home of the Duke of Connaught, uncle of the King. The Duke is the President of the Boy Scouts Association and tremendously keen on Scouting. At Gillwell, when we got there, we found Harry, Bezie and the rest dancing in the lodge, folk dances, at that, and complicated no end. They gave John a cheer as they finished Bean-Setting and we headed for bed.

Monday it rained, but we went to Oxford in spite of it and had a rare day. From Praed Street—Paddington—it took us quite a while to get there, and clouds hung heavy all the way; but the soft green of Bucks and Berks seemed the smoother for that, and no one could deny the charm of the mist that blued the upper valley of the Thames when rain filled the air. At Oxford we cashed some checks, had lunch, and then forgot weather in the magic of the High, that lovely street running from Carfax, or the Crossroads, past college after college to the

tower of Magdalen by the river. How anything can equal St. Mary the Virgin, halfway down, I do not know. We went through Christ Church College and Christ Church Quad by way of Tom Tower Gate and then saw the Commons or dining-hall and the ancient kitchens beneath. Christ Church Chapel is peculiar in that it is both college chapel and town cathedral, for Oxford, of course, is a bishop's see. The great Cardinal Wolsey founded Christ Church College and it was called Cardinal Col-

lege for many years in his honor.

We explored Magdalen with its tower that Princeton has copied. We climbed the rotunda of the Radcliffe Camera and counted the spires and turrets that rose on all sides in such a profusion of carving and beauty that Oxford is called—and rightly—the fairest city in England. Certainly no other place affords such variety of collegiate architecture, such cloisters and quads where the lawns are like velvet and the lichened buttress of hall and chapel frames gardens as gay as a painted screen. Our guide at the Radcliffe, just tipsy enough to be talkative, said that G. Washington went to Brasenose—one of the colleges here—but never paid his tavern bill. He said it was still due—chalked on the wall for record. He told Dick that women students were ruining the place; they even rowed on the Isis. That is what they call the Thames here-but only at noon, he added, when the young gentlemen are at lunch! Oxford would be proper to the end. We left him trying to persuade Stewart that Mr. Lincoln went to Oriel and paid all his bills. He'd nothing against Honest Abe, but Washington was a bit of a blade. That score should be settled. Perhaps he thought Stewart would pay it.

From Radcliffe, we wandered about as we pleased, seeing New College, the Bodleian Library, All Souls, Balliol, Merton, each a separate college, but still a part

of the great University. We toured the Long Walk by Magdalen—Addison's, they call it—and we followed Roger and Bob round the Deer Park here. The herd numbers one deer for each Fellow of the College. Somebody told Ned the Prince of Wales went to Magdalen, and somebody else made sure we pronounced it Maudlin. The gardens about it and the view of its tower from the bridge over the Cherwell are matchless.

Tuesday was packing day; so we cooked our own breakfast and shared it with a swarm of bees and vellow jackets that drove Tom and Dick nearly frantic. Afterward we washed clothes in the hostel and dried them as well as we could round the furnace. John hurried off with Dr. Lucas for another sight of London. The rest of us, having aired our blankets and finished with the wash, got everything shipshape, then went in to town after a cold lunch. There we did as we pleased, some going to the Imperial War Museum again with Harrison and Bob, others, like Bezie, getting their films from the chemist's, or going with Jim and Dick to buy stamps. Roger meantime was enjoying a farewell lunch with his uncle and aunt; shopping afterward, he met Stewart and Tom by chance near Selfridge's, where Tom's watch was being repaired. Bezie, after he had found his pictures, came back to the Scout Shop for a new belt and slide, then treated himself to a camera in Kingsway. Francis stayed in camp with George and Harry, getting his clothes dried the best of us all in the boiler room.

Elliott went off with me to the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, then past the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament to the Tate Gallery nearer the river. Many of the pictures were familiar to him from copies. Most schools have Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" somewhere on the walls and Elliott recognized it at once. At the Tate we saw, also, some vigorous bronzes, among them a group

of almost life size, Queen Elizabeth playing chess with King Philip of Spain. The sea was their chessboard, and their chessmen were ships. Before we left Elliott and I had tea in the basement and watched an artist at work on the wall. By appointment, we all met at Liverpool Station for dinner. After eating, we split into groups again. Jim, Horace, and Bezie went to a play. By chance they picked Dracula and had the thrill of their lives; indeed, they were almost too scared to come home in the dark. Roger went with Tom and Stewart to the Haymarket and saw Yellow Sands. Harrison, Bob, and John came to Chingford and took in a movie-Gloria Swanson in Fine Manners. Coming home from the show, they got the shoes they had left to be fixed that morning. We gave the cobbler at Chingford plenty to do. In camp, George and I talked till the late-comers were in. It was after one by the time they got there, but what did that matter? Our last night at Gillwell was clear, and we had John back.

On Wednesday the Staff gave us a farewell breakfast at Headquarters, for our plans were to make an early start and reach Canterbury by train in time for lunch. The van would follow by the roads. Every one gathered on the lawn to say good-by, Staff and Scouters and every one else, men from Germany and France, from India, China, and Japan, from the British Isles and all over the Empire, seventeen nationalities they totalled that morning; and we knew, even as they waved us "Good luck and good hunting!" that we had been privileged in sharing with them our experience of Gillwell. At heart Gillwell is just what the Chief Scout calls it—the Home of Scouting.

As we took our last look at the rambling old Hall and saw for the last time the queer pointed chimney pots which some Welsh owner once put there, we wanted to

ground packs and stay a while longer. Even John had been won by the place in two days. We wanted to see again the funny old crinoline staircase with its bannisters bulging to give room for a hoopskirt. We wanted to sit by the fire and hear Dr. Lucas lead off with a song or the Camp Chief raise "Back to Gillwell." But that couldn't be; so off we went, walking fast to get it over, while the men by the door sang "Auld Lang Syne." We'll never forget Gillwell and all they did for us there, and some day some of us, I hope, will find a chance to go back for "The Gillwell Cure," as the song names it:

If the Troop's going west, and you feel you are done, And Scouting is not any good,
Don't throw up the sponge, with the battle not won,
And say you have done all you could.
But pack up your kit, get a grin on your face,
Just grab at your hat and your staff,
To Gillwell get off at your very best pace,
The land where they teach you to laugh.

You will live in the open the whole of the day, And you'll find out the joy of hard work, And, what is much more, you will learn to obey, And never a duty to shirk.
Your appetite grows while the sun bakes you brown Or cooks you a fine lobster red,
Like a boy you will find yourself playing the clown, And forgetting you wished you were dead!

Harrison, Francis, Jim, and Elliott stayed with two others to break camp. They followed us by van as soon as they had policed our site and packed. Crossing the Thames at Woolwich Ferry after an hour's wait for a boat there, they drove through Kent and followed the old London-Dover Road to Canterbury, where they joined us at teatime. This road is a part of Watling Street, and

men traveled along it before Caesar's Legions landed. The main body went directly to London, changed for Victoria Station, and entrained. We had to laugh at Roger that morning, for in his excitement he tried to push past the ticket-man. In England, you give up your railway ticket as you leave the platform, not while on the train. The collector barred the way and asked for the ticket; so poor Roger began feeling through his pockets and looking in his hatband, while the rest of us quite heartlessly hurried on. Finally, the ticket-chopper made a grab at what he had in his hand. It was the ticket! Roger had been gripping that for dear life all the way from Chingford, but never thought about it when the rush came.

At Victoria Station the son of the Archdeacon of Canterbury, Mr. Martin Hardcastle, met us. He was in Scout uniform and explained that he had come up from Clifton College, where he was a Master, on purpose to greet us. Thanks to him, our journey seemed short, for he kept us busy looking at orchards here and oast-houses there and once, near Rochester, at a square Norman tower as old, he said, as the Conquest. The oast-houses reminded Ned of Mr. Eggar's and the hop-vines of Bentley. The ruins at Rochester remind one again of Pepys and his Diary, for he came here one September day in 1665 while on his way to Gravesend:

I did there walk to visit the old Castle ruines, which hath been a noble place; and there going up I did upon the stairs overtake three pretty mayds or women, and took them up with me, and I did baiser sur mouches, et toucher leurs mains to my great pleasure. But, Lord, to see what a dreadful thing it is to look down the precipices, for it did fright me mightily, and hinder me of much pleasure which I would have made to myself in the company of these three, if it had not been for that. The place hath been very noble and great and strong in former ages.

The moment we glimpsed the red tiled roofs and narrow winding lanes, we knew we should like Canterbury. Mr. Haynes, a local Scout Commissioner, met us at the station. He must have planned our day in advance.

Even before lunch, we had walked past the Dane John and explored part of the city wall. The Dane John is a park with a long avenue of lime trees in it. Close by is the mound of a castle and the keep or donjon of what once was a mighty fortress. People referred to the Donjon Mound for ages and finally corrupted it to the Dane John Mound, and that is what we heard them call it today. This Norman keep is the third largest in England. It is the one William the Conqueror built and called his "motte and bailey castle of Canterbury." Across from it Mr. Haynes pointed out the Martyrs' Field where forty odd men and women were burned at the stake in Queen Mary's day for their religious belief. Following the city wall, we saw the huge moat, now drained, or perhaps it always was dry. Near it were two things that made us pause. One was George Stephenson's original steam-engine, the Invicta, built in 1825 and said to be the first passenger locomotive in the world. The other was the capstan of Lord Nelson's flagship in 1798, the Foudroyant. We passed on by the wall, glimpsed Mercery Lane and the Christ Church Gate of the Close, saw the site of Chequers Inn and the little Sun Inn of Sun Lane, where Mr. Micawber used to sit at the window, waiting for something to turn up. I think it was only then we began to realize that we were in David Copperfield's town, and Harry thrilled when somebody told him we could see Uriah Heep's 'umble 'ome near St. George's Place.

After lunch in the town, we entered the Cathedral Precincts and climbed the matchless Angel Tower. It is 235 feet high, and they call it Bell Harry for the great bell

that hangs there. Bezie was soon chatting with a stone mason repairing the top. The man said he had spent all his life seeing to the fabric in this way, taking out worn stones and putting in new ones year after year. He added that both old stone and old mortar seemed to last better than new. Fifty years has crumbled some new work. Much of the old has nine hundred years to its credit and is good as ever. Going up Bell Harry, we had our first chance to look at stone groining from abovethat is, the top of a stone ceiling. In fact, Harry walked about on it, for there is a space as high as a room between the stone-arched ceiling of the church and the oakbraced roof of lead above it. Coming down, we spent a short time in the Cathedral; then, since a service was due, we went outside and walked for an hour or more through the ancient Close and Cloisters and round about the gardens of the Precincts, where the Dean's flowers surpassed those of a palace. We saw the Kent War Memorial back of the Cathedral on the Bowling Green and a tiny chapel above it in the thickness of the city wall. At five we had tea in Mercery Lane, found our van detail just arriving, and gave them some; then went back to pitch camp. The Dean of Canterbury, who was waiting for us, took me to the Archdeacon's garden. It was a lovely place, green as an emerald and bright with sunshine and flowers. On one side rose the Cloisters of the Garth and the gray dream of the Angel Tower; the archdeacon's house bounded the other, and house and cloister were connected by walls. Flowers and shrubs and vines were everywhere. Somebody told Ned and Harrison the turf here had been rolled and weeded and cared for four hundred years since the last sod was laid.

As I walked about with the Dean and Martin Hard-castle—it was his father's garden we were in—I began to wonder where our camp was to be. The Dean must

have been puzzled, too, at my delay, for after a bit he suggested we start—it was getting late. I asked him where and he said: "Why, here! That's what we're trying to show you."

The Precincts of Canterbury and an Archdeacon's garden seemed a queer place for tents. I looked at the priceless grass and shook my head, but the Dean only chuckled.

"Put them up! Put them up! I'll warrant there's been none here since they built it. Nine hundred years is high time to start!"

Pitch them we did. Ten minutes later eight tents were standing in the garden, as neat as Dick knew how to make them; but still tents are tents and need some pegging. I shuddered as Jim drove the last spike home, for the lawn was like a putting green. They play clock golf there. The Dean came out again as we were finishing and asked where the camp fire would be—he wanted to see it. That was one too many for me, and I told him so; but again he chuckled.

"Why not? Why not? It'll be another nine hundred years before we see anything like it. Of course we've got to have one."

I thought of the ground we were on, a place devoted to Christian worship for sixteen hundred years, indeed the very cradle of Anglo-Saxon faith; for here, tradition says, the Christian legionaires of Rome once built a little church. You can see the foundation bricks still in the crypt. I thought of the Kentish church that stood here when the Romans left and St. Augustine came in 597 to christen Ethelbert, the pagan king. I thought of the first cathedral they built here, part of it still to be seen, and I thought of St. Thomas à Becket, the martyred archbishop, with Henry of England in shame at his shrine. I thought of every ruler of the realm from Saxon days till now coming here in pilgrimage to England's mother-church.

It was staggering, but we took the good Dean at his word. We actually made a sort of gravel pit off in one corner, and when the time came for flint and steel, not only the Dean was there, but His Worship the Mayor as well.

Tents and a camp fire in the shadow of Bell Harry, American Scouts in neckerchiefs and shorts by the Martyr's Garth, our wood smoke drifting through Becket's Cloister! The Dean was right. It will be a time till they see it again.



Chapter X

CANTERBURY AND THE CHANNEL

OUR CAMP FIRE in the Precincts followed supper, of course. Before that we assembled by the Green Close gate and marched with Mr. Haynes and Mr. Hardcastle to the Guildhall, where the Mayor and Corporation of Canterbury received us and reporters took down the speeches. Tom found them in next morning's paper, and we were quite elated to read what we'd said. Coming back to the Cathedral, we played clock golf till our hosts surprised us with lemonade and cake served on the lawn. It was after this that we held the famous camp fire and sing. To hear a Dean of Canterbury, the Mayor, and some of the Minor Canons tune in on "Clementine" and "Old Folks at Home," with Horace and Elliott setting the pace, was a treat. The Dean confided to me sub rosa that he supposed his illustrious predecessors must be turning in their graves, especially one who had made it a rule that no one talk very loud in the Precincts, let alone whistle or hum! There was mighty little humming in our songs. We trolled them out with a will, the Dean and Hardcastle as lusty as any. The good Dean said that such fellowship with boys meant more to him than an artificial odor of sanctity, and I agreed.

As twilight deepened and the night gained a softer hue, lilac and lavender stealing out from the walls and the flame of our fire at play on the cloister, Mr. Hardcastle began to tell us, and vividly, too, the story of Thomas à Becket, for the murder of that prelate had taken place within twenty yards of where we sat. Already the garth was dim with mystery and shadow. His description of it in that phantom garden made an impression of Canterbury that comes to few, I warrant, who go there.

Across the lawn had been the monastery where on the afternoon of December 29, 1170, the martyred bishop



was first approached by the knights who killed him a little later as the vesper bells were chiming for service. There were four of them—Fitzurse, Tracy, Morville, and Brito. Fully armed under their surcoats, these Norman renegades had crossed from France on purpose, stirred to the deed by Henry II., who cried in their presence: "Of the cowards who eat my bread, is there not one who will free me of this turbulent priest!" They took

him at his royal word and planned the murder. The king and Becket, of course, had been at odds for a long time, ecclesiastical authority conflicting with that of the state.

Behind us was the cloister and the garth across which the archbishop's monks had drawn him, protesting, to the safety of the church. His reply to the knights as they threatened him has come down to us through the centuries: "In vain you threaten me. If all the swords in England were brandishing over my head, your terrors could not move me. Foot to foot, you will find me fighting the battle of the Lord!"

Inside the church door was the martyrdom itself, the spot, in St. Benedict's Chapel, where the murderers struck him down and dashed out his brains at the foot of the altar, while the terrified monks fled from the scene. Few crimes have stirred Christendom more—the Primate and Metropolitan of All England murdered in his own Cathedral church of Christ, in the vestments of his office and the sanctuary of God! Two years later the king who instigated the outrage had walked the Pilgrim's Way from Winchester-himself the first to tread it. He had crossed the garden where we sat and, fasting and discrowned, been scourged in penance at the tomb. By 1174, only four years after the murder, Becket was canonized as St. Thomas of Canterbury, and thousands were coming to his shrine, as they did for the next four centuries in astounding numbers. It is on record that 100,000 pilgrims at a time were registered in Canterbury before the shrine was destroyed.

To hear such a story and to see about us the very stones, the walls and towers that had been there at the time, to feel the magic and the mystery of midnight in that ancient garth, made the picture real to us indeed. To cap it, Hardcastle suggested a tour of the Cathedral by night; the stars were clear, and there would be plenty

of light. Ned voted aye before you could wink. The next hour was amazing. By daylight, Canterbury's grandeur is hard to credit; its height and the rising sweep from nave to choir and on to the altar leave one awed. But at midnight, with its pillars silvered by the star-gleam and the shadowed vastness of the groining half-hinted above, the picture quite beggared description. No one spoke as we followed Becket's way through the cloister and came to the Martyrdom transept. It was uncanny, standing there in the hush of that darkened church, our very bodies lost in the loom of column and arch and shrouded wall.

We walked toward the choir on tip-toe, holding each other's arms; then, close by the rood screen, we had the scare of our lives, for a light suddenly appeared below us in the nave. Somebody was coming nearer in the dark, a hollow sound of footfalls beating on the stones. I heard Harrison catch his breath, and George's hand got a grip on mine like steel. Then Hardcastle turned his flash and called to the watchman making his rounds. We'd never thought of that, and a sigh of relief went up in the dark. Leaving the choir, we single-filed to the crypt below, and this was more scary still. The place was pitch-black except for Hardcastle's flash.

We saw the chapel of Our Lady of the Undercroft here and a chantry built by the Black Prince in honor of his bride, the Fair Maid of Kent. Coming round a bend, Hardcastle played his light on a pillar ahead, and there in the darkness gleamed Becket's Ghost! Just what it really is nobody knows, for it isn't a painting, though one may at some time have been here. The Martyr's outline can be traced on the stones in ghostly, uncertain white. To see it unexpectedly in that darkened croft, as we saw it, with the boom of Bell Harry tolling a muffled midnight above. is an experience worth having-if you don't mind Norman kings for company and the grave of a murdered

bishop unmarked, damp-sweating, in the floor. They say poor Becket's bones were laid here secretly when Henry VIII. destroyed his shrine. We left the crypt by an underground passage which Francis had heard belonged to a monastery that once adjoined it. This, too, was creepy, feeling our way in the murk over fallen stones and past clammy walls that had stood for nine hundred years. It was after midnight when we reached our tents and the Angel Tower had silvered to a sheer pillar of light, a lovely magic thing above us in the sky, its stonework a dream to remember forever.

Thursday morning, nine of us got up early and went to a Communion Service in St. Anselm's Chapel. It was near here, by the southeast transept, that the pilgrims had climbed on their knees to the Shrine of St. Thomas. The shrine stood then in the Chapel of the Trinity behind the High Altar, and the stone steps that led to it were deeply worn. Having more or less followed them from Winchester, though quite inadvertently, it seemed fitting that we should end our own journey in England as they did—at church. Later, we learned that the Archdeacon's house and our camp site in the garden were part of the hostel where they lodged; so we were following them more closely than we knew.

When we came back to the Precincts for breakfast, we found that George and Harrison had been shopping already, Harrison buying an ash-plant cane and George a riding-crop. I wonder if he knew the word "canter" came to us from Canterbury? A canter means a Canterbury lope or gallop, the leisurely amble used by mounted pilgrims on their way to the shrine. A drizzle began as we finished breakfast at Britton's, but we struck tents none the less, and every one worked as hard as he could, for much had to be done. Tents, mess hamper, duffle-bags, all must be packed by noon and shipped to Southampton

for transport home. From now on, we planned to carry packs and travel by train, putting up at inns overnight. One more day in England, then for a try at Sunny France! Elliott, Horace, Dick, and Francis had charge of the baggage and managed to get it off on time by Pickford's Express. As soon as the van had left for the station, John went for a stroll about town, and the rest split up to buy canes. I think we got nearly thirty at two shillings each. From the days of Xenophon's Greeks no trekkers have been able to resist the lure of excess luggage. They must pick up one thing more! When the crowd came back, Mr. Haynes was waiting to show us

St. Martin's beyond the walls.

This is said to be the oldest church in England. Services have been held here for thirteen hundred years. When St. Augustine landed in Kent to convert the Saxons, he found St. Martin's already there, serving as the chapel or private oratory of Bertha, the Christian wife of King Ethelbert, who was a pagan. They told Bezie that the present building or parts of it stood here before the vear 600. It was impressive to see the little church still in use, the Roman tile here and there in its walls, the flat Saxon roof bearing witness to its age. Roger saw the stone font in which Ethelbert was christened—the first Christian King of England. That was in 508. Mr. Hardcastle had told us the night before that he, too, had been christened in it and called Martin for its patron saint. The Danes broke the font during one of their raids, but the pieces were gathered together again, and it stands today as sturdy as ever. Strangely enough, the top is Norman and so is the base, while between them the stonework is authentic Saxon. Harrison, poking about, discovered the hole the lepers looked in during Mass, for they were not allowed in the church. Roger and Bob saw where Bertha the Queen was buried.

Leaving the ancient shrine hidden in its trees, we went out by the lych-gate and walked down St. Augustine's Hill to St. Augustine's College, where missionaries are now trained. This was originally an abbey; the turreted gate was built six hundred and twenty-seven years ago. Little remains of the abbey inside, though the dining-hall is said to be the oldest in England. In the grounds Horace was delighted by a Roman monolith or stone pillar dating back to the legions, which left Britain about the year 400. We saw an arch built by the legionaries in the ruins of St. Paneras and that has its story, too, for this same little ruin of St. Paneras was once the pagan temple of Ethelbert. When he was converted by St. Augustine in 598 and baptized in his wife's chapel, he changed his own temple to a Christian church and dedicated it to St. Pancras. He and St. Augustine also built another church here in honor of St. Peter and St. Paul. John and Harry saw the foundations of it near the ruined abbey. On our way home we went to St. George's Place and found in a near-by lane the house Dickens has described for us as the 'umble 'ome of Uriah Heep. Harry had been waiting for this since London; he seems to have grown up on Dickens. Tom and some of the others followed Mr. Havnes to St. George's Church not far away, and there we saw the signal flag which Sir Roger Keyes flew on the Eve of St. George's Day, 1018, before the gallant attack on Zeebrugge. His message semaphored to the Fleet as the destroyers steamed in was "St. George for England!"

After a good lunch at Britton's, we rested a while, then went by way of the City War Memorial to the Cathedral. Harrison, Jim and Bezie climbed the tower again. They could not resist it. Those who had been on van detail yesterday joined them. Part way up, they saw some of the oldest stained glass in England, a lovely

thing that has survived fire and sack and Puritan sword. Francis was interested in Bell Harry and the curfew it rings each night, while Elliott lost his heart to a huge tread-wheel near the top. They used this to draw up stone when the Angel Tower was building, four hundred and twenty-five years ago, and they are using it still for repairs. That wheel held Elliott like a charm because it was a machine and worked.

This afternoon was the first chance we had to explore the Cathedral at leisure, and we picked up a surprising amount of its history as we wandered about. The great thing was that different points interested different groups, while the total gave us a picture hard to gain in any other way. One of the Canons told Dick it was over thirteen hundred years since Ethelbert of Kent had given the site to St. Augustine for his Church of Christ. Another church had been here in 300 and something, when Roman soldiers who were Christians built it as their shrine. Later they showed us bricks in the crypt, flat Roman tiles, which were said to belong to it. In the next hour we heard much of the early church and the struggle of our forefathers to plant it in Britain. Our guide told us that the first organ in all England had been put here in 600. In 1011 the Cathedral was sacked by the Danes and destroyed. Harry grinned at that and said he knew the Danes would have a hand in it sooner or later. He'd been waiting for them to show up. Cromwell's horses and the Danes seem to be stock in trade where cathedrals were concerned. Canterbury was burned again in 1067—by chance this time, I think they said-and three years later part of the present walls was begun. Lanfranc, a Norman bishop, worked at them for seven years when the Cathedral and the monastery beside it were ready for use. It was not until 1174, however-or ninety-three years later—that William of Sens finished the choir as we see it and gave the church its amazing length. Really it is three churches set end to end, for the nave is immense and has its altar; then comes the choir with the High Altar, and the choir is a hundred and eighty feet, the longest in England. Back even of that is the Trinity Chapel and Becket's Crown, making a staggering total of 522 feet from one end of the Cathedral to the other. No wonder Stewart was surprised at it, but he was even more taken aback by meeting a friend of his on the choir steps as he climbed them to see the length of the nave.

As we walked about we saw more clearly what we had guessed at last night: the Pilgrim Steps worn deep by thousands, the empty site of Becket's Shrine, and near it, in the same Chapel of the Trinity, the actual tomb of the Black Prince, above which, according to his own will, hang his helmet, coat of mail, and shield. That gave Roger and George a thrill. On the tomb itself is the Prince's effigy in armor. He lies there in helmet and spurs and hauberk of iron, a knightly figure. Somebody told Ned that the Black Prince was only sixteen when he fought at Crécy in 1346 and bore the brunt of the battle. At Poitiers in 1356 he captured King John of France and brought him to England in triumph. Since then every Prince of Wales has borne the three-feathered crest and the motto, "Ich Dien" ("I serve"). For it was at Crécy that the King of Bohemia was slain fighting for the French, and the Black Prince, thereby winning his spurs and being made a knight took for his own the dead King's crest and motto. We had seen the three feathers at Tor Royal in distant Devon, but here in Canterbury was the Prince who won them.

The barrenness of the Trinity Chapel surprised us until we learned that Henry VIII. had destroyed Becket's Shrine, which once stood in the middle of it. This shrine was claimed by tradition to be the finest in Christendom. Bluff King Hal not only pillaged it and appropriated to himself the treasures it contained, but hailed Thomas à Becket to appear in court as a traitor to the realm because he had opposed Henry II. and the Crown of England three hundred and sixty-six years before. Being brained, dead and buried those three centuries and a half, the bishop did not heed the royal summons, though his name was struck from the Anglican calendar of saints and they tried to scatter what was left of his bones. Even the floor under the shrine was destroyed. We could see the

newer stones there clearly.

Beyond the Trinity Chapel is Becket's Crown, the rounded east end of the Cathedral. Here we were shown St. Augustine's Chair, an old stone seat said to be the one used when Ethelbert was christened. Every Archbishop of Canterbury has had it at his consecration. Each turn was full of interest. Across from the Black Prince's tomb we looked at the grave of Henry IV. It was dated 1413 and reminded some of us of Falstaff and Glendower and Hotspur of the Percies, for this was the King who fought them. Good old Sir John in Shakespeare's Henry IV. had his theories of a fight. "Instinct," said he on one memorable occasion, "is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct." Glendower, the Welshman, has another priceless passage in the play. Boasting to his friend Hotspur, he cries: "I can call spirits from the vasty deep!"

"Why, so can I," replies his friend, "or so can any man. But will they come, when you do call for them?"

The tomb of a real king meant little, but the words of immortal Sir John, fictitious though he was, seemed very

real to us at Canterbury.

On the left of the choir was a strange monument, reared to one of the early bishops. We looked at it in wonder, for the upper portion showed a figure, life-sized and in full canonicals, a pastoral staff clasped to its

breast. Below, on a coffin-like shelf, but exposed to view, was a carved skeleton in mortcloth and graves-clothesa ghastly, hideous thing, put there to remind his successors that their worldly pomp was fleeting. We explored the Chapel of St. Michael in the southwest transept. They call it the Warrior Chapel today, because many war memorials are here, notably one to the Buffs, an East Kent Regiment. Going outside the porch of this transept, Ned recognized statues to Ethelbert and Bertha in niches, and beyond them we found the end of the strangest tomb in all England-that of Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, he who opposed King John with the Barons at Runnymede. Once this tomb was wholly inside the chapel. Later, when for some unaccountable reason a new east wall was being built, they put the new wall directly over the tomb, leaving half the stone coffin in the church and half of it jutting out. To this day it stands so.

Crossing to the northwest transept, we explored the Martyrdom again. We could see it better this time because of the light, but it was not half so creepy as under the stars. We went to the Treasury and inspected the Cathedral Plate by a special permission. Massive alms basins, chalices and patens, a huge crucifix of silver, were there, amazingly heavy. A few were very old and priceless historically, but most of the Cathedral silver was seized by the Puritans in 1642 and melted into coin for their Army. In that same year they destroyed the beautiful reredos of the altar and smashed as much of the stained glass as they could. Whether or not Cromwell stabled his horses here, we never heard; but Harry said if he didn't, the oversight was strange. As we left the Treasury, Bezie told me two things had impressed him more than all else—the worn steps by Becket's Shrine and the fact we had been allowed to camp in the Precincts where tourists are not even permitted to enter. Each

time we came there, we let ourselves in with a huge iron key and locked the garth gate behind us. This was required of every one who lived there; even the clergy

themselves had to mind that iron key.

The service of evensong was coming on so we followed our guide into the choir-stalls. The great height of the columns, the arches and corbels so far above us, were picked out by an afternoon sun piercing the tinted windows and driving the violet shadows deeper on capital and cornice. After service, some of us went through the Cloister to see the Chapter House and the Library. Francis, Dick, and Horace hurried off with Elliott to St. Martin's, for they had missed it in the morning, when they were busy with the van. Francis found there not only the lepers' hole, which Roger had discovered, but another where excommunicated persons could stand outside and listen to the service, though they could not see the altar from which they were barred. The poor lepers could both see and hear what went on.

From St. Martin's, Elliott went with Mr. Haynes to St. Nicholas Hospital, an ancient place used in the old days for lepers. It was built in 1084, they said, and had changed little since. Dick and Francis wandered off with Horace to the bandstand in the Dane John and listened to the music. Much of it was American jazz, which cheered them mightily. There they climbed the Donjon or Castle Mound and were told the hill had been built by hand in one night. It seemed unlikely, and Horace was hard to convince.

The rest of us explored the town by twos and threes. Rose Lane, Butchery Lane, Mercery Lane, the Cattle Market, the Exchange, each turn and corner had something to show us. Harry, of course, reached Sun Inn first of all, the Little Inn of Sun Lane, immortalized by Micawber. Pointing to the wrong house, he asked a

passer-by if that was where Mr. Micawber lived, and the man, evidently mistaking his meaning, said: "No, sir; Mr. Smith. Never heard of Macgruder."

From Burgate Street on the east we roamed clear to the Westgate where the River Stour winds by the far end of town and the Falstaff Inn hangs its sign from a bracket of iron. This made us think again of Sir John and the times he had stayed here with his nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of Wales on their way to France, though the Prince had become Henry V. by then and Agincourt was near. Near the river is the ancient church of Holy Cross. They built it in 1380, the same year as the twintowered gate. It was here at the Westgate, then a ford of the Stour, that the Romans began their great inland way of Watling Street. Three main roads joined here to form it, one from Dover, one from Richborough, one from Lymme, the bases for supply on the coast. From the Stour ford at Canterbury, Watling Street ran up to London just as it does today, though now they call it the Dover Road.

On our way back through the town, we saw a Huguenot house in St. Peter's Street and noted the great door in
the gable. It was built like a hayloft hatch and had a
pulley beam above it. It seems that many Huguenots,
expelled from France by the Revocation of the Edict of
Nantes in 1685, came to England for refuge and settled
in Kent. Being weavers by trade—and mighty good ones
—they stored their bales in lofts of this sort and got to
work. Near King's Bridge over the Stour, or rather over
a branch of it, we passed a whole street of these quaint
gabled houses, half-timbered and gay with flowers and
vines. They call them the Canterbury Weavers still, for
hand-looms are used there and work goes on much as it
did when Huguenot and Walloon refugees lived by the
little river. Dick had a bond in common with them, for

his people, Huguenots, too, had come to America about the time the weavers came here and in the same cause—

religious freedom.

Last of all, we went to Grey Friars, meeting Mr. Haynes there by appointment. It was the quaintest and most picturesque place we had seen, bright with a garden of flowers in bloom. The Grey Friars were Franciscans or Little Brothers of St. Francis. They landed in England in 1224, when their Founder, St. Francis of Assisi, was still living in Italy. By their vows of poverty they could own no land, not even a house to live in; so about 1270 some kindly soul built for the brotherhood their high-peaked, narrow little monastery arching over the River Stour and lent it to them for shelter. Before this they had slept in wattled huts by the bank, eaten whatever food the townsfolk handed in at their wicket, and spent their lives in helping the sick and poor. Grev Friars today still arches the river and its six hundred and fifty odd years have done it little harm. The brethren of gentle St. Francis had three rooms, one to eat in downstairs, a dormer for sleeping upstairs, and a tiny sort of closet set apart for their leader's chapel. By lifting a trap in the lower floor, they could fish indoors as neatly as you please. The view of the Angel Tower from Grey Friars, over the clustered roofs of the town, is as lovely as any in England. While Bob was getting a picture of it through the east window upstairs, Mr. Havnes told us that Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier poet, lived here more than two hundred and fifty years ago. The last verse of his "To Althea from Prison" is known the world over:

> Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage; Minds innocent and quiet take That for a hermitage;

If I have freedom in my love, And in my soul am free, Angels alone that soar above Enjoy such liberty.

Lovelace was not the only poet of Canterbury. Christopher Marlowe, the beloved Kit Marlowe of the Elizabethans, was born here and went to the King's School, the same school we had seen beyond our camp near the Green Court. Marlowe is generally regarded as the first poet in English tragedy and English blank verse. Harry had read some of his plays at college, but none of us realized he had come from Canterbury until Mr. Haynes told us so and showed us a memorial to him in the park.

We returned to Britton's for tea and on the way saw the Royal Fountain Inn; we could hardly credit the information that it had been an inn since before 1029. Nine hundred years and still going strong! None other in England boasts such a record—if, indeed, in the world. Lanfranc, the archbishop who rebuilt the Cathedral after the fire in 1070, lived here for a while. Becket's murderers are said to have lodged here before their crime.

Not far from the Fountain is Chequers of the Hope—at least, part of its stonework in a newer house. Chaucer sings of this in his *Canterbury Tales*, for it was at Chequers of the Hope that the Pilgrims stayed during their visit to the Shrine:

And specially from every shires end, Of Engeland, to Caunterbury they wende, The holy blisful martir for to seke, That them hath holpen whan that they were seke.

Near Mercery Lane a house was being repaired, and Roger, observant of such things, called our attention to the fact that its scaffolding had been lashed together, not bolted or nailed as is done with us. Sizable wood is scarce in England, and they have learned long since to conserve it. Scaffolding poles are used over and over in this way, for they are not split or broken as they would be if nails had been driven into the wood. Later we saw an iron scaffolding, and it, too, was lashed in place with ropes.

After tea some went on another cane hunt, while Harry and I toured the lanes with an obliging pair of Canterbury Scouts. In Mercery Lane we bought some new socks, for hiking had played hob with our old ones. I found a nice muffler, too, of softest wool and remarkably cheap. Then, because I had no possible use for them, I fell for two egg-cups of silver, crested Sheffield, at three shillings each. Tom still laughs at that and wonders if I've used them. I must admit I haven't. By sunset, we had gathered for the last time in the Precincts and played clock golf as the shadows of Bell Harry and the Cloister turned the lawn to a more radiant green.

At nine o'clock we shouldered packs and left the Close by the Green Court, seeing on our way the Norman Staircase of the King's School. This, Mr. Haynes said, was regarded as the finest bit of architecture of its kind in England. At the High Street we divided, going by groups to our lodgings. Roger and one lot had rooms at Britton's. Francis, George, Dick, and another crew went with me to the Temperance Hotel. After thirty-eight days of sleeping on the ground, as Jim said to Bezie, a feather-

bed seemed Heaven! Every one present agreed.

Friday morning it was hard to get up even at seven o'clock. Rooms are darker than tents, and those Canterbury beds were a dream. But all things end, even Jim's sleep, and the knock of a chambermaid woke us up instead of Bezie's bugle or the Scout Master's thump on a tent top.

Breakfast was scant—two rolls and some tea, "which,"

said Jim, "I consider pretty small." That voiced the general sentiment, but those beds had been too fine for grousing; so we ate everything in sight and piled in the van. A moment later, St. George's Street reëchoed to our cheer and Horace was leading a hip-hip-hip for Mr. Haynes, who had come with his Scouts to see us off. Our last recollection of Canterbury is of that good friend and guide standing in the middle of the road, waving us luck.

The old van was on her springs for fair and feeling the load, sixteen aboard and packs for all, but she made Folkestone by ten notwithstanding, coasting the rolling hills of Kent, past farmstead and village and treescreened manor, past oast-house and forge and the Barham Downs, chugging up slopes to coast again to the sea. Just as we came in sight of it, near Caesar's Camp and the Wind-Gate Hill, our exhaust pipe fell from the engine with a roar like the One Horse Shay and Elliott stopped to fix it, while Bob and Francis got pictures of the Channel. The view was magnificent. We knew then as never before what the Greeks meant by their "winedark water," for that was exactly its color, under the play of sun and cloud and shadowy cliff.

But we had to hurry. One more coast, and the good old car stopped panting on Folkestone quay. Elliott hurried off to turn it in and send word to the owners at Plymouth where we had stored it—an arrangement made between us long before. Harrison climbed with me a precipitous lane to find Lloyd's Bank. The way was so steep that most of it was stepped; yet boys came down on bicycles, and once, halfway up, we met a casual baby-coach beginning to bump along, too. Somebody grabbed it in time, and nobody paid the least heed, not even the baby, who

seemed to enjoy it.

The van safe in a garage and some French money in our pockets, we boarded the Channel packet Biarritz.

Jim, true to form and gallantly mindful of the ladies, persisted in calling it Beatrix, which served as well. Francis found a bronze plate in the lounge stating that the ship had served as a mine-sweeper during the war. As we shoved off at 11:15, Bob, in soulful thought, reported it looked like dirty weather outside, and a storm was brewing on the starboard beam. Already I had retreated below decks and stretched as flat as a flounder on a bench there. Bezie soon appeared to say the clouds were hiding the Cliffs of Dover to the east, and didn't I want a ham sandwich? I didn't! I didn't want anything from the moment I heard the hawser slip at Folkestone till we bumped the pier at Boulogne. George, too, was a bit uncertain and stayed pretty close to a bunk. Both of us had heard of the Channel roll and were taking no chances. But no one was sick and most seemed to enjoy it. About every ten minutes, Ned or Stewart or John would swagger down the companionway and report that the storm was gaining. And wouldn't I try a hot-dog and a pipe? Tom's grin, as he came to see if I had turned green yet, was unfeigned.

Elliott, our commissary officer, had a busy time changing English money into French and trying to make out how much it came to in our own. Just one hour and twenty minutes after leaving Folkestone, we docked at Boulogne in a pouring rain. We had arrived in Sunny

France!

Feeling safe once more, I gobbled the biscuits so recently scorned and twisted into a poncho. Everybody carried his regulation pack, belt, and canteen, and the ponchos draped over the top of them gave us that hump-backed appearance peculiar to American doughboys in rain. It was a help in the end, for the moment we were spied by a gendarme on the quay, he passed us up the gangplank with a spatter of welcoming French that

began like red-hot rivets and ended with: "Les Américains, n'est-ce pas? Voilà, messicurs! Par ici, s'il vous plât!"

At the Customs it was the same. Before we knew it we were in the street, and not a pack touched. Somebody said they had mistaken us for an advance detail of the American Legion, who were due in France a week later. We didn't know, but that landing made an impression, especially the wave of the gendarme's arms as he cleared

the plank at sight of our ponchos.

We had half an hour before train time and hurried off to try our French in the first restaurant we could find. Of course the proprietor was English, but he had grown a black beard and disguised himself enough to fool even Ned. Horace and Harry looked a bit crestfallen when their Parisian queries were answered in Bow Bells cockney; they were evidently taken for English. However, the waiter was French—French to the bone—and we soon had him raving by eating his relish dishes in mistake for the dinner! The poor man stared a moment as though he wanted to cry; then, snatching an empty plate which had held pickled beets from in front of John, he carried it to my end of the table and hit it with his knuckles as only a Frenchman can. Holding it under my nose, he thumped it again: "Mon Dieu, m'sieur! Mon Dieu! C'est un morceau friand! A relish, one each! They tak' eet all! They fee-nish the plate!"

We sat down again and waited, properly humbled. As Sterne tells us in his *Sentimental Journey*, they order this matter better in France, and our dinner, when it came, was excellent, though Harrison didn't like it. Perhaps that was because he had done himself not wisely, but too well, on the relish. For the first time we bought our drinking-water bottled, and that, too, seemed strange.

Hurrying back to the station, Elliott contrived to get

our tickets, second class, to Amiens by way of Etaples and Abbéville. His English accomplished more in two minutes than all our French put together, and George said he felt safer already—he distrusted French because it was so fast! Every one enjoyed that ride through the Pas de Calais, sitting in our own compartment on perfectly comfortable benches and doing it for sous where first class meant francs. Even a franc, Stewart found, was

only four cents.

As we rolled along with the plains of Artois and Picardy on our left, close to Crécy and Agincourt with their memories of the Black Prince and young Henry V., every kilometer brought something new. First Francis spied a war-time graveyard—row on row of plain white crosses. It was the first hint we had of the battlefields, and a Frenchman in the compartment told us that eight thousand soldiers were buried there, killed in the defense of the Somme. Whether they were French or English we didn't hear, but the Somme sector was British, as was all the defense of the Channel ports. A little farther on, Harrison saw a rusted helmet on the bank, and that, too, set us thinking.

At Amiens we tried to locate a French school, the Ecole de St. Martin, where Mr. Haynes had told us we might find lodging for the night. Our efforts were not very successful, for every time we asked any one, directions were politely given us by bows and waving of arms, but always in another way from the last. Even Ned grew discouraged as the confusion increased, but we reached the school at last to find the Head away; so we had to wander back to the market place again. It was here that a French Scout, Roger Sénéchal, suddenly rushed up to greet us with the International Salute. His amazement was great at finding we were not English, but had come all the way from America. He spoke excellent English

and in no time at all made arrangements for us at the Hôtel du Rhin, a sort of annex to the Hôtel de l'Univers on the Place.

A few moments later he was showing us the town, and mighty interesting he made it with his stories of the War, for Amiens had been the center of the Somme fighting for years. He also told us it was the capital of Picardy in the old days, when France was divided into provinces. Peter the Hermit, he said, had been born here. Stewart saw his statue near the Cathedral, and it made us think of the First Crusade. The Cathedral itself, with its façade a miracle of statues and carving, is one of the finest in Europe, and we knew why the moment we saw it. Sunset glowing on the west front had warmed that glorious stonework to a miracle of color. Inside, we liked it quite as well, because there were so few monuments and memorials about the walls to spoil it. I think the old lady who guarded the entrance to the tower and muttered a blessing in return for a tip, rather worried Tom. His nonconformist soul is staunch.

The market place by the river, the boats of the peasants, the eleven streams and countless bridges of the Somme that cut the old town into water lanes, were as foreign to our eyes as the wooden shoes clattering on the cobbles or the occasional dog cart pulling a load of produce through the streets. George's eyes were big as saucers when he saw those sabots. I think the first word he learned in French was that for a wooden shoe. By the time we turned in, every one felt a thousand miles from England and the familiar fields of Kent. Our supper that night was good and we enjoyed the novelty of it tremendously, especially the crisp rolls and tasty soup. Bob, Harrison, Jim, and Bezie, roomed together, two to a bed. George and his tent-mate had the prize room downstairs—the bridal suite, we were told—and it cost just sixty

cents. Ned and Roger roomed with Harry and Elliott, while Dick shared a bed with me. As far as possible we

held to camping assignments.

Before turning in, Bezie investigated a cake shop on the Place and pronounced French pastry even better than it looked. And it surely looked mighty fine. Jim decided our French was pathetic; saddest of all, to his mind, was Bezie's attempt to teach Harrison the language over-

night.

Saturday morning broke gray, but no rain, and we rose at 7:45 to a breakfast of omelette, fresh rolls, and chocolate. Roger said he never knew such bread could grow, and Bob just smacked his lips and had another. Immediately afterward, we split up to see the town. Some went over the Cathedral again to admire the statues on the façade and the glory of its glass. Later they got haircuts for ten cents each, and good ones, at that. Francis, up at eight and ready for business, also went to the barber's, then wrote letters. A little later he guided three others to the same shop and, before he knew it, almost had his own hair clipped again; our French had its lapses. We soon learned, however, that a barber shaves you, while a hairdresser—a coiffeur, if you please—clips. There is quite a difference, especially if you need a haircut badly and your chin can go as is for a while. Some of ours could last for quite a long while indeed before they needed a razor.

From the barber's, Roger—our Roger—went with me and French Roger up the Cathedral tower. On top we caught a magnificent view of the Somme battlefields, low-lying, green with summer crops, the scars of war already healed or hidden from our eyes by the height. Coming down, we explored the market place. Boatloads of fruit and vegetables and flowers lined the river, and peasants in varied costumes were spreading their wares in baskets along the stone-flagged quay. We bought some

pears from a hand-woven osier and found them delicious. Jim, after his haircut, came back to the hotel to pound American jazz on the piano. France was still wild country to him, and he was taking it a little at a time. Dick joined him soon. The details of sanitation, though convenient, had left him too bewildered to speak. He felt safer with Jim. The rest soon drifted in with a huge supply of postcards for home and a souvenir tray hammered from a shell-case; it may have been made in New York. Bob, who had been clipped for two francs, the equivalent of eight cents, added to the din, and all sang merrily till we left for the station and Beauvais. On the way down, Roger Sénéchal showed where great boulevards lined with trees had replaced the old town walls. At the station we embarrassed him and pleased him, too, by giving an American cheer and three long rah's. He'd never heard of such a thing and neither had Amiens, judging from the windows that flew up and the bluebeards that popped from the train. They put us down as English at once and naturally queer. But their whiskers were wonderful. Ned said he spotted a Royal Beaver or a Fox in the Bush every six feet from where we stood to the engine.

Beauvais, in the old province of the Ile de France, was our next halt, and we reached it in time for lunch. On the way there Bob, John, and the rest had a lively time in their compartment, their chief diversion being a game of forfeit in which the loser received a "sunrise" on his knee. Now a sunrise on the bare knee is painful, to say the least, since it consists of twenty or thirty hard whacks in quick succession. Harry suffered most, and the color of his own particular sunrise passed all record. But he got even later by holding his breath longer than any one else—a rare coup! It turned him alarmingly black before

some one broke the spell and made him laugh.

Tramping to the market place of Beauvais with our

packs and ponchos, we soon found an estaminet or inn and had a full-course dinner for twenty-eight cents. George sighed in content as he spied the yard-long loaves of bread, French-fried potatoes by the bowlful, sardines, beefsteak, fruit, and cake, that the Café du Sport laid generously before us. Just why the sardines, nobody knew. They seemed off track with the steak.

Some French Scouts soon turned up, goodness knows where from, and guided us to the Grand Hôtel de France et Angleterre for lodging. Nobody in France knew who we were or that we were coming; yet the way Scouts, or Eclaireurs, as they call themselves, appeared from the blue, was surprising. And they took us in tow with the

best will in the world.

The town of Beauvais is very old, of course, and full of interest. Marshal Foch had his headquarters here during the war, and the French Scouts showed Tom and the rest where it was. A market or fair was going full tilt in the Place, and it proved as strange as the one we had just left at Amiens. The peasant women wore white caps and quaint coiffures of linen. Their wooden shoes and colored aprons matched the ancient houses about the Place. As Bob put it, they had everything for sale here from spinach to pony-carts. The bargaining was lively. Off on one side some fiddlers were playing, and a crowd of men and boys were singing to their tunes. The boys wore black smocks and had rakish bérets on their heads, hats that resemble tam-o'-shanters. At the fair, Bezie bought a shawl for his mother, then went to look at the Cathedral. This immense pile was begun nearly seven hundred years ago and dedicated to St. Pierre, but so far only the choir has been finished. They haven't begun work on the nave. In two minutes, Bezie knew in some mysterious way that its roof was the highest in Europe and that it had carried a tower once, but it fell.

All afternoon we wandered about that fascinating town, a drizzle making our ponchos welcome. We saw the Church of St. Etienne with its roof still shattered from World War shells. Stewart and John found a Roman basilica back of the Cathedral, and a lady Scout Master told Tom it had been built in the sixth century and was the oldest thing of the sort in France.

Our French was producing some funny results all this while, once almost a riot, for two groups of Scouts turned up to show us about and tried in vain to see if we were Catholics or Protestants. To have both in one troop passed comprehension, apparently; so I suppose they put us down as infidels all round. Some of them, however, traded spare buttons and badges for ours and didn't seem to care a whit about our being heretics on one side or the other.

Jim liked the Cathedral a lot and so did Elliott, especially a marvelous astronomical clock which is wound only once in a hundred years—we doubted that, but every one assured us it was so. Coming home, some town boys spied our bare knees under the ponchos and rushed up crying: "Ecossais! Ecossais! Scotchmen!" Then, noting our Scout hats, they changed to "Ah, non!

Non! Non! Les américains! The beeg hats!"

Sunday morning we had another fine breakfast and George pronounced it good. French cooking appealed to George. He agreed with Roger that the bread was the best he had ever tasted. Harry held a strict inspection at eight and saw we were in apple-pie order before leaving the hotel. He looked at everything from combed hair to cleaned and dubbined shoes. He also inspected the rooms before breakfast to check how well we kept them. Before the rest got up, Harry was heard fussing about himself and washing clothes. When his room awoke, Jim said it looked like a Chinese laundry.

After mess, John and some others went to Mass in the Cathedral while the rest followed our lady Scout Master, a Protestant, to the Beauvais tapestry works, the Manufacture Nationale, where world-famous tapestries have been embroidered for ages. The lady Scouter was bound that no more should go to Mass than she could help. At the Cathedral, Mass in Latin and a sermon in French proved more than a puzzle to those who had never seen a service of this kind before. About noon, both groups met in the Place and went to the Hôtel de Ville, as they call their town hall. Stewart and Horace admired several huge paintings here of Jeanne Hatchet, a warlike lady who seems to have saved the town some centuries ago, either for or against the Duke of Burgundy, by knocking in heads with an ax. Her statue, ax and all, stands in the market place, and every one still talks about her; but we did wish we could get the Burgundy matter straight. Every time Harry asked if she fought for the Duke, our guides would smile and nod delightedly: "Mais oui, m'sieur!" When we asked if she fought against the Duke, the same smiles and pleasure at our interest in local affairs, but the answer a bit conflicting: "Mais oui! Certainement, m'sieur!"

Perhaps in those parlous times Jeanne had a go on both sides.

It was here in the Hôtel de Ville that Marshal Foch, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies in the World

War, had his headquarters.

Later, we saw the Palais de Justice, the Beauvais Museum, and had another look at the famous Cathedral clock. Tom was told that it contained 91,000 pieces, ran by a tiny weight that scaled less than an ounce, and actually was only wound up once in a century, as they had said before. John looked doubtful, but it may be so. Besides the sun and moon and stars and all the powers of

heaven, it has a marvelous array of figures that move about the face. A cock crows, Gabriel sounds the last trump, good souls go to Heaven and bad ones to Hell. Angels, a bit stiff in the joints, escort the good ones indoors, harping on their harps, while devils with wicked-looking pitchforks jab at the rest and flames rise in harrowing fashion. All that is on the front of the clock, for it stands as high as a small house. On the sides of it, waves move up and down and a little ship sails round and round the Isle of Jersey! Surely in all the world there is no clock like it, but Ned could not help wondering why they made it and what it had to do with the church.

After dinner at noon, nearly every one walked. Roger wrote letters first. Horace and Jim went clear round the town taking in the War Memorial, then out to the country beyond it. As Jim was buying some stamps on his way home, a French lady kindly gave him some old ones for his collection. John went with another group somewhere else, ending up in a pastry shop for tea. Bob and Dick hiked it with me to a village seven or eight kilos away, where we saw a quaint old church hung with flowers. We had never seen the like before and supposed it was en fête for its patron saint.

George celebrated the day of rest with a wrestling match in his room, then sampled some more cakes. George was putting on weight in France. Dick, feeling his oats a bit, too, got in a water fight with me before we started on our walk, then hid behind the door when the lady of the house rushed up with a tongue that blistered me speechless, though I can't much blame her. The fight was harmless and only a glassful got on the floor, but a little fell on the counterpane. The memory of her finger pointing at it, with Dicky rigid back of the door she had opened, and I trembling in the open, will last forever. All

I could say was: "Oui, oui, madame! Oui, oui, madame!" But what she said would fill a book.

After supper, we had a little service of our own at the inn, then went to bed. Our first full day in a French country town had been a delight.

Chapter XI

THE BATTLEFIELDS AND PARIS

Monday morning was the twenty-second of August. We had landed in France the nineteenth. At 5:45 A.M. Horace made his rounds and routed us out—every one, that is, except the maître d'hôtel. We hurried over to the Café du Sport as soon as we were dressed, and there Ned and John showed the rest of us how to play havoc with French bread and omelettes. Back at our lodgings, we rolled packs and stood an inspection in the courtyard. It was after seven by this time and mine host still abed. The train for Paris was leaving soon, and we could not for the life of us find any one to give us our bill. Finally Elliott went to the proprietor's room and told him we were starting in two minutes. If our score was not presented in that time, we'd go on without it. It was presented.

For the next two hours we rode third class toward Paris through the pleasant harvest fields and farmlands of the Oise, eager to catch our first glimpse of the city. Bob's chief diversion en route was a game of Up Jenkins. Harrison, Dick and others joined him. For a change they played a little chess—or rather tried to, for chess on a third-class bench can be a bit bumpy and the pawns dance all over the board. Francis took a nap. Like a wise soldier, he believed in eating and sleeping when he had the chance.

The Gare du Nord received us at eleven o'clock, and it was an excited crowd that hurried from the station to stare at the scurrying taxis of the capital and say with Harrison: "So this is Paris!"

Leaving Horace in charge, Harry and I hurried off to cash a traveler's check at Barclay's Bank, and quite a time we had to find it till a kindly Frenchman took us in tow. The speed of the motors, the honking of horns and utter lack of traffic control, kept both of us dodging in a lively game of sauve-qui-peut, or devil-catch-the-hind-most, but we finally got our money, reached the haven of the station in safety, and crossed to the Gare de l'Est in time to find compartments in the Strassbourg express. Our goal was Verdun and the American battlefields of Lorraine and the Argonne.

It was a fascinating ride as we crossed the Departments of the Seine, Seine-et-Marne, Marne, and the Meuse. We had two compartments and plenty of room to stretch a bit, piling our packs in the corners. The alluring beauty of the Marne valley, as fair a countryside as man could wish, caught Roger at once, as we followed the river eastward, and Bezie, too, was drawn by the fields of ripening grain, now mellow with autumnal harvest in the Marne

and Champagne, as wind rippled their amber surface like the sea and a brilliant sun added its charm to the glow of

August weather.

At Château-Thierry the first signs of American fighting appeared and Tom was quick to spot them—a ruined church tower yonder on the hill, a village with here and there the gleam of newer tiles among its red-roofed old ones, and once a church and farmhouse wholly shattered. That was the end of Up Jenkins for a while, and every one crowded the windows to see. George and Harrison had a quick eye for ruins, and spotted more than one on the northern slopes.

We passed Epernay about noon and changed cars at Châlons-sur-Marne for Verdun. Some bought chocolate bars here or bananas for lunch. From Châlons on, it was more familiar ground. Sainte-Menehould meant the start

of Lorraine and the Argonne. Close by at Valmy, the French defeated the Prussians in 1792. Horace, who had read Carlyle's French Revolution, knew all about that, and so did Tom. Les Islettes, Clermont-en-Argonne, Récicourt, Dombasle, Blercourt, had a different meaning for me, especially, as more and more ruins appeared with here and there a crumbling trench, a shattered wood, or a dugout still intact.

It was strange indeed to see from a railway coach the very barn in Dombasle-en-Argonne where I had washed a wounded runner's blood from my trench coat ten years before, or to show John the hill where Colonel Smith was gassed in September of '18. It was this officer who made possible our visit to Verdun by a special contribution in the name of his Regiment. The Regimental headquarters in Dombasle were in a sand-bagged cellar and a shell had struck the house above it the day we took over. We saw the same house as the train rattled by, repaired and livable as ever.

A little later, near Blercourt, we passed the road where the 316th Infantry, Colonel Smith's Regiment, had climbed from their busses in the gray dawn of September and hurried to the shelter of Sivry Wood above before entering the battle of the Meuse-Argonne. Two months later, the great drive was over and they were relieved—with a casualty list of 1,936 officers and men out of less than 3,000 effectives. At one time the Regiment's losses, killed and wounded, passed ninety per cent. of their available strength, but they still attacked with the handful left and earned by so doing their motto, "We Dare." Wheat and oats were growing where I had last seen falling shells.

At Verdun we stretched cramped legs, shouldered packs, and marched through the Porte de St. Paul to the Cheval Blanc in the Rue de Ru. A hungrier lot you never

saw. It was twelve hours since breakfast in Beauvais, and Ned said he had caved in. John looked as if he could eat a house, while Dick licked his chops at a sweetmeat shop along the way. But the dinner we got was fine and our lodging excellent. The latter cost us four francs or sixteen cents a room, thanks to Elliott's bargaining powers. He had charge of such things and saw that our budget balanced each day. After a feast that lasted over an hour, we all hurried out to see the historic town, for we realized that the defense of Verdun had not only saved France in the war, but given to the world a story of courage and sacrifice rarely equaled in history. Francis wisely bought a set of maps that helped us a lot later on, for they showed where the various battles had been fought and the relationship of each to each. Splitting up into parties, Roger and Harry went with me in the twilight, following the west bank of the Meuse to the Porte Chaussée, then crossing it to the Faubourg Pavé and back again by the old stone bridge to our inn. The last time I had been in the Faubourg, shells were falling on the Etain Road and the broken tiles of our headquarters rattled overhead every time the naval railway guns replied from a siding near by.

Jim spoke for the Troop on Tuesday when he said it was the most interesting day he had spent in his life. To start with, we got up after a night's rest on feather beds, and that makes a difference, especially when they are French beds, where three or four mattresses are piled on top of each other and you forget what is meant by a puptent. At nine sharp that morning, we set out for the trenches. Arrangements had been made to have a French officer show us around—Colonel Marchal, Chef des Missions in Verdun. There were four cars on hand in the Rue

Mazel, and we lost no time in starting.

It was like a dream to me as we swung into the Rue de

St. Paul, past the Palais de Justice and the Place Jeanne d'Arc, then cleared the ramparts for open country. My regiment had been here in '18, when most of Verdun was a ruin and nobody in his fondest hopes could suppose it would survive for people to live in; at that time the civil population had gone and the entire town was an empty shell. Led by our guide, out we went past Charny and Bras, still bleak by the banks of the river, then on by Vacherauville-the Cow Town of our 70th Division Headquarters. I recalled it as a heap of stones with a gasdrenched ditch leading through rubble to a dugout in the mud. Near Fort de Douaumont, the French Colonel showed Bezie and George a hillside so pocked with shells that not even a stone could be seen. It was as bare as the quarries of Haudromont near by; yet here was the site of Douaumont Village in 1914. The site of Vaux was much the same, not a wall or even a cellar left.

We came to the Trench of the Bayonets a moment later. Here, under a concrete shelter, can be seen the actual remains of a trench blown in by shell-fire. The poilus or soldiers in it were waiting to hurl grenades at the time and had leaned their rifles on the parados behind them. When the walls of the trench were crumbled by the barrage of high explosive, the rifles stayed where they were. And to this day, seven or eight of them can be seen, muzzles jutting out of the ground, some carrying the long French bayonet—Rosalie, the poilus call it—others bare. And the tangled wire, barbed an inch long, rusts about them as it was hurled by the shells that did the damage. The man who drove Jim's car told us he had been wounded himself on the hillside a few rods below. Tom and Harrison saw the place.

From the Tranchée des Baionnettes we went to the Douaumont Ossuary—a place where human bones are being stored as fast as they are gathered from the battle-

fields round about. On our way we passed groups of men digging up shell fragments and wire from the ground. Literally, with pick and shovel they were surface-mining for iron on those riven hills. Every inch of ground here has been churned and rechurned with shell-fire till the subsoil lies mostly on top. Untold tons of metal are buried in it, and you cannot kick over a piece of clay and find it clear of pieces. The Ossuary of Douaumont is a temporary structure of wood, soon to be replaced by the huge Mortuary now building. We saw this on the hilltop—a long, grim cloister of granite with a tower in the midst where a light will burn forever. Inside will be laid the thousands upon thousands of unmarked bones they still are picking up from the fields. We saw boxes of them piled from floor to ceiling in the Ossuary, each box labeled with its sector name. That is as near as they can come to identification of the dead. Four hundred thousand French soldiers were killed here. Roger, Ned, and Dick knelt a moment in the tiny chapel before they left, and some of the others did the same.

At Fort de Douaumont the sky clouded and I saw again the familiar rain-swept grayness of the Meuse, a barren, desolate place of treeless hills and slimy cold gray mud where the chalk crops through the tortured soil and the very grass has a deathly look. It was bare to the sky's rim, as we stood there, mist blowing up from the river and a drizzle that chilled us dripping from our hats. Douaumont in that setting was the Douaumont of ten years ago, and skeletons lying in a broken casemate added to its horror. Why they are left there, God only knows, but they lie apparently where they fell, with rotting equipment and rusted arms about them. Somebody said they were Germans, but that is no excuse for their being left so.

From Douaumont to Vaux was not far, and there we

saw another ruined fort and learned the story that has made its name a byword for courage throughout the world. Several hundred poilus held the lower levels for six days while the Germans were in possession of the defenses above them. Before its capture the average number of shells received on the Fort de Vaux was eight thousand a day, and this had kept up for two months, a thing almost past belief! After the capture of the upper works and the moat by assault, grenades, and gas, machine-guns, bombs, and liquid fire were poured on the Frenchmen below for nearly a week. Food gave out, then water. There was no light except a few paraffin lamps that choked and flickered in the lifeless air, but the gallant defenders under their Commandant Raynal refused to surrender, huddled in underground passageways, clinging to sandbags and barricades, firing in the dark or closing with the bayonet, while the stench of wounded and dying made the fouled air unspeakable. In the end, water gone for two days, blinded horribly by smoke and overcome by gas, the French gave up, because men who can neither see nor move are unable to fight, however willing they be to do so. Commandant Raynal was allowed to keep his sword, and the soldiers under him, those still living, were given special treatment by the Germans in recognition of their valor.

At Vaux, far underground where we had to stoop and feel our way with smoking torches, we saw the tiny chapel used by the defenders, and we heard a thing so monstrous that it is hard to believe. When the fort fell, the Germans respected this shrine and left it as it was. But since then, since the Armistice, American tourists have rifled the place, carrying off the very cross from the altar in their greed for souvenirs. The hardest part to realize is that the very people who did this probably thought they did no wrong. French friends of mine

fought at Vaux. I hope the people who pillaged the chapel were indeed American tourists, not American soldiers.

Fort de Souville and Chapelle Sainte Fine, southwest of the Vaux redoubt, were the high-water mark of the German advance toward Verdun, and we saw near by the Dying Lion of Souville, where they were stopped. This monument has been erected in honor of the French who fell here to save Verdun—and France. Near Souville, eight guns are said to have fired 45,000 shells in three days, a record probably never equaled in warfare. The countryside is still in fearful condition, guns, shell-cases, canteens, bayonets, broken mess-kits, hand-grenades lying about as though the war had ended last week. Off the hills, land is being reclaimed and crops are in; but the sectors of Douaumont and Vaux are still as torn as Dante's Inferno.

We came back to Verdun by way of Fort de Belleville and the Faubourg Pavé, passing ruined villages on the slopes, one or two of them standing absolutely untouched since the war—sad, ruined ghosts of what had once been homes. We could not believe they were houses at all, so gray and pathetic they looked in the rain, till we stared a second time. Before lunch there was time to see the Citadelle and cross to the east bank of the Meuse again for the Hôtel de Ville. Here we were shown precious relics of the war, among them General Petain's Order of the Day when the terrific attacks of 1916 had been temporarily stayed: "No doubt the Germans will attack again. Let all work and watch that yesterday's success be continued. Courage! We shall beat them!"

Francis and those with him were delayed by a breakdown but brought in by another car we sent out, and all reached Verdun in time for the Citadelle. Elliott said he had never dreamed anything like it. Somebody told him that Julius Caesar built the first fort on this rock when he came to the Meuse in his conquest of Gaul, and it's been a fortress ever since. Back in 450 Attila the Hun is said to have captured the town and left it "like a field ravaged by wild beasts." So warfare, ruin, and siege are not new to it. It is an incredible place—a huge hill, really, hollowed out for defense; the passages and casemates of it go forty feet below ground and are practically indestructible. Tom learned that there were twelve kilometers or nearly ten miles of small-gauge railroad in the rock. There are sleeping-rooms, halls, a theater, a church, store-rooms and kitchens of every description—even a mill to grind grain. They said 40,000 soldiers were billeted here at a time during the war. My Regiment, the 316th Infantry, were in Casemate D, Gallery E, for a while, as I remembered. In an inner room were the battle flags of Verdun and a book signed by General Pershing, President Wilson, and others. We signed it, too, as the first Troop of American Scouts to visit Verdun.

After lunch at the Cheval Blanc, we motored through the American sectors west of the Meuse, going by Fort de Marre to the Crown Prince's Tunnel near Forges. Cumières, close at hand, was a ruin. Here we left the cars and walked for miles about the hills of Mort Homme and 304. Horace and John explored the Forges tunnel, but it seemed risky, and they soon came up. Dick, Ned, and Harrison also had a go at it and collected a fine coating of Meuse clay for their pains. The condition of the ground off the beaten track was past belief. In places human bones were lying about as they had fallen a decade ago, and the whole surface seemed full of their fragments where shells had scattered the buried bodies. Broken equipment of every sort filled the shell holes, and a good deal of wire still clung to the rotting posts. Bezie got some shrapnel, a mess-kit, and a hand-grenade to take home. Somebody picked up a broken bayonet on Mort Homme while others found shrapnel and helmets, one of them with a rifle hole through it.

I saw much of our own U.S. equipment and left it where it lay, for my Regiment had crossed these slopes on the twenty-sixth of September, '18, when we jumped



off between Avocourt and Esnes to carry the support through Malancourt and the swamp there to the foot of Montfaucon. It seemed strange to be climbing shell holes again with the same gray hills in front and the same bleak line of the Argonne cutting the sky on our left. From Mort Homme with its ghastly skeleton memorial to the 69th French Division, and Cote 304 and the hills westward of them, we pushed to Malancourt—a place I bear in mind vividly because in the swamp of the Bois de Malancourt I once lost half a leggin on wire, ripping it

off under the water as I floundered through. At Montfaucon we saw the observatory of the Crown Prince, a place of concrete and steel built inside the château that stood here during the war. From it the Prince observed the battle of Verdun, and in perfect safety himself, sent nearly half a million Germans to their deaths. His periscope is now at West Point, surely a thing he could never have dreamed of when he used it in 1916. The day Montfaucon was taken by the 70th Division, September 27, '18, some of my men slept in the château ruins. All about us were places where friends of our Troop had been wounded or killed. Our Troop Library, for instance, is named in honor of Captain Freeman of St. Davids, who fell here leading his men. We had read many of his boyhood books, for they were donated to our troop some years ago in his memory. As we were leaving Montfaucon, Roger saw some men putting up new tombstones in the graveyard by the church; at least, in what had been a graveyard by what had been a church, for both were destroyed. The men said that in time they hoped to have all the stones replaced, but they had to guess at some of the graves. In war even the dead are destroyed and cannot rest in peace. I knew that well, for I had watched the church and cemetery of Malancourt shattered in the same way.

Moving on, we passed the Bois de Beuge on our left where a gallant officer and Scout had fallen at the head of his platoon—Lieutenant Albert Wunderlich, of Lansdowne. He wore his Scout belt and its insignia to the day of his death and often told me it brought him more friends than he could name. Nantillois with its new fountain in memory of Pennsylvania troops, the Madeleine Farm, Cunel—on we went to Romagne and the great American cemetery there. At one time 25,500 soldiers were buried here, but many bodies were returned to

the United States, so that now there are about 15,000. The effect is striking, and nothing we saw in France or England surpassed in impressiveness the ordered neatness of those crosses where our own countrymen were resting on the field of a battle they had given their lives to win. The care-taker had met us in Verdun that morning and was on hand to show us around. Marble crosses set in concrete bases are replacing the wooden ones. The slopes on all sides have been beautifully landscaped. There is a rest-house or hostel here where people may stay for a few days if they wish. The care-taker lives in it. He is an American from the South. While Stewart and the rest were talking to him, I went down to the crosses. Some marked the graves of friends I had gone to school with, many those of fellow officers in my Regiment, among them my battalion commander, Major Atwood, who died gallantly in front of the Bois de Beuge the day after Montfaucon was taken.

Pushing on, we visited ruined Apremont, then came to Varennes on the hill. This is the place where Louis XVI. of France was captured during the French Revolution as he fled toward the frontier and safety. Horace had read the story, and so had Tom and Bob. One hundred and twenty-seven years afterward, Pennsylvania troops captured the town in their advance through the Argonne. The building in which the King was arrested has been restored, for it was almost demolished by shells. A memorial has been built here in honor of the Pennsylvania troops who served anywhere in France—a parklike promenade with colonnades on either side. From it there is a magnificent view of the battlefields, eastward mile on mile to Montfaucon and on across the Meuse to Douaumont and the Fort de Vaux, thirty kilometers away. Toward the south and west roll the wooded ravines of the Argonne Forest itself, far off by Les Islettes and the rugged scarps that mark the valleys of the Aire and the Aisne. No finer site could have been chosen as a monument to the men of our Commonwealth who fell in the Meuse-Argonne or on the Marne. Taking the form of a public park, it serves a useful purpose as well.

Shadows were lengthening as we left the cars at Vauquois and climbed the steep hill that leads to the crater. A village stood here at the start of the war. A gigantic mine was dug under it by the Germans and sixty tons of explosive set off at once, the largest amount, we were told, ever used in a war. Nothing of Vauquois is left, literally nothing whatever but a great hole where the hilltop had been. Town, church, hill, trenches, all have disappeared in that monstrous pit. We climbed down it and found wire and shells and rusty unexploded grenades lying about on every side, while evil-looking weeds and underbrush hid the smaller holes and made walking hazardous. Before we got out, our knees had felt the rip of wire, and more than one of us had fallen in a rainfilled shell hole masked with bushes. Tom and Horace saw a hand-grenade driven bodily into some wire; there it had hung just as it struck ten or twelve years ago when the smoke of the shell-burst drifted clear.

Douaumont in the morning had a chill horror about it. Vauquois, in the twilight of the Argonne, summed up for us the ruin and the waste of war and its stark futility. Near the foot of Vauquois hill we passed a wretched hut of broken boards, tin, tar-paper, and the odds and ends of battlefield salvage. In the doorway stood a bent old woman, toothless, bedraggled, her hair falling over her face. She mumbled something as we passed, and I stopped to hear what she said. The pile of boards was her new home, and she was starting work on the land. A goat could not live there. Such things, a decade after the

Armistice, shock one, for at home there seems scant realization of the horror that endures long after the guns have ceased. We drove back to Verdun not saying much, but thinking a lot as we saw more ruins and passed the partially rebuilt villages of Avocourt, Esnes, Chattancourt, and the Font de Marre. That night, the Scout Commissioner for Verdun, Captain Charles Odin, invited us to visit his troop headquarters outside the Porte de St. Paul. We did so and brought to a close a day that had made a deeper impression, perhaps, than any other in our lives. If that troop is at all typical of the Eclaireurs de France, we are proud to call them brothers. They had no funds, no uniforms, and one old tent for equipment, which Scouts in England had sent them as a gift. Every boy's father had fought in the war, and more than half of them had been orphaned by it. But their spirit was the spirit of France, the spirit of Petain's "Courage! We shall beat them!" and the spirit of his poilus' reply "They shall not pass!"

We saw their headquarters, admired some miniature models they had made of camps, and then exchanged insignia, for we had a few spare badges on hand for emergency. Elliott liked their hat cockades and collected quite a few. Some of us traded American money for French coins. They would not take it from us as a gift, but only as a souvenir of the visit. They told us their plans for winning the championship of Lorraine and said they hoped to defeat all France before they were through and so go to England as representatives of their country in the International Jamboree of '29. Before we left, they sang a Scout song for us in French; then joining hands, we all did "Auld Lang Syne," they in French and we in English. We'd never have guessed they knew it. Months later, Colonel Smith and the officers of the 316th U.S. Infantry helped this troop with a contribution toward uniforms and equipment. In return, that Regiment was brevetted for all time as honorary Eclaireurs Verdunois or Scouts of Verdun, an honor which they rightly attribute to our visit.

Coming back to the inn, Stewart heard American voices near the Rue St. Pierre and stopped to find they were those of his next-door neighbors in Wayne. We had met them before in England, at Praed Street Station the day we went to Windsor. But none of us knew they were in Verdun. No other Americans were there at the time.

Wednesday morning we got a crate at the market and packed our souvenirs for shipment to Cherbourg, John and Elliott nailing it fast, while the rest of us told them how. It seemed all right to take the sort of things we did, but the thought of the chapel at Vaux was still very vivid in our minds. Before the crate got off, Horace held a real inspection in the street and saw that every one was shipshape. French Colonials, Negroes from Northern Africa, garrisoned in the Citadelle, seemed interested in that, especially the thoroughness with which finger-nails were looked at and teeth and ears as well.

The crate safely off in a cab with Elliott and Harry to dicker about its destination, Jim found time to buy some French Colonial stamps and the rest to get postcards or wander round the marché couvert, as they call the covered market. When Elliott returned, we climbed a narrow lane that went up steps to the Cathedral. The building is still badly shattered, though repairs are under way. The choir and transepts are in terrible shape, and an altar has been made at the other end for temporary use. Leaving the church, we went through the Bishop's Palace and the Cloisters where they have a museum. Bezie and Ned enjoyed it, especially the Greek pottery there, for Ned is a potter himself of no mean repute, and has thrown a good many things on the wheel. Vases in

red with black figures on them, authentic Greek, lured him tremendously, and no wonder, for they were lovely. During the war, such things must have been stored in places of safety. The whole area was depressing to me, and the shell-pocked walls of the church seemed hopeless, but I suppose in time they will be restored. A young priest told us that Verdun being a plain cathedral architecturally and not very famous in that way, most of the money and gifts for repairs went to Rheims. Here at Verdun, they had to struggle along as best they could, content with propping up arches and keeping out weather. Leaving the cloister, I thought how the last time I stood here, a shell had exploded on the tower above. Apart from that, it seemed much the same.

At the Citadelle, we walked about the upper works and barracks, then went below and explored the galleries for nearly an hour, as we had done the day before. Roger marveled at the kitchens till he remembered how many men had to be fed here when the place was fully garrisoned. Tom liked the length of tracks that followed the passages for miles. In one darkened gallery, we could judge the length by calling, then waiting for the echo. It is immensely long. Though it was hot outside, we shivered at the chill of the place as we wandered about, for the walls were dripping and damp. Going out by the Listening Post, Dick bought a German pistol from one of the garrison—a rusted Luger it was—and Jim got a broken bayonet for three francs.

Lunch at noon was not so good—horse-meat and fish. Harrison didn't say much, but he looked a whole lot. George dug bravely in, while Roger and Ned cleaned up their plates and Bob seemed more or less neutral. Afterward Jim, still insatiable where stamps were concerned, got another set before we marched off to the station. We were beginning to fear this stamp fever might replace

the ladies—or rather, the lady—if Jim didn't look out. However, Dicky, the postman, said we needn't worry on that score. Letters home were doing as well as ever,

stamps or no stamps.

It was sunset by the time we had recrossed the plains of Champagne and the Marne, reaching Paris to find Mr. Leland, an uncle of Francis, waiting for us in the Gare de l'Est. Mr. Leland had been in Paris on business for some time and had arranged for our lodging beforehand. We piled in a bus, and half an hour later had shaken out of our packs in the Hôtel de la Présidence, 3 Rue de Penthiévre. Supper at Scossa's, near the Place de Rome, put every one in good humor, and horse-meat was forgotten. Needless to say, when we ate it at Verdun we thought it was beef.

That evening, as the streets deepened to lavender and the long boulevards softened in a haze that is neither twilight nor dark nor shade of tree, but partly each of them and wholly Paris, we saw a corner of the lovely city. Past the Opéra and the Café de la Paix, on by the Madeleine, then down to the Place Vendôme and the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, we strolled through the fairy light, going home by the Tuileries Gardens and the Place de la Concorde, with the great sweep of the Champs Elysées rising beyond it to the Place de l'Etoile and the Arc de Triomphe where they have laid the Unknown Soldier of France. No street in the world quite matches that. If Paris had nothing else to boast of than the Champs Elysées, it still could claim to be the stateliest city in the world. At twilight, with the lights a chain of jewels and the chestnut trees just turning to a golden glowing brown, we saw the matchless parkway at its best. As Dick and I turned in, we heard Jim in the room above saying good night to Bezie-in French by way of practice. It meant he approved of Paris.

Thursday we slept late, breakfasting at 8:30 in a corner café. Then we bundled up soiled clothes for the laundry and had a shower ourselves in a public bath. The place didn't seem very clean, but it made us feel more presentable as we met at Scossa's for lunch. Incidentally, some of us spent half an hour trying to find our way there, but Francis was on hand five minutes early. After lunch we crossed the Seine to the Hôtel des Invalides and the Tomb of Napoleon. The color of it, that inimitable velvet haze, surprised Stewart and John quite as much as it pleased them. I suppose there is nothing of the sort anywhere else in the world. From here, we split up, some exploring the galleries and war museums of the Invalides; others, Bezie and Bob among them, walking with me along the south bank of the river past the Quai d'Orsai and the Palais Bourbon, then past the Institut to the Seine-side bookstalls near the Pont Neuf. This leads to Old Paris, the Ile de la Cité. Harry and Tom reveled in those bookstalls, but Notre Dame was closing as we got there; so we saw the twin-towered Cathedral front from the Place, then walked around to the Conciergerie where the people were imprisoned and butchered in the French Revolution. Nearly all of us had read The Tale of Two Cities, and the story of the famous prison was familiar. It was here in the Conciergerie that Marie Antoinette was imprisoned before they took her to the guillotine on the Place de la Concorde.

The Tour St. Jacques, near the Hôtel de Ville on the north bank, was our next landmark, and we went by it on our way back, following the Rue de Rivoli past the gardens of the Louvre and the Tuileries to the Rue St. Honoré and home. Everybody had laid in a supply of postcards, the finest we had seen. Everybody had decided the bridges over the Seine and the quays that flanked them were a park in themselves. The stone ramps below,

where men were fishing with tremendous poles, seemed in

keeping with the neatness of the river itself.

For supper that night we ate our first mess of snails and liked them as well as the city—that is, some of us did. Dick and Stewart enjoyed them most, I think. Jim said the snails put it all over the horse-meat of Verdun, but he wasn't so sure of the people. "Paris is a nice city," he confided to Bezie, "but nine out of ten of the people have powder and paint which makes them look terrible." That horse-meat was taking its toll, and Harry was weakening fast. He wouldn't touch a snail, in fact, wouldn't look at one, leaving the title of Invicible Iron Man, S.F.E., to Stewart. S.F.E. is a title invented by Bob. It means Stout

Fella Extraordinary.

Friday, Harrison was on deck again and fit as ever. We went to Versailles, fourteen miles from Paris, and did the usual sights. Bob liked the Hall of Mirrors and the table where the Treaty of Peace was signed. Bezie enjoyed the glorious weather even more. Francis said the Hall of Mirrors was all right, but the mirrors themselves in need of a scrubbing. Our guide spoke English and gave us far more than ninety francs' worth of history as we followed him about, for that was his hire. We saw the Chapel of Louis XIV., the Grand Monarque, and Jim thought it gaudy. We roamed through the royal apartments of Madame de Maintenon to those of a later queen, Marie Antoinette. The Œil-de-Bœuf, the queen's boudoir and dressing-room—at five francs extra—the Grand Staircase, endless passageways and galleries, all got a bit tiring after a while, and we knocked off for lunch. Dick was more than ready for it, and George, too, had a roving, preoccupied look as he sniffed the cooking afar. Two things, however, we thoroughly liked at the Palace—the Hall of Battles with its huge murals of French action and the place where the Body Guards

fought for the Queen in 1789 when the Paris mob swamped Versailles. Two of them were butchered and hacked to pieces in the courtyard here. Among the battle pictures, it seemed strange at first to recognize George Washington with Rochambeau at Yorktown, though of course that victory belonged quite as much to the French as to us, thanks to the French fleet that penned Cornwallis in and to the French regulars who helped in the final assault. Tom was a little doubtful at first, but admitted the justice of it before we left. He had been brought up on "Twelve o'clock and Cornwallis is taken!" as all good Americans are. Too few histories in the schools give credit to the French at Yorktown and other places as well.

Luncheon was in a pavilion near the Grand Court and cost a good deal more than we liked. Poor Elliott, as finance officer, looked worried, but John and Roger were already at the rolls; so down we sat and fell to with a will, while a comical Frenchman hopped about, twisting his hat into caricatures of Napoleon, Charlie Chaplin, and other worthies in return for what we dropped in it when he had done. During the meal, Francis livened things by breaking a tumbler, and Jim had a tiff with his good pal Bezie. Tramping galleries for three hours is hard on the nerves. Our afternoon was more restful. and we wandered about as we pleased through the gardens, finding them surprisingly like the ones we had seen at Hampton Court till somebody told Bezie the same man had designed them. Unfortunately, the fountains were not playing, for they are turned on only once a month. on Sunday, because of the expense.

Ned, however, got a boat and rowed down the Long Water and back, a pull of fifty-five minutes. Jim took a walk by himself through the forest, among the finest trees, he said, he had ever seen. There he met a man from

America and his mother and they had quite a talk, all three. George and another group went off to the Grand Trianon and the Petit Trianon, then fetched a circle round to the Queen's hamlet-Le Hameau-and the Royal Stables. I think we all liked the hamlet best. It looked more livable and homelike than the Palace. But it was pathetic to think of Marie Antoinette playing dairy-maid here and saying she found it the happiest spot in France. The cold splendors of Versailles, even before the mob broke in the gates, had palled on her. The Stables, of course, and the royal coaches, were meat for George, but he sensed at once that this was not England where Horse is King and everybody knows it. The very harness showed the difference. Stewart, Dick, and Harrison disappeared for a while. They may have been in a boat. Harrison has a weakness for boats.

Coming into the Grand Court on the way home, I found George seated in a tumble-down fiacre, or cab, and delightedly driving up and down, a grin of bliss on his face. Whenever the cabby stopped, George would hand up another sou and off they'd rattle for another lap. It was a sight worth seeing, and the rest soon climbed into other cabs to try it. Victorias, they really were, of ancient vintage. We drove to the station in state. As a matter of fact, we raced there—au galop à la gare, as Horace elegantly put it. I think the antiquated cabbies enjoyed it as much as we did. I know the one who drove George recognized the bond of a horseman born. Elliott said it wasn't as fast as a flivver, maybe, but more thrilling than it looked. He never knew a carriage rocked so!

In Paris, late that afternoon, we went up the Eiffel Tower in lifts that ran in three shifts. The first elevator went at a slant to a landing where we changed. It slanted because it follows the angle of the tower leg. Harrison and Roger got a thrill out of that. On the very top, the

highest point ever built by man, we bought some cakes, and Dick had a silhouette cartoon made while we waited. It looked exactly like him and was funny into the bargain. While some took pictures, then piled into the elevator to descend, Stewart tried walking part way down and found it a good deal farther than he thought.

Taxis below, at sixteen cents for five people, brought us to the Rue de Penthièvre. On the way we saw the Elysée Palace, where the President of the Republic lives. The guards at the gate, with their shining brass helmets, looked exactly like the tin soldiers we used to find in our stockings at Christmas. Before reaching our hotel, we also saw a statue of Washington, a well-turned spirited figure that reminded me of the Washington at West Point.

Mr. Leland was waiting and carried off Francis for a party of his own, while the rest of us went to Scossa's for dinner. We had no snails that night, but a fine supper of chicken, and afterward did as we pleased till taps. As I turned in, I could not help thinking of John on the Eiffel Tower, for I think he wanted to climb outside and watch the human spiders at work there painting the frame. Wherever there was a place lower than anywhere else or higher or darker or wetter, trust John and Elliott to scent it out.

Saturday morning I had a haircut and so did some others, while Jim and Bezie, fast friends as ever, policed their room till it rated the best in the outfit. About ten o'clock, Horace, Jim, and one group set out for the Louvre. Ned and the rest followed soon after. On the way Jim bought stamps. How he knew where to get them or how he carried all he had was a mystery, but he did—the hunting instinct, I suppose, just as George is drawn to a good horse, Horace to a bookstall or Dick to a game of ball.

Near the Louvre, in the Place de Rivoli, somebody recognized a statue of Jeanne d'Arc, exactly the same as the one familiar to all of us in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. I remembered presenting arms there when Marshal Joffre, old Papa Joffre of the poilus, laid a wreath on it at our entry in the war. The French Jeanne d'Arc was gilded over the bronze and by that lost in effect. I think what we liked least of all in Paris was the gilded statues on the Pont des Invalides across the Seine. They looked too gaudy and seemed cheapened by their glitter.

Once at the Louvre, we realized the futility of trying to see much, the place was so immense. Bob asked some one how long it would take him to see it and was told: "Three years, if you work fast enough." George wandered up and down till he was tired, then decided the building was big enough to hold all Wayne. Probably it is. Tom really liked it and so did Roger, but Ned and Harrison knew when to stop. Some things we all instinctively rated high, the Winged Victory of Samothrace among them. Surely no marble cut by man has lived like that, its wind-whipped draperies vibrant as the soul of Greece and all the Attic courage of the sea in the deathless vigor of its pose. The challenge of it, the heroic forward stride, lift one like the note of a bugle. The Venus de Milo most of us did not like, perhaps because we had seen it copied too often. Among the pictures, the Mona Lisa failed to impress. Bob said it seemed so much smaller than he had thought it would be. But everybody liked the huge paintings of David-Napoleon's coronation and the rest. We saw the lovely portrait of Madame LeBrun and her Daughter, we recognized Madame Récamier on her couch, and viewed Holy Families unnumbered. Francis said he counted too many St. Sebastians for record.

At noon Francis left Jim to lunch with his uncle, and

poor Jim had a time of it trying to find the rest of us. In the end, he fell in with a Spaniard and had a talk. Everybody in the world likes Jim. I think he and his new friend had lunch together; at any rate he found Bezie later on and they did some shopping, ending their day with the Panthéon and the site of the Bastille. Bob, having enough of the Louvre, went for a second trip to the Invalides to see the war museums there, then along the Champs Elysées, past the Rond Point to the Arc de Triomphe, where a perpetual flame burns by the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The inscription reads: "Ici Repose un Soldat Français, Mort pour la Patrie"—"Here Rests

a French Soldier, Slain for His Country."

The rest of us divided, some going back to the Louvre for a while, or shopping, or up the river to Notre Dame and Sainte Chapelle. Horace went to the Panthéon and the University of the Sorbonne. Ned and John liked the windows of Sainte Chapelle, but said the place seemed bare to them inside, as indeed it is. I think most of us thought it a regular church, which, of course, it is not. Harry and I had a funny time at the Louvre, for I tried to get in after lunch on what I thought was the ticket they had given me for that purpose when we went out for lunch. The woman at the door, however, shook her head, and when I persisted, threw the ticket on the floor with a remark more pointed than polite. Too late I saw I had been offering her a stub left in my pocket from the museum at Verdun! No wonder she was outraged.

At Notre Dame, most of us saw the Cathedral Treasures, but were not particularly impressed. They were beautiful and no doubt priceless, yet on the whole seemed out of place in a church. Too many side-shows at so much per detract from the sense of worship. Climbing the towers, we decided we liked them better than the jewels, for they reminded us of Hunchback Quasimodo. Harry



THE THINKER OF NOTRE DAME



and Tom posed by the Thinker, as they call the queer old gargoyle there. And Bob got a picture of them both—all three, rather. Elliott and John, as usual, enjoyed the height and gained an added thrill from the pitch-black steps that spiraled to the top in the thickness of the wall. When we left Notre Dame, we crossed to the Quai Bourbon on the Ile St. Louis and caught a lovely view of old Paris and the bridges. The flying buttresses of the Cathedral and the archbishop's garden to the east were unfamiliar to those who knew Notre Dame only from its pictures. The façade and the Place are striking, of course, but the other end of the church is far more so.

Coming home, Harry and I had tea at a sidewalk café, a rarer experience in France than one might think, for whatever you order they bring out coffee. Others went off to the Arc de Triomphe again, George regretting there were no Versailles cabbies in sight to take him there. Francis was still with his uncle. At night he and Mr. Leland went to the opera, while the rest of us by way of a treat saw Ben Hur at the Cinéma Madeleine. Titles in English as well as French surprised us. People smoking all over the place and tossing cigarette butts around surprised us still more. But the hit of the evening was Elliott's greeting as he walked through the lobby and a young lady spied his bare knees: "Là! Là! Le petit pantalon! C'est drôle, cela!"

Elliott's dignity was staggering as he stared at her, but

Stewart and Roger had blushes for all.

On Sunday morning we slept till nine, then put on our best uniforms for service. While waiting to go, Dick was beaten in a game of chess and Bob wrote letters. Through some mistake in understanding the hour, we found matins half over when we reached the English Embassy Church, but we stayed for the Communion Service afterward and so made up for our tardy arrival. At lunch we had ice

cream! Walnut ice cream at that! But John's face fell when he saw the amount. It wasn't enough to fill a thimble. We put in the rest of the day seeing what we had missed during the week. Dick and Roger, Elliott and Bob, went to Ste. Geneviève, now called the Panthéon, then taxied with me through the Bois de Boulogne. The long drive cost us sixty cents all told, and Elliott had no complaint to make on our extravagance; his budget was still safe. Francis went to St. Cloud with his uncle and had a good time on the river boat. One or two others, who had missed Sainte Chapelle, went there, then crossed the Place to see Notre Dame.

Sunday evening, as the shadows were falling from the towers of the Sacré Cœur on Montmartre, we went to a feast given us by a lady from St. Davids at home. It was at a place called Louis', and we had not eaten such a glorious dinner since our triple affair at Guildford. Soup, roast beef, roast young chicken, potatoes, fresh green peas, fresh string beans, spinach, a salad, ice cream, round after round—we scraped the platters till even our hostess had to smile. And she knew American boys pretty well, being the mother of one herself.

On the way home, Horace passed the word for early rising and packs in order by 7 A.M. Tomorrow we would leave Paris for the coast of Normandy—Mont St. Michel,

St. Sauveur-le-Vicomte, and Cherbourg.

Chapter XII

MONT ST. MICHEL

While every one was sorry to leave Paris, the lure of the open had bitten so deep that another week might have bored us. Monday morning there was an expectant bustle, an eagerness to get under way, in our preparations as we rolled packs and stood inspection to see if they were neat. Horace had a meaning air as he toured the rooms for things forgotten. Elliott paid our score and said good-by to the friends he'd made with a satisfied grin that showed our budget was still above water—not so bad after four days in Paris! Tom, we didn't know why, kept chuckling to himself through breakfast, till

out came the funniest story of our trip.

The night before, it seems, our dapper Stewart had gone exploring on the mansard ledge above our garden, climbing out on it by way of his window, three stories from the ground. His plan, apparently, was to pay a surprise visit to one of our other rooms, John's, I think, and then to get back to his own the way he had come; but mistaking windows in the darkness, he crawled in at the wrong one and found himself facing a lady asleep! Tom said that Stewart's terror, when he reached their own shelter, was surpassed only by his blushes. But Dick wanted to know what would have been Stewart's future if the lady had waked up? Or her husband? Midnight visitations from a mansard ledge are somewhat unusual, even in Paris.

As the rest were folding ponchos to slip in their belts, Harry and I hurried off to cash some checks at the bank while Horace and Dick checked canteens. Orders were to fill them all with bottled water before the start. At 9:45, Harry and I joined the others at the Gare des Invalides across the river and Elliott began his usual bargaining for rates. It was a complicated affair this time, for there were three changes between Paris and our halt at Mont St. Michel on the Normandy coast, but he got the tickets in the end and convinced the agent he meant second class when he said so. Francis, with an eye to business and the inner man, laid in a supply of biscuits here, and later in the day, when most of us were famished, brought out his stock of foodstuff to retail at considerable profit. In fact, he replenished his supply by cornering platform markets en route, evidently looking on the rest of us as Foolish Virgins and fair game for not seeing to our lamps when the seeing was good.

The ride to the coast was long, eight hours in all. At Versailles we changed engines, leaving the electric that had brought us from Paris in exchange for a steam-drawn locomotive. No detail of this escaped Elliott. He told us he had actually driven our train in England one night, part way from London to Chingford, when the engineer asked him to ride in the cab. From Versailles we traveled almost due west through the level valleys of the Seine-et-Oise, Eure, Orne, and Calvados, bumping and rattling toward Folligny near the sea. Every mile from Paris, the rails click-clacked, click-clacked with that peculiar rhythm of train travel in France. Francis and Bezie, our transport experts, said it came from the joints in the rails

being set far apart.

To while away time, Bob played a bumpy game of chess—in which the train took a sporting part—then he varied the intellectual by starting a torture test, his favorite "sunrise" soon going full tilt. Harry again proved the martyr. He could stand anything, he said,

except being tickled, and Roger innocently echoed him. That admission was a tactical error on their part, and both lived to regret it. During a lull that followed the storm, Francis peddled more rations around, and Dicky trimmed Jim at chess.

At four o'clock we changed cars at Folligny in the Department of Manche, and a stiff crew we were as we lugged packs to the station platform. However, the wait was long enough for us to wander about and buy sandwiches; so we were able to get rid of our cramps. Harry discovered an American and his wife here waiting for the Avranches train as we were. For some time, they had been trying to make us out, thinking we were too far from home for Americans and not British enough in our speech to be English. By compromise, they'd put us down as Border Scotch!

We reached Avranches in what seemed a very short run, then made our second change for Pontorson—a small town on the borders of Ille-et-Vilaine. The country we were passing through was all a part of the old province of Normandy, and its resemblance to England, especially Devon and parts of Dorset, surprised us as the train rolled along. The same low hills were here sweeping down to the sea, the same clustered hamlets with high-pitched roofs where wild flowers grew from the golden thatch and rose bushes banked the doors. Tiny fields, stone-walled or bank-and-hedged, matched the paddocks we had passed by the dozen near Sidmouth or Lyme. Even the lanes looked the same, deep-winding, overhung with earthen banks or thick-set hornbeam. No poplars were here, mile on mile without a bend, with a ribbon of well-rolled macadam between them, but queer little footpaths and friendly by-ways that rambled up and down among the apple trees and orchards just as

they did by Moorgate or Moreton. They must grow good fruit in Normandy, and the trees made us think of Dartmoor cider. Bezie and George remembered that cider.

The train at Pontorson was a delight—one coach and a dinky to pull it, the two scarcely bigger than the Toonerville trolley. When John clumped up the steps with his heavy packs and hobnailed boots, the coach swayed as if it would capsize. But it did more for us in the end than the finest limited that ever followed a setting sun. It took us in twenty minutes to fairvland itself—the island rock of Mont St. Michel. It was after five when we reached it.

Mont St. Michel, ten kilometers from Pontorson, is a huge cone of granite rising three hundred feet from the bay. Originally an island, it is now connected with the mainland by a causeway. Ramparts and walls surround its base. On the rock, near the foot, is a one-street town, while above it, terrace by terrace, are other fortifications, incredibly old, yet as unbroken as the day they were built. On the very top, crowning it with two hundred feet more of masonry, is the abbey church of St. Michael the Archangel, its spire pinnacling the whole amazing

At low tide, the Mont springs sheer from the sands. No sea can be seen. For fifteen kilometers westward nearly ten miles—the smooth flats lie like a beach. When the tide turns, however, a miracle takes place, for the waters of the bay sweep in across those sand flats at fifty feet a minute. Before you know it, the rock is an island except for the causeway, and boats are sailing where an hour before you could walk dry-shod. An idea of the force of these waters may be gained from the fact that a full tide rises fifty-two feet above the level of the sea. Somebody gave Francis the figures and he jotted them down.

We neared Mont St. Michel at sunset. The day was clear, just the faintest breath of mist rising from the sands to magnify the height of it and throw the abbey's tapering spire into relief against the sky. Everything—rampart and turret and bastioned wall, the terraced street and crenelations above it—swept up to support that lofty church, tier by tier, in a marvel of beauty. From the tip of St. Michael's sword on the spire down to the gleaming sands, the whole mount was quivering in an aura of gold as the sun dipped lower in the bay. Pictures can convey no hint of it. The upward, soaring sweep, the narrow symmetry from walled base to slender spire, fortress and town and abbey in one, seem more like a dream-picture than humdrum mortar and stone just tinted by the sun.

The little engine jolted onward and the Mont gained height. Bob twisted out of his pack to stare, then shook his head: "It's part of a book. I don't believe it." That's how we all felt. Roger told me afterward that it was the most amazing sight he had ever seen. He never supposed there was a place so like a castle you build in Spain. He sketched it twice before we left, and cleverly, too. Bezie just stared and stared, while Jim's eyes grew as big as moons as he looked at it. I suspect the magic and the

wonder touched the romantic in Jim.

We left the train at the end of the causeway and entered the single street—the Grande Rue, if you please—of Mont St. Michel by the Barbacan Gate. We had to pass two other portals to gain the town—the Advance Guard and the Porte du Roi. The latter, the picturesque King's Gate, we saw, had once been protected by a moat. A portcullis was there and an iron herse or spiked screen which used to be lowered in front of the wood for protection in time of attack. We could still see it in its stonework groove. In all the centuries Mont St. Michel has

been fortified, it has never fallen to siege or attack. How could it with such walls, and the sea about it every day? Foot soldiers would drown and ships be stranded in twenty-four hours. Never sacked, never conquered, it has come to us unspoiled from the Middle Ages as few

other places in the world.

The street that opened before us as we passed the last barrier was quainter than any we'd seen in Europe. To begin with, it was only three yards wide from house to house. And on that narrow cobbled way, twisting and turning to the folds of the rock, clung the tiny town of Mont St. Michel. A rod or so to the right were the city battlements, the circling ramparts that fence it from the sea. Beyond them were the tides and the sands. A rod or so to the left is the mountain itself, terraced and tiered to the top with walls. Between the two climbs the Grande Rue—the High Street—part of it merely steep, much more in precipitous steps, looping back on itself terrace by terrace as it winds toward the church, till the cellar of one house is higher than the chimney pots of its neighbor below. When George heard they called it the High Street, he chuckled. High Street was right.

From wall to wall—there is no curb—it was filled with people as we entered, some of them tourists buying in the little shops, for much was on sale here—bells with chains to ring them and St. Michael on top, squat Normandy teapots of hammered brass, shiny milk jugs and jars, lace kerchiefs and scarfs and Breton coifs. Others in the crowd were natives of the place. These wore wooden shoes, for the most part, and colorful garb. Here and there a bare-legged fisherman pushed his way through the throng with a lobster pot on his back or a great basket of fish. A bread-cart creaked by, the loaves in it three feet long and piled high to the top. Harrison and George watched them unload it like cord-wood. In the

kitchens that opened on the street people were sitting down to supper, and a pleasant whiff of sea-food cooking made us hurry. George had been eyeing those kitchens and Bezie sniffing the scent of them for some time.

By six o'clock we had found rooms in the Hôtel de la Confiance, where a sign informed us the Widow Poulard once kept hospitable board. Piquerel-Poulard had succeeded her. Part of the notice was in English and added for our benefit that the hotel was "oppen all the year."

A hurried scrub and a hearty supper soon put us on our toes for the evening. We needed that scrub, for the cinders in our hair were thick enough to break a comb. As we finished dessert, the waitress urged us to go to the ramparts soon if we cared to watch the tide come in, for in fifteen minutes it would be crossing the sands.

Her hint was sufficient. John pushed back his chair and we all hurried out. The transformation taking place before us seemed incredible. Half an hour ago, five or six miles of dry sand lay between the Mont and the mainland. Between it and the skyline, westward, nine or ten more miles had stretched as smoothly as a table top to the green and gold sunset and the sea. Now, as we followed Bob and Stewart up a tower that jutted from the wall, far off in the west and north a silver line was breaking the gray expanse—the catspaw of the tide we knew it must be, but it looked harmless as a puddle on that immensity of sand.

Somebody had told Ned the tide came in faster than a horse could run. Somebody else had warned Bezie that people were often drowned here, trying to follow the waters out, then race them back at the turn. As we gazed from the tower, the silver ribbon seemed scarcely moving. Ten minutes later Harrison pointed to a rocky hill on the flats three kilometers away; Tombelaine, they called it. It was an island now, for the sea was passing

it, passing it so swiftly that we had noticed no change. Stewart peered over our rampart, then called out to Tom. Little rivulets of silver were poking their way like inquisitive fingers through the sand ripples, scarcely enough to move the waterfowl that stalked there for forage. But still it was water where all had been dry, and the stranded pools were spreading. Horace laughed again.

"It's coming, all right, but the horse they had must

have been pretty slow!"

An hour later Horace had changed his mind about that horse. With no sound of inrushing wave, no hint of the death that lurked in it, the sea was ten feet, maybe twenty feet deep, where the gulls had walked, and the tide still rose on our bastion's granite. We watched it nearly till midnight, fascinated by its power, the stealthy silent creep of the sea that had left us an island before we knew it. For once, Elliott found himself in a place steep enough and deep enough and weird enough to suit him. Armed with flashlights, he and Francis climbed the battlements for hours, exploring pitch-black passageways, crawling down a ladder that dropped from the outer wall, and following the twists and turns of inner steps that rose from the barbican to the châtelet and far above it to the towers supporting the church. Why they didn't break their necks or fall from a parapet into the sea, we never knew. The names of these towers were almost as fascinating as the look of them in the moonlight—the King's Tower, the Watch Tower, Gabriel's, the Half Moon, the Tower of the Corbels.

Under the starlight, the granite peak seemed more than ever a dream from the Middle Ages, for tourists had gone with the incoming tide, and the town was deserted. Its population at best is little more than a couple of hundred. Everything about it had a granite touch, enduring, in keeping with its past. Gray walls, their battlements silvered by the moonbeams, matched the cobbled street below. Houses, terraces, steps, all were of stone. I doubt if they had a stick of wood in the place. Even the roofs were of stone-colored slate. The picture it made as we circled the ramparts will never be lost to us, for its

beauty at midnight was spiced with romance.

Tuesday morning, Jim discovered that the Middle Ages had their drawbacks. Though rich in romance, they were a bit weak on plumbing. There was no water on the Mont except what they saved from the rainfall in cisterns. We'd used enough already, so Horace said, to last the natives for a week! However, Stewart and Tom still contrived to look neat, and George had hair like a beaver's, slicking it down with the lees of his pitcher. Jim, in revenge for Dick's victory at chess on the train, announced he had trimmed him twice running the evening before.

Breakfast was good. Even Harrison admitted that, and he was choosy. Ned, on the other hand, argued that all breakfasts were fine in France, and Bezie seconded the motion, proving it by gorging rolls. Afterward, the waitress asked us what we'd like to order for lunch, as fresh sea-food of all sorts was brought in from the bay. Mackerel, plaice, salmon, bass, sole, mullet, lobsters, crabs—our French broke before the flood of her menu, but we ordered as much as we knew and stressed the lobster.

By nine o'clock we had finished with the museum of Mont St. Michel and were exploring the abbey—the first fortified church we had seen. Indeed, it is as much a fort as a church, for three lines of defense surround it—the bastioned walls of the town, an inner rampart with guard house and towers rising from terraces above, and finally the châtelet or castle itself. High over all, on the very peak of the rock, is the abbey, and that is immensely

tall, its masonry tapering off to the spire where a statue

of St. Michael stands guard over the bay.

From crypt to nave we traced three churches, reared one on top of another, the oldest dating to the tenth century, when the Carolingian kings ruled France. Getting a plan of the place, we roamed about most of the morning, seeing the lovely choir, wondering at a cloister hidden where there seemed to be no room for it, diving after John and Harrison into cobwebby crypts or following Bezie and Roger through guard rooms and dungeons. The carvings of the hidden cloister were exquisite. The columns about it—one hundred and thirty-seven in number, set two by two—were of granite, a soft pink, highly polished. We'd seen nothing like them. The names of the crypts were romantic, too: the Crypt de l'Aquilon, the Crypt of Our Lady of Thirty Candles, the Crypt des Gros Piliers—of Fat Pillars.

Thanks to Horace and John and their love of exploring, we missed little of interest, not even the refectory where the monks ate or the kitchen where they cooked. We saw the columned guest chamber and the Knight's Hall where Louis XI, instituted his Order of St. Michael in 1469, twenty-three years before Columbus discovered America. The Hall was a glorious room, carved pillars supporting the vaulted roof and Moorish windows lighting it; very queer they looked in that Norman setting. Ned noticed them at once, quick to mark their unusual shape. He had a way of seeing things like that. Huge chimneys added a sense of hospitality and warmth, while galleries showed where the fiddlers sat. We didn't know much about the Knights of the Order of St. Michael, but we liked their room a lot. And Tom remembered that their Founder was our old friend King Louis in Quentin Durwood, he who wore lead images in his hat for good luck. Half the fun of our trip came from

things like that, meeting what we had known or read of before.

Below the church, we went through the Almonry, where food and gifts were given to the poor; then we climbed to the terraces that in some mysterious way appear above the chapels of the apse when you'd expect them below it. Francis discovered the loveliest thing here in stone that I suppose we shall ever see—a lace staircase. It is actually a stairway of granite crossing from a flying buttress to the roof, but the carvings on it, the tracery and moldings, seem light as point lace. It was here that Bezie learned buttresses have pinnacles and heavy ornamentation not for adornment only, but to weigh them down and counterbalance the roof push. The delicacy of this stonework, airy as gossamer, seemed amazing. Other parts had a massiveness about them more in keeping with the Romanesque church. The whole architecture was remarkable in that it gave us so many hints of this and that-Romanesque, Moorish, Norman, and Gothic.

From a tower or platform which they called Sault Gautier, we viewed the Bay of Mont St. Michel and saw the vast reaches of sand spreading along the Breton coast southward and north toward Avranches in Normandy. Then, following the ramparts, we went down to the town. Everywhere wild flowers were growing on the rocks or clinging to the mossy walls. On the northern slope we passed a little wood that grew there beyond the walls, and some of us went to explore it. Ash and sycamore, elm and poplar, were flourishing there, with a tangle of privet and lilac below. How any vegetation, let alone large trees, found a foothold on the granite, we couldn't guess.

The museum had been interesting earlier in the morning, for we saw there a periscope through which to view

the bay outside, as if in a submarine. Dick and John sat down on a bench by the wall, and we watched them in the dial as in a mirror. The periscope itself was inside a house. Wax figures, life size, showing prisoners of state confined in the dungeons, were an added attraction, and Jim's eyes popped as he saw one especially horrid —that of a man being eaten by rats. Trust French taste to make it vivid! The case is authentic. They ate him alive. Another figure showed a man being drawn to death in a quicksand. That, too, was real. Before lunch there was still time to see the house of Tiphaine de Raguenel, wife of the great Constable of France—du Guesclin, he whose statue we had passed at Versailles. The interior of this house has been restored, and it gave us a hint of what a medieval home was like. The color of it, the painted starry ceilings, and the pictured tapestries on the walls, were more homelike than we thought possible with Norman lintels and masonry as thick as a fortress. Bertrand du Guesclin, Tiphaine's husband, was Marshal of Normandy in 1364, and his name has come down to us as one of the greatest in chivalry. The story of his death illustrates—and vividly—the ideals of the age in which he lived as well as his own renown. Besieging a fort, he suddenly fell ill and died. At once the English commander opened the gates and marched out with his men to lay the keys of the château on du Guesclin's bier, surrendering them in homage to the dead chief's knighthood. Fashions in warfare have changed.

Before lunch we also had a chance to visit the parish church and saw in it a statue of the Black Virgin. Nobody liked it, and the significance of the color, if there was any, escaped us. A little later we were feasting on lobster. Afterward, Jim and Ned bought souvenirs in the High Street and walked round the beach with Dick. So far as we know, he didn't get a single stamp. Francis did



THE CHAPEL OF ST. MICHEL



some shopping and then he, too, set out to explore the beach, walking around the island and climbing the rock walls with Elliott. They must have found them a good

deal easier than by flashlight the night before.

Bob, Roger, Harry, Tom, George, Stewart, and I made a tour of the island and were repaid by finding a tiny chapel on a jut of rock. It had been put there centuries ago in honor of St. Aubert, who founded the first chapel of Mont St. Michel in 709. An iron grill barred the door, but we could see the little altar within and a pile of coins scattered over the floor where people had tossed in votive offerings. Coming to the north side of the rock, somebody suggested taking off shoes and leggins for a wade on the sand—just far enough out to get a good picture. Bob, as official camera man, was keen for that, and so was Roger. Out we all went with no more delay, spiral puttees looped round our necks and shoes left on a dry pile of rock. Before we knew it, we were far from the shore, Stewart and Tom leading the way.

People in town had warned us repeatedly of the tides. Quicksands, they said, were numerous. Sudden fogs drew in from the sea or rose in an instant from the dampened flats. These fogs appeared in the clearest weather without warning. A notice had told us: "To be enshrouded in a thick fog by tide time is death!" But a mile or so away rose the Tombelaine Rock, and we knew we must answer its challenge. The sight of it drew us as surely as the moon draws the tides. Somebody took a compass bearing in case of fog—a wise precaution. Bob arranged for quicksand trouble by suggesting we could tie our puttees together for rope. And Stewart, as fastest runner, was appointed getaway man, if we needed help. The flats of Mont St. Michel will stand for no fooling, no nonsense, once trouble comes. Caught in a quicksand, the slightest

delay is fatal. We feared those sands a good deal more

than we did the fog or the tide.

But the lure of that gray rock was irresistible, and we hurried toward it in spite of ourselves as the cool beach stretched before us. The sand was like carpet to our feet and the tang of the salt air bracing, while overhead not a cloud marred the blue. Halfway to Tombelaine, we came to a tidal river—the mouth of the Sélune, perhaps. We rolled our shorts hip-high and waded through. Another stream barred our way, two hundred yards wide and tearing seaward like a mill race. It seemed to be the river that runs down from Avranches, but nobody knew and we cared less, as we paused on the edge to check up on our chances. Stewart and Roger were like runners on the mark in their haste to get on.

Watches gave us about three hours or a little less before flood tide. We knew the waters would soon be turning, if they had not done so already, creeping in to meet the ebb. Tombelaine was still a mile away. That meant a three- or four-mile walk to reach it and return, as our only refuge was Mont St. Michel. The margin of safety seemed close to one hour if we went on, but nearly two if we turned back at once. That hour was not long, but the challenge was still there and it beckoned more alluringly

than ever.

Roger nodded at his feet as we stood there debating what to do. In less than a minute he'd gone ankle deep, and ominous bubbles were breaking round him. It was our first real hint of a quicksand. Far off near shore, some carts were hurrying toward the land at Avranches, the horses tandem. It meant the tourists had left Mont St. Michel, gauging their time to avoid the tide. We were easily three miles farther seaward on the flats than they were. "Let's go!"

I don't know who was the first to wade in, but we

crossed the second river and reached our goal in safety. That moment was the high-water mark of our venture, the very cream of its thrill, for every one knew the risk we had run. On Tombelaine, Roger gathered some seaweed and Tom got some shells; then, fearful of the tide, we clambered down to the sands. As we were crossing the first river, Elliott and Francis appeared far off, racing



toward us as fast as they could make it. They had seen our intention from the walls of Mont St. Michel and had been following us for nearly an hour. We waited till they reached the rock, then all hurried homeward together. As soon as we felt we were near safety, the tension broke. Stewart, Roger and Tom wallowed like buffalos in a shallow spot, while George gave an imitation of a quicksand. At the foot of our ramparts, Elliott experimented with a real quicksand we found there, and Bob took his picture while we stood by to help if it were

needed. Ankle deep, it was easy for him to get out. Half-way to knee, it was hard. Knee-deep, he had to be pulled. That gave us a sobering sense of what we had missed, and we joked no more of death in the grip of it. Horace, Bezie, Jim, and the rest had been told to be careful. Following orders, they stayed on the walls, discovering too late where we were headed. Their comments when we got back are best not repeated. Dick, in particular, had a

good deal to say.

Tea on the ramparts kept us busy till we stopped trying to make excuses and spruced up for supper, but even before it the sands had disappeared and the miles we had walked were under water. After supper, Horace and John hired a boat and took our party for a sail round the island, then over to Tombelaine and back in the moonlight. Stewart, our Iron Man still, survived again; but so did every one else, for the bay was as smooth as a frog pond at home. The view of Mont St. Michel with a new moon and the August stars quite passed belief, for it rose there in a silver pyramid that tapered from rampart to spire like a fairybook castle. St. Michael soaring nearly five hundred feet above the bay, with drawn sword held higher still and a starry sky for background, gave us a picture no one could look on unmoved.

Coming back from Tombelaine, the towers silhouetted in the moonlight and all about a softened luster of the sea, John, Elliott and Horace raised us a song and every one joined in the chorus. Jim can sing when he has a

mind, and Harrison, too, is a warbler.

Back to Gillwell, happy land! I'm going to work my ticket if I can!

Gillwell, in this case, meant Mont St. Michel, and so did "Swanee River."

On Wednesday we learned what they mean by a fog

here. From the Barbican we couldn't see the causeway. At eight o'clock the ramparts overhead were still dim, and no hint of St. Michael appeared. We lugged packs through the misty little street and boarded the dinky for Pontorson, as the bread-cart came poking through the pea-soup fog and fishing-smacks loomed oddly on the sand bars. A funny sight we must have made, too, for souvenirs had swollen our packs to misshapen lumps and every one carried too many. A huge bronze bell was my share and the way it burst its wrappings was a caution. Jim's query seemed relevant. What could I do with the thing when I got it home? So far, I haven't found out. Ned had a pair of huge wooden shoes. Francis, finding there was an hour's wait in Pontorson, added a hat to his store, a lop-sided béret with silk lining and leather band. He was mighty proud of that hat and kept calling attention to its virtues till Harrison nearly made away with it. Elliott naturally found a lady friend—new or old, we didn't know-and soon was walking up and down the platform with her. The day we reached Mont St. Michel he'd found another—Major Peeble's daughter, whom he had seen in Guildford. She and her family were leaving the Mont just as we came to it, but there was time for a hello.

At Avranches, a pair of old ladies in Normandy headgear and folded kerchiefs squeezed into our carriage, pushing twelve bundles and two live ducks before them. The ladies were ample themselves. We counted the bundles, for it was a question whether the door would shut when all were in. But it did, and a jolly party we found them, all agog from some village fair. The ducks seemed to like it as much as their owners and made themselves at home.

In Coutances, we changed to another train and had a chance to buy sandwiches. Our destination was the little town of St. Sauveur-le-Vicomte, and we were eager to reach it. We'd seen the Normandy coast; St. Sauveur was inland. Horace and Bob began singing "Do ye Ken John Peel" after a bit as we rattled along, the rest roared out the chorus: "Yes, I ken John Peel and Ruby, too, and Ringwood and Ranter and Bellman and True!" During a lull, a delighted face popped round the corner of the compartment door and an English lady in traveling togs asked if we were from Lancashire, by chance. Hearing we weren't, she tried it again: "What! Scotland? All the way from Scotland? I said you couldn't be Welsh!"

Her surprise may be imagined when we explained that we were from the States. She and her party were on a walking-tour, and "John Peel" suddenly ringing out in the compartment next door had sounded like home. George grinned at that, later on, and said they must be foxhunters. He was sure of it. The horse clan, according to George, hang together, and his experience seems to

prove it.

At three o'clock we reached St. Sauveur-le-Vicomte and marched in column of two's through the rambling town, finding each fresh corner of it more to our liking than the last. There were no tourists. Most of the people wore wooden shoes and the picturesque Norman garb. We bought sixteen pairs of sabots in an hour—maybe more,

for some bought two pairs.

This was our last day in France, and every one did as he pleased. Bob, Harrison, and Bezie went for a walk through the Normandy lanes the moment they had shed packs at the Victoire. Dick climbed a hill with Harry and me to visit an ancient abbey perched atop it. It was the first we had seen in actual use. Some hundred nuns lived there under an abbess. At first the gray-robed sisters didn't want to let us in, but the tale of how far we had come caused quite a stir, and the gentle nun at the

gate fluttered off to spread the news. Somehow they found one who spoke English, and permission was given to open the door. I think Dick's courtesy and Harry's kindliness and interest won our guide at once, especially when they told her in the church we weren't Roman Catholics, but did she mind if we said a prayer? Her answer is worth remembering: "Why not, my child? All prayers go to God." And down she knelt without more ado.

The same sister took us over the abbey buildings and explained how they had nursed many wounded here in the war of '71 and again in 1914-18. She showed us their sacred treasures, explaining in the gentlest way that we might not understand them, but she knew we wouldn't mock. Among the rest was a miraculous purse that possessed the gift of holding a coin for the poor, no matter how often they emptied it. I think Dick wanted her to try it on the spot, and I know Harry and I did, but none of us asked her to do so. We saw, too, the cell where a former abbess had lived and a board she had slept on each night in memory of Calvary's Cross. Only recently this pious lady had been canonized as a saint, and her bones were arranged in geometric pattern on her shrine. For further penance she used to wear a shirt with tacks in it. We saw the gruesome thing in her cell. It appeared to us a little more than was needed, what the Thirty-Nine Articles might call a Work of Supererogation.

There was something very human in the sisters' curiosity and very appealing, too, as little whispers went up on all sides: "L'Amérique! What a walk!" I saw one old nun catch at her companion's arm in an interest too keen to be hidden and her voice betrayed the same eagerness: "L'Amérique? Hein? But tell me? North or

South?"

I wonder what made her say that.

About five o'clock, Harry and Dick got a boat and took me fishing in the little river by the mill. Harry and I caught nothing after telling Dick all about the tricks of the trade, while he in the most casual way—and apparently for the first time in his life—landed a walloping pickerel. We had it for supper, cooked and garnished. John, seeing our luck, rushed off from the tea table to try his luck and came back with one even bigger. Francis, not much concerned with fishing, took a nap before tea, then bought himself a pair of wooden shoes and some bedroom slippers, bent on combining comfort with the picturesque.

Tea at a table in the open in front of the Victoire made quite a stir, and soon half the wooden shoes in town were clattering up and down as their owners came to see us. "Écossais? Américains? Mais non, m'sieur! Les Anglais!" Nobody seemed able to decide who we were till one old gentleman rushed up in tremendous pother, his stick tapping the cobbles like Blind Pew's in Treasure Island. Pushing his way to the bar of the inn, he asked the landlord if a new war had come. Somebody had just told him troops were in town. After that we managed

to make things clear, and he seemed relieved.

St. Sauveur is a marvel for wood. Shoes made of it clatter on the cobbles like castanets. Wooden bowls, wooden spoons, wooden forks, even wooden egg-cups were on sale in the shops, and we bought some of each. The shops were tiny, and the women in them looked as though they had dressed for a masque, so quaint were the lace coifs and headdresses they wore. The old ones, especially, had jolly, rosy faces. They seemed to get as much fun out of us and our bargaining as we did out of trying to unravel their Norman French. It was the hardest by all odds that we had tackled so far and slowed down even Horace. John didn't attempt it and neither did Ned.

Supper at the Victoire was to be our last in France.

When our host heard that, he called on his wife for aid. What they gave us I can't remember, but I do know the soup was a dream and so were the French fried potatoes—bowl after bowl of them, that madame brought in with the meat. And always she went to the kitchen for more. "Là! Là! M'sieur!" I struggled with her French, but the meaning was clear. "Such boys of a size! They mus' not starve in St. Sauveur!" Monsieur the landlord was as busy as his wife. The climax came when he appeared from the cellar, a straw-wrapped bottle under one arm. It was cobwebbed, that bottle, and dusty no end, but I noticed it had a label. "Champagne, messicurs!" He cuddled it softly. "The Victoire gives it. Just one leetle

taste and we drink you good luck!"

Then, with an air such as only a Frenchman masters. he cut the wire and popped the cork, whipping a napkin about it as the foam bubbled over. Pouring a little in each glass, he circled the table like a major-domo. Dick promptly upset his in the stress of the moment, but got another taste, and for once we did the right thing in the right way, and we did it unconsciously, for no one prompted us. We stood up and called a toast to France before the man could make his own. He straightened on the instant and made a little bow, but before he spoke we saw the soldier in his stand. Though his words were French, we all understood them: "I fight once for France! I fight at Verdun!" The pride of that word came through to us. I think we were as pleased at it as he was, and Madame, too, could not hide her delight when she learned we had been to Verdun. A fresh dish of potatoes saved us from the sentimental, and the rest of the evening was as jolly as a lark.

Thursday, September 1, we got up at dawn. Wooden shoes clacked on the paving, and the women of the town were drawing water from the well. By nine o'clock we

had reached Cherbourg and learned the George Washington was not due until four. A tender would take us to meet her, and we must be on the dock at two o'clock sharp, passports ready and everything else. That gave us plenty of time to see the town and get our lunch, but we knew the end was almost here. It was coming a good deal faster than we liked.

As he waited for Elliott and John to trace our souvenir crate—the one sent from Verdun—Francis found enough newspaper to roll up his wooden shoes. George's, too, went in the bundle. Meanwhile Harry and I rushed off to the Hôtel de l'Étoile, engaged a room and bath there, then sent a taxi racing to the wharf to fetch the others. From ten to high noon, we took turns at the tub until every one had boiled himself pink and put on a fresh outfit. How we kept our spare uniforms presentable rolled in packs, I don't know, but they looked

spruce enough at Cherbourg.

The dinner at the Étoile was elaborate, its courses many, but Ned missed the jolly landlord of St. Sauveur and Madame of the Victoire's chatter. Afterward, Elliott and I went to the post office and got a package of English mail, including letters from Mr. Martin and Dr. Lucas at Gillwell. Others shopped or changed French money for American. Francis' luck failed him at last, for he dared Fate with one more present—a paper-cutter, this time—and it broke as he carried it home. George, Bob, and I wandered to the sheep market, since there were no horses to look at. The costumes of the women here were more varied than we'd seen anywhere else, different villages apparently priding themselves on their distinguishing attire en fête. The snowy coifs were especially lovely, made of stiffly starched linen and delicately shaped. To iron such a coif takes tremendous skill and a great deal

of time. The faces of the very old women were as rosy as children's under these Normandy bonnets.

At two promptly we gathered on the wharf. More mail appeared—we never knew where it came from-and everybody had a letter. Two ladies from Virginia turned up and took our picture. Getting more and more fidgety, we wandered about. Coming home, a let-down replacing the thrill of the start, can be difficult, especially after a trek like ours. We wanted to go, and we wanted to stay, but we wanted most to get on the boat! At 3:30 they let us aboard the tender, and we scrambled up the gangplank. At 5:07 they cast off from the dock; so we had exactly one hour and thirty-seven minutes to cool our heels in Cherbourg harbor. Good came of it, for a fellowpassenger showed Tom and Bob where Captain Semmes of the Confederate cruiser Alabama had sailed out to fight the Union ship Kearsarge. The battle took place on a Sunday morning, the nineteenth of June, 1864, and was easily seen from the shore. After a terrific struggle, the guns of the Kearsarge sank the Confederate, but both ships fought with a gallantry that has become a tradition.

As our tender moved to meet the incoming liner, now appearing a mile or so at sea, a boatload of U.S. sailors passed us, shorebound from a visiting battleship. The sight of their spotless white uniforms and the trim launch they rode in gave us the first twinge of homesickness we'd felt since Wayne. The Stars and Stripes whipping in the stern completed it. We were ready to go as we looked at that, and somebody started humming: "East or west, home is best!" As we climbed the George Washington portside, some of the passengers gave us a cheer. An hour later we had found our duffle-bags and Tom was wondering when we'd eat. Thanks to Elliott, our heavy baggage, duffle-bags, tents, and mess box had reached South-

ampton from Canterbury and been picked up by our liner there in accord with instructions he'd given when we checked them. At six o'clock we weighed anchor and followed the sunset westward, the lights of the Channel Islands twinkling on our beam as we nosed out to sea.

A week later, the home voyage had passed as uneventfully as the one going over. Some were sick, some were not, and some just said they wouldn't eat; not sick, thank

you, but—they'd just rather not.

On the evening of the sixth we raised Fire Island, and before we knew it, had passed the Ambrose Light. Our anchor chains rattled and roared and the throb of the turbines left a void as they silenced. Tomorrow we'd land—Quarantine, Hoboken, and—home. The trek was over, but the fun of it, the spice of its adventure, the thrill of its memories, we were only beginning to savor.

You may go where laurel crowns are won, but will you e'er forget The scent of heather in the sun or bracken in the wet?

How could we? We knew, on the pier, they'd be with us forever.

Appendix

WHAT WE WORE: PERSONAL EQUIPMENT AND UNIFORM

- 1 Boy Scout Registration Card in upper left-hand pocket.
- 1 Medical Certificate.
- 1 Passport and Visa for France.
- 1 new uniform (Shirt and shorts—shirt to have shoulder knot—Flying Eagle. Embroidered B.S.A. over pocket. Service Stars. Embroidered Eagle badge, Veteran badge, rank insignia, medals).
- 2 uniforms in first-class condition, not necessarily new. Shirts and shorts. Shirts to have shoulder knots—Flying Eagle. B.S.A. over pocket, embroidered Eagle, Veteran badge and rank insignia.
- 3 suits of underwear, two-piece preferred.
- 2 pr. of pajamas.
- 1 pr. of sneakers or moccasins.
- 6 pr. of Scout stockings, wool, O.D., plain tops.
- 2 pr. of garters, elastic.
- 4 pr. of socks, light wool.
- 1 pr. of Fox's spiral puttees.
- 2 pr. of hiking shoes—new soles, new rawhide lacings. One pr. to be hobnailed, the other plain-soled, but heavy.
- 2 pr. of extra rawhide lacings.
- 1 B.S.A. regulation mackinaw, O.D.
- 1 Scout hat, stiff brim, chin strap, First Class Badge.
- 2 white sailor hats, canvas, miniature Eagle Badge in front.
- 2 black ties.
- 1 regulation maroon neckerchief and slide.
- 2 white lanyards.
- 6 white handkerchiefs.
- 1 bathing-suit.
- 1 flashlight.

- 1 Scout belt.
- 1 sheath knife.
- 1 skene dhu.
- 1 Scout rope.
- 1 waterproof match-case, filled.
- 3 small Turkish towels.
- 1 soap in case.
- 1 toothbrush in case.
- 1 shaving set.
- 1 toilet set, comb, steel mirror in case, toothpaste, etc.
- 1 whistle.
- 1 housewife or sewing-kit.
- 1 diary notebook and pencil or fountain pen for pocket.
- 1 quire of paper and envelopes.
- 2 blankets, O.D. with 6 large blanket pins.
- 1 haversack.
- 1 pack-carrier.
- 1 web belt.
- 1 canteen, cup and cover.
- 1 meat-pan, knife, fork, and spoon.
- 1 poncho.
- 1 duffle-bag, canvas, O.D.

If desired, but not required:—

1 camera with shoulder strap or belt attachment. Extra films. Watch. Testament, small size.

PATROL EQUIPMENT

- 1 one-ton Ford van, hired in advance at Plymouth, England.
- 8 tents, shelter-half regulation, complete, with ropes.
- 75 tent pegs in canvas bag.
- 25 Scout staves, with one small staff for flag.
- 1 large first-aid kit.2 belt packets, first-aid kits.
- 1 heavy rope.

 1 small pick.
- 4 bugles, regulation, with ban-
- 2 small spades.
 4 hand axes.
- 1 small bugle, cavalry model.
- 3 iron spiders or cooking frames.
- 2 flags, U.S. and Troop.

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1	wicker mess-hamper.	3 pails, galvanized iron, nest-					
3	kettles, aluminum, nesting.	ing.					
2	large frying-pans, aluminum.	3 wool dish-mops.					
3	large spoons.	2 pk. of steel wool.					
2	large dippers, one solid, one	1 can of chloride of lime.					
	a strainer.	1 pk. of soap flakes.					
1	large meat-knife.	1 can of saddle soap, Propert's.					
1	large toasting fork.	1 roll of toilet paper.					
	can-opener.	2 small lanterns.					
1	potato-masher.	5 canvas gloves, working.					
-1	pancake-turner.	12 extra first-class badges.					
1	large salt-shaker.	1 Log Book.					
-1	pepper-shaker.	1 bow-drill set.					
1	steel dish-mop.	1 flint and steel set.					
2	canvas water-buckets.	1 rake, bought on landing at					

MEDICAL CERTIFICATES

Plymouth.

The following medical certificates were required from the family physician:

1. Physical examination covering heart, lungs, and urine, dated April-June, 1927.

2. Smallpox vaccination dated April-June, 1927.

3. Typhoid inoculation, dated not earlier than September, 1924.

4. Schick Test for diphtheria, dated April-June, 1927.

ROUTE OF MARCH

Place	Date	Weather
Hoboken, N. J	July 1	Fair
S.S. Republic		Fair
Boston Harbor	3	Foggy
S.S. Republic	4	Cloudy
at sea	5	Rain
66	6	Fair
66	7	Fair

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Place	Date	Weather
at sea	July 8	Fair
	9	Fair
	10	Fair
Off Queenstown	11	Fair
Plymouth, Devon	12	Fair
Kitley, Devon	13	Fair
Two Bridges, Devon	14	Fair, then rain
Moretonhampstead, Devon	15	Fair
Exeter, Devon	15	Fair
Exeter, Devon	17	Fair
Exeter, Devon	18	Fair
Sidmouth, Devon	19	Cloudy, then rain
Lyme Regis, Devon	20	Clear
Dorchester, Dorset	21	Cloudy
Dorchester, Dorset	22	Fair
Wimborne Minster, Dorset	23	Fair
Wimborne Minster, Dorset	24	Cloudy
Salisbury, Wilts	25	Fair
Salisbury, Wilts	26	Cloudy
Salisbury, Wilts	27	Cloudy
Winchester, Hants	28	Fair
Chawton, Hants	29	Fair
Farnham, Surrey	30	Cloudy
Farnham, Surrey	31	Fair
Guildford, Surrey	Aug. 1	Cloudy
Gatton Park, Surrey	2	Fair
Sutton, Surrey	3	Fair
Thames Ditton, Surrey	4	Fair
Thames Ditton, Surrey	5	Fair
Gillwell Park, Essex	6	Fair
Gillwell Park, Essex	7	Rain, then fair
Gillwell Park, Essex (London)	8	Rain
Gillwell Park, Essex (London)	9	Fair
Gillwell Park, Essex (London)	10	Rain
Gillwell Park, Essex (Windsor		
and Eton)	11	Fair
Gillwell Park, Essex (London)	12	Fair

Place	Date	W eather
Gillwell Park, Essex (London)	Aug. 13	Partly fair
Gillwell Park, Essex (London)	14	Fair
Gillwell Park, Essex (Oxford)	15	Rain
Gillwell Park, Essex (London)	16	Fair
Canterbury, Kent	17	Fair
Canterbury, Kent	18	Rain, then fair
Amiens, France	19	Fair
Beauvais, France	20	Cloudy
Beauvais, France	21	Cloudy
Verdun, France	22	Fair
Verdun, France	23	Cloudy
Paris, France	24	Cloudy
Paris, France	25	Fair
Paris, France (Versailles)	26	Fair
Paris, France	27	Fair
Paris, France	28	Fair
Mont St. Michel, France	29	Fair
Mont St. Michel, France	30	Fair
St. Sauveur-le-Vicomte, France	31	Foggy
Cherbourg, France	Sept. 1	Cloudy
S.S. George Washington	1-9	Good
Wayne, Pa	9	Fair



